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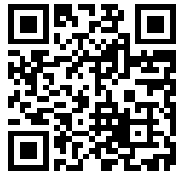

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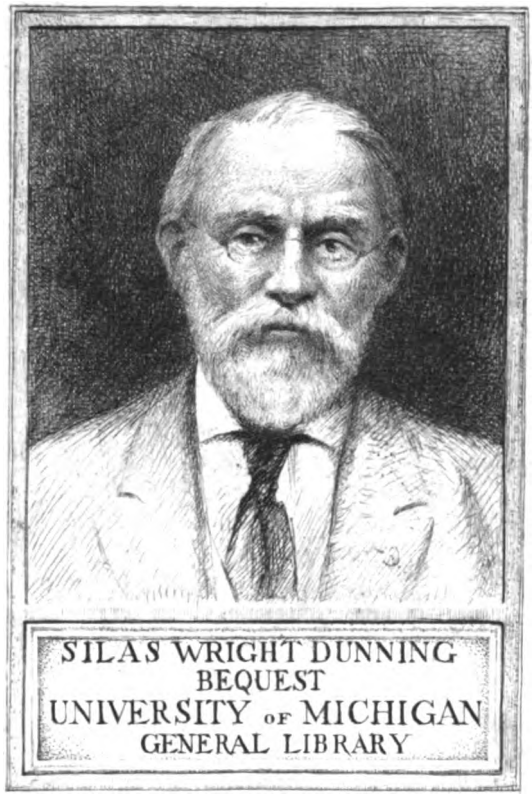

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OF THE

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VOL. XVI.

1929

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NOTICES

THE new quarters at 77 Grosvenor Street provide facilities for a reading room for the use of members; it is hoped that funds may be forthcoming to establish a small and efficient library, and that as much use as possible may be made of the nucleus of a library already in existence. The Society is indebted for the majority of its books to Lady Trotter and those members who have so kindly given to it, but there are a large number of gaps which will have to be filled.

The Council wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Royal Asiatic Society, under whose roof the Central Asian Society was fledged and under which it has until now lodged, for their constant kindness and the help their secretaries have always so readily given.

Members are asked to send in their changes of address as soon as possible and to notify the office if they are not receiving cards and journals.

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THE Central Asian Society has suffered the loss of three very valued members during the last months: Sir John Murray was an original member; Mr. Harold Williams, a name which the Society was very proud to have on its roll; and Lord Carnock.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CARNOCK, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

Among our past Chairmen the name of Arthur Nicolson (Lord Carnock) will surely stand out as that of a very ardent sympathizer with the aims and endeavours of our Society. He was Chairman from 1919 to 1923, during which period our numbers rose from under 150 to 700. The growing interest in the objects of the Society which these figures indicate was indeed powerfully stimulated by the close co-operation of Nicolson, Colonel Yate, and Mr. Stephenson in furthering its welfare. After retiring from the Chairmanship, he was not able to take much personal part in its proceedings, but he never relaxed his interest in them, and members who visited him from time to time and enjoyed the privilege of conversing with him on the current events of the day will remember that he never failed to inform himself on the progress of the Society and to comment on the contents of the *Journal* of which he was a constant reader, and on the subject-matter of the lectures and discussions. It is not too much to say that the well-secured position of the Society today is in great measure due to his aid and encouragement.

The outline of his public life is well known, and those who follow the diplomatic history of our times in the original documents now so freely exposed to view in our own as in other countries have their attention repeatedly drawn to the despatches and letters dealing with the negotiations in which he was so continuously engaged while serving at foreign posts, as well as to the many illuminating extracts from the semi-official and even private correspondence which he personally conducted with our representatives abroad while he occupied (1910-16) the post of Permanent Under Secretary of State at the Foreign Office.

It was specially during his abode at various times in Turkey, Persia, Morocco, and Russia that he came, directly or indirectly, into touch with the Eastern questions particularly forming the subject of the studies and publications of the Central Asian Society. Perhaps his most outstanding claim to eminence as a diplomatist is founded

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on his firm and yet conciliatory attitude during the difficult and even dangerous crisis which was marked by the meeting of the Algeciras Conference in the year 1906. During this period of stress, his action and language made it for the first time abundantly clear to an anxious world that Great Britain intended to stand steadfast in her adherence to the Entente which two years previously she had signed with France. That important Pact had been conceived, not indeed in a spirit of antagonism to any other country, but with the simple purpose of effecting a general settlement of the questions which for so many years had rendered peaceful relations with our nearest neighbours so difficult to maintain. It was hoped in quarters that found the Anglo-French agreement inconvenient that its foundations might be loosened and even destroyed at Algeciras. This illusion Sir Arthur Nicolson effectively helped to dissipate for good and all. At the same time, he maintained friendly relations with those from whom he differed, and it is generally admitted that he was a principal contributor, by his tactful handling of the questions at issue, to the peaceful and, on the whole, not unsatisfactory results of the Conference. From that time onwards no doubt could rest on what had become the definite Orientation of British policy. In a telegram dated April 2, 1906, Sir Edward Grey assured him that "we feel it is greatly owing to the ability and tact with which you have handled delicate questions that an agreement has been reached, and we highly appreciate the wise and consistent way in which you have fulfilled our engagements."

Nicolson's next post was at St. Petersburg, where he remained as Ambassador from 1906 to 1910. He was there in a position to aid the completion of the Entente policy by an understanding with Russia. He saw that peace in Asia must remain in a precarious position so long as Russia and Great Britain failed to arrive at some kind of a settlement. It was, therefore, with a willing heart that he supported the policy which found expression in the meeting between King Edward and the Czar at Reval (1908). It is sometimes said that he acquired at St. Petersburg more confidence in the power of Russia and in her capacity to conduct a great offensive campaign in Central Europe than she proved in the event to be able to justify. However this may be, his intimacy with Russian statesmen enabled him to predict with certainty that Russia would yield, when the great crisis came, to no such pressure as had induced her in the previous crisis of 1908-9 to withdraw her support from outraged Serbia.

When the Great War broke out Nicolson had already been four years at the Foreign Office as Permanent Under Secretary of State. For two years more he filled this responsible position before retiring into private life.

His success in his career was due to much more than mere pro-

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fessional efficiency. It was his attractive personality that made him welcome everywhere, his kindly outlook on life, his good fellowship, his insight into the mentality of foreign nations, the charm of his conversation, his buoyant spirit and the youthful appearance which his countenance preserved to the end, even when crippled with rheumatism; he was for long confined to the armchair in which he sat in the intimacy of his family life, ever ready to converse with old friends, and surrounded by the books he loved.

Our Society will hold his memory dear.

MAURICE DE BUNSEN.

MEMBERSHIP

It is becoming absolutely necessary that the membership of the Society should be raised to 1,500. The necessity of this is owing to its growth and increasing importance, which make the present quarters quite insufficient to contain the library and offices of the Society. Up to date we have struggled along with one small office which we have leased from the Royal Asiatic Society. We have now acquired new offices at **77**, Grosvenor Street, consisting of two rooms, one of which will be sufficiently large not only for board meetings, but will be furnished suitably for people who want to consult books without taking them away. The increase of the cost of these offices will be not less than £100 a year, and we shall have to draw upon our reserve for office furniture and bookshelves.

To meet this added expense we must have more members unless members agree to raise their subscription. Members are, therefore, asked to get as many new recruits as they can.

W. G. C. BEYNON,
Hon. Secretary.

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THE INDIAN PRINCES.

SIR M. O'DWYER ON WAR SERVICES.

Mr. L. W. Rushbrook Williams, who leaves London to-day for the session of the Chamber of Princes at Delhi next month, lectured before the Royal Empire Society last evening on "The King's Indian Allies."

He said that the Ruling Princes were faithful allies who had rendered great service in time of Imperial strain and peril, and were ready to render similar service in any emergency that might arise in future. They asked that, when the report of the Simon Commission came before this country, they should not be forgotten as they were forgotten in 1919, when the British Parliament, in its generosity, made gifts to legislative bodies in British India without due consideration of their bearing on the rights and interests of the States.

SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER, who presided, said that there could be no doubt of the immense value of the services of the Princes in the past, and in particular of the rulers of Patiala and Jind in the Mutiny. Their active support, as attested by John Lawrence at the time, alone made it possible to send troops and a siege train from the Punjab for the capture of Delhi. Again in the Great War, as he knew from personal responsibilities at the time, the great Sikh Princes gave invaluable aid. The Maharajah of Patiala, in particular, compelled by ill-health to return to India when on his way to the Western Front, did extraordinarily valuable work as "a recruiting sergeant"—to use his own modest phrase. He was by far the best recruiting officer he (the speaker) had ever met, and from his own State alone, at a time when the German authorities were sending him flattering invitations to desert the British cause and promising him great rewards, he raised 2,800 combatants for the War fronts. We had shown ourselves ready again and again to make concessions to agitators; but what of such loyal and wholehearted friends? He could not believe that the time would come when the Princes would be able to raise the reproach against the British people that in any hour of difficulty they were forgotten.

TES AND THE NEW TUTION*

BROOK WILLIAMS

Ladies and Gentlemen, After the very el has given me I fear that I may have has kindly referred to my small exstitution in British India, but has, I e anticipation, I do not say prophecy, ndian States may play when the time revised. My aim tonight, I fear, is a ecy: I merely want to direct the attenient features of what is after all a very remember, perhaps, the story of the have been a former colleague of my took to lecture on the French Revolu- hrough three terms of the academic erm a colleague asked him how he ered, "Oh, very nicely; I have just the second pyramid." (Laughter.)

Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the chair.

en,—This is our first meeting of the new at our Chairman, Lord Allenby, is not o America, where he is doing very good ervice men and the British ex-Service astic reception he has had in America, with which country our diplomatic relations have not been very cordial of late, and it looks as if where professional diplomatists have failed our soldiers have succeeded.

The lecture this afternoon is on the Indian States and the New Constitution, and the lecturer is Mr. L. F. Rushbrook Williams. He (Mr. Rushbrook Williams) is in the very fortunate position of having a special knowledge of the bearings of the Constitution on the administration of native states. For the last three years he has been Foreign Minister to His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala. The Maharaja is Chancellor of the Indian Chamber of Princes, and as such has taken the lead in formulating the issues which under the new Constitution arise between the British-Indian Government and the States. In that task Mr. Rushbrook Williams has been his right-hand man; he came here to England last year with Colonel Haksar, Chief Minister of Gwalior, to prepare the way, and he has come this year with His Highness the Maharaja to complete the investigation and put the results in a suitable form before Sir Harcourt Butler's Committee which is now dealing with the whole case.

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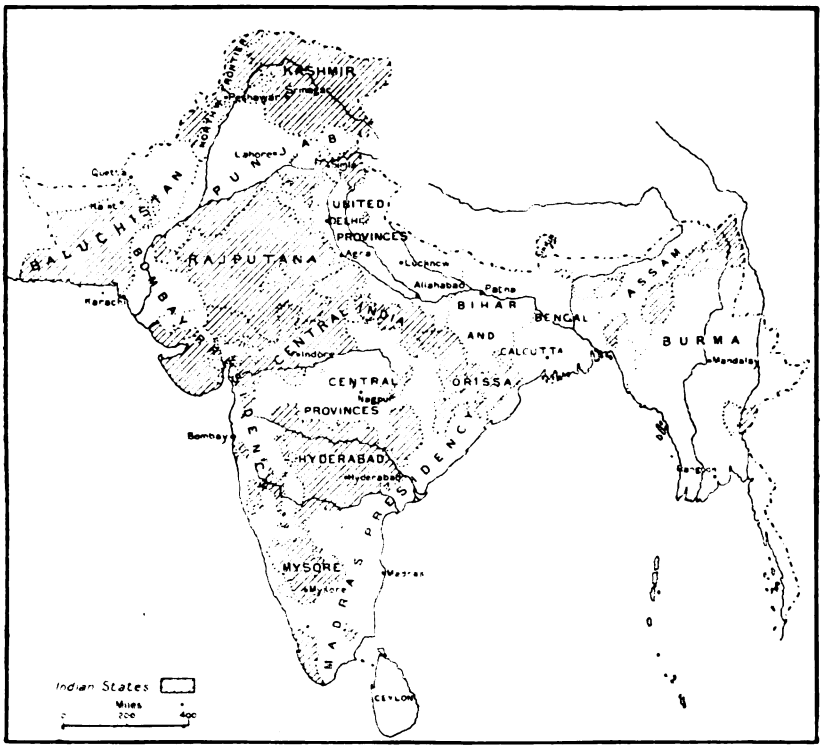
I hope you will not have that feeling tonight, because I must frankly explain that the origins of this problem are to be found in history, and to make the thing intelligible I must go back some distance into the past. The first thing I would ask you to realize is this, that at the present moment, after many vicissitudes, British rule really extends only over a little more than half India. If you cut out the great semi-peninsula of Burma you will find that the remainder of those areas which you see black on the map are not under British administration



INDIA: SHOWING THE PROPORTION OCCUPIED BY THE INDIAN STATES.

at all. The question I want you to ask yourselves is: How did the map of India come to be like that? because unless we understand this we shall never get to the heart of the problem of the Indian States. As to these shaded portions which the British do not administer I should like you to remember that the vast majority of them represent political units which were in existence before the British came to India. The relations between the Moghuls and what we now call the Indian States were of a kind that require a little explaining, and I trust you will bear with me for a couple of minutes while I do so. The Moghuls, who as you know built up a vast empire with its centres at Delhi and Agra, exercised a very curious mixture of Imperial sway and paramountcy over

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the larger portion of the Indian peninsula; but their paramountcy was of a very peculiar kind with definitely marked limits. In the case of the remoter princes, such as the southern Rajputana princes, the duty which they owed to their overlord the Emperor was strictly limited to the payment of a small annual tribute, the acknowledgment of a nominal supremacy, and the discharge of the obligation of taking their turn, once, it might be, in five years, in that rota of the nobles who were as you know expected to be on daily duty at the court of the great Moghul. The Moghul Empire exercised practically no control over the internal affairs of the states—it insisted upon their paying tribute, it insisted upon the detachment of a force of state troops when the Emperor went to war, and it insisted on the acknowledgment of supremacy. Beyond that there was little or nothing. I know of no instance in which the Moghul Empire ever claimed to interfere with or control a succession. I know of no instance in which the Moghul Empire, provided the nominal dues of sovereignty were rendered, interfered in the slightest degree in the internal administration of any state. There is a story told of a Moghul Emperor who sent a messenger down to one of the southern kingdoms and asked the ruler to give up using the title Badshah (king). The ruler said, "I will certainly give up the title Badshah, but if I do you must give up the title Shah-in-Shah, because there can be no Emperor unless he has under him kings who owe him allegiance." The Emperor was satisfied with the answer, and the royal title remained in the hands of the king. That little story gives you some idea of the relationship which existed between the Indian States and the Moghul Empire.

The Relations Between the Indian States and Delhi in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

At the time when the British power first came into serious contact with Indian politics the Moghul Empire had already begun to decay. Aurungzeb himself had, I think, signed the death warrant of that Empire because he had done what no other emperor of the Moghul line had done. He had made war against, and had displaced, a subordinate dynasty. Remember that in all the expeditions of conquest which the Moghul emperors had previously made from the time of Baber onwards it was entirely contrary to their ideas, as it is contrary to all Indian ideas, to displace a dynasty which was willing to render allegiance, and turn it out from the place where it was ruling. You can take territory, make a dynasty acknowledge your overlordship, insist on submission, exact a tribute; but when you have done all these things you leave it there. Aurungzeb, animated mainly by religious zeal, made war against the Shiah kings of the south, annexed their territory to the empire, and destroyed the dynasties. By so doing he not only extended the Empire so far south that he was unable to hold it together any longer, but in addi-

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tion he made everybody in India uneasy, because this was an unheard of thing to do. In the quarter of a century which followed, the power of Aurungzeb's Empire over its outlying dependencies was reduced almost to nothing. You can get excellent illustrations of this if you follow the early history of the East India Company's penetration of India. Calcutta was in a different class from Madras or Bombay. Bengal happened to be much nearer the Delhi administration than any other great Viceroyalty, and accordingly, when the British wanted to trade in Bengal, they had to get an Imperial firman authorizing them to do so. On the strength of that firman the Viceroy of Bengal permitted their settlement. As you know, when they embarked on their fatal war with Aurungzeb that permission was revoked, but their few ships were so inconvenient in interfering with the Haj traffic that the Emperor let them come back again. That does not apply to Madras or Bombay. In the case of Bombay the English settlement was overshadowed by the formidable power of the Mahrattas, and for a long time was unable to play any part in the politics of even the mainland. It was only in Madras, where the Imperial authority was far away, that the Company was able to gain something like a footing, owing to the fact that the powers carrying on politics there were comparatively small. The point I wish you to bear in mind is this, that except in the case of Bengal it was not the Imperial firman which our predecessors in India sought when they wanted to trade, it was the local firman of the local man, because he alone could help them, and nothing else was any good. I should like to read you one sentence from a treaty which was concluded in 1766 between the Company and the Nizam of Hyderabad, because it will give you some little idea as to the relative forces at that time of the Company and one of the greater country powers. This is a treaty of "Perpetual Honour, Favour, Alliance, and Attachment between the Great Nawab, high in station, famous as the sun, etc., and John Calliaud, Esq., Brigadier-General, invested with full powers on behalf of the Company." It says: "In return for the gracious favours received from His Highness consisting of Sunnuds (title-deeds) for the five Circars (districts) . . . the Company do promise and engage to have a body of their troops ready to settle the affairs of His Highness's Government in everything that is right and proper." It is an interesting survival of the original superiority of the power of Hyderabad to that of the Company that as late as 1829 the Governor-General of India is found addressing the Nizam of Hyderabad as "Niyaz Mund," which is a term from an inferior to a superior, while the Nizam used in return the royal "we." That existed until 1829. If we follow, however cursorily, the growth of the British dominion in India, we shall see that its rise and endurance have been caused by two political factors—I leave outside questions of national characteristics. These two factors are first of all sea power, which was only questioned

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really for a short period of five years; otherwise it remained supreme. The second thing is that we very soon found allies among the Indian states and were able to base our political system on those alliances. The constructive work which laid the foundation of the system was very largely that of Warren Hastings. But in order to be able to enter into the arena of Indian politics, the Company had to acquire some kind of status. That it only did in the year 1765, when the acquisition of the Dewani of Bengal raised the Company to the position of one of the other competing Indian powers.

Warren Hastings' Policy.

Hastings, as you probably know, was confronted with extreme difficulties in the course of his task of Empire building, and he was the first man to make it clear in letters and correspondence that he realized that the whole foundation of British power in India rested on alliances with Indian states already in existence. He recognized this in a way to which I think sufficient importance is not attached. In the year 1773, you may remember, he took the remarkable and drastic step of repudiating tribute to the Moghul Empire and thereby once and for all cut the Company adrift from its position as Dewan under the royal firman, and set it on its legs as an independent power. At the same time he resumed the districts of Kora and Allahabad, which had been reserved to the Emperor, then a fugitive from Delhi, for his maintenance, and made them over to the Nawab Wazir of Oudh, our ally. This is his account to the Board of Directors: "By ceding them (these districts) to the Vizier we strengthen our alliance with him, we make him more dependent upon us, as he is more exposed to the hostilities of the Marathas, we render a junction between him and them, which has been sometimes apprehended, morally impossible since their pretensions to Corah will be a constant source of animosity between them; we free ourselves from the expense and all dangers attending either a remote property or a remote connection, we adhere literally to the United system laid down by the Honourable Court of Directors, we are no longer under the necessity of exhausting the wealth of our Provinces in the pay and disbursements of our brigadiers employed at a distance beyond them, but by fixing the sum to be paid by the Vizier for their passing our own borders but at his requisition and for his defence, we provide effectively for the protection of our frontier and reduce the expenses of our army." That is the beginning of the famous subsidiary system by which in return for an annual payment, or for a cession of territory, the Company undertook to place a fixed force at the disposal of a number of the more important Indian states. That system was afterwards continued to a greater degree by Wellesley, but the foundations of it were laid in the time of Hastings; and it is interesting also in that same connection to read what Hastings

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aimed at in this political system. Writing to Alexander Elliot in 1777, he says : " You are already well acquainted with the general system which I wish to be empowered to establish in India—namely, to extend the influence of the British nation to every part of India not too remote from their possessions, without enlarging the circle of their defence or involving them in hazardous or indefinite engagements, and to accept the allegiance of such of our neighbours as shall sue to be enlisted among the friends and allies of the King of Great Britain. The late Nawab Shuja-ud-Daula (of Oudh), who wanted neither pride nor understanding, would have thought it an honour to be called the Vizier of the King of England, and offered at one time to coin siccas in His Majesty's name. . . . On this footing I would replace the Subaship of Oudh. On this footing I would establish an alliance with Berar (Hyderabad). These countries are of more importance to us than any other, from their contiguity to ours, and therefore it is of consequence to settle their connection with us before that of any other. But the system might be rendered more extensive by time and the observance of a steady principle of conduct and an invariable attachment to formal agreements." It was by the use of this system, that is to say, maintaining brigades of troops for which the State paid, and which were nominally although not always in practice at the disposal of the states, that the Company was enabled to build up its power by degrees.

The Company's Policy and the Court of Directors.

Now you will remember the fluctuations of policy which occurred occasionally between 1790 and 1805 or 1806, when the directors at home, anxious for their dividends, began to realize that this progressive conquest of India, however much the expense of it was obviated by the policy of making the Indian allies pay as much as possible, was nevertheless a very, very expensive thing and was likely to involve the Company in bankruptcy. That was the real secret of the continual admonitions of the Court of Directors to their Governors-General that they must not embark on new schemes of conquest, that they must keep themselves free from entangling alliances ; in a word, that they must look within and not without the Company's possessions. This policy probably found its clearest expression in the preamble to the Act of 1783 : " And whereas to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and policy of this nation, be it therefore further enacted, that it shall not be lawful for the Governor-General and Council, without the express command of the Court of Directors or of the Secret Committee, in any case (except where hostilities have actually been commenced or preparations actually made for the commencement of hostilities against the British Nation in India, or against some of the Princes or States whose territories the Company shall be engaged by any subsisting

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treaty to defend or guarantee) either to declare war or commence hostilities, on entering into any treaty for making war, against any of the country Princes or States in India, or any treaty for guaranteeing the possessions of any country, Princes, or States," and so forth. Now it was perfectly plain to many people out there at the time that it was all very well for Leadenhall to lay down this policy, but it was perfectly impossible to carry it out. The radical defect was very excellently summed up by Lord Cornwallis, when in 1790 he was writing to Mr. Malet. He admits, "Some considerable advantages have no doubt been experienced by the system of neutrality, which the Legislature required of the Government of this country, but it has at the same time been attended with the unavoidable inconvenience of our being constantly exposed to the necessity of commencing a war, without having previously secured the assistance of efficient allies." In other words, this so-called pacific policy of staying in behind your ring fence was, as it were, an artificial halting in the process which had hitherto been quite natural. The British power in India went ahead because of this system of alliances, and the moment it stopped—at any rate, the moment it stopped halfway—it found itself in the very gravest difficulties.

The Reactions of the Napoleonic Wars on our Policy.

What would have happened but for the life-and-death struggle between England and France at the end of the eighteenth century I do not know; but at least the effect of that struggle in India was to make it impossible any longer to carry on this policy of keeping clear of entanglements. When Mornington, afterwards Wellesley, came out, his main business was to see that French intrigues did not push England out of India, of which there was great risk. He found it necessary to strengthen all the alliances, and incidentally to make conquests at a greater rate than any previous governor. He took advantage of the situation in which he found himself to make the system of subsidiary forces more effective than before. In the case of Oudh, and in the case of the earlier states which had entered into subsidiary alliances with the Company, their obligations were confined to paying the Company a certain amount of money every year, or compounding for the payment by ceding the Company a certain amount of territory, the Company in return guaranteeing the services of a force of troops when required. But Wellesley further developed the policy, in this way: He used the subsidiary forces as a method of putting pressure upon his allies, by cantoning these forces inside the state territory. That is the second stage of the subsidiary system. Incidentally, it is perhaps worth while drawing your attention to a very frank comment which was made later on, in the year 1822, in the *Bengal Political Letter*, as to the ethics of this system. The Governor of India, writing in the *Bengal Political Letter* of December 20, 1822: "When for our private views

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that prince (the Nizam) was constrained to support a body of our troops stationed near his capital, the then Government disguised the interested oppressiveness by the steady declaration that His Highness had spontaneously sought the aid of a subsidiary force to secure his person and territories." I think this is an aspect of the matter that we should not forget. The British power owes much to Wellesley, but his methods laid the seeds of future trouble.

The immediate result of Wellesley's activities was to carry much further the political system of Warren Hastings. By the time he left India he had almost realized his professed aim of making, as he said, "the British power in India paramount in effect if not declaredly." But the Directors got alarmed by his expenditure; the danger from Napoleon passed away, and again you got a swing of the pendulum back to the policy of non-intervention and keeping oneself secure. The natural result of that policy was to enable the Mahrattas, at the time our greatest rivals for domination in India, to take advantage of our mistakes and go ahead. I do not think we recognize that about this period it was entirely an open question whether the English or the Mahrattas should rule India, and the main reason why England rules today is that in the ultimate resort the other Indian states preferred British to Mahratta domination. When, as the result of the policy of Lord Hastings, the Mahratta Confederation was finally broken, leaving only Sindia a really independent power, a number of the Rajputana states, and states elsewhere in India whom we had hitherto refused to admit into our ring fence as allies, came in with us; and with the exception of the Punjab and the two great blocks of the Central Provinces and Oudh, which became British territory at a later date, the treaty map in Lord Hastings' time was very much like the map I showed you at the beginning of the lecture. From that time onwards the variations—with those great exceptions—have been comparatively small.

In the Early Nineteenth Century.

I want you to try and visualize what were the relations between the East India Company and the states during the first half of the nineteenth century, because unless we can get that clearly into our heads we shall find a good deal of difficulty in appreciating the troubles of the Indian princes today. Remember that the East India Company was doing two things, just as at the present moment the Government of India is doing two things. In the first place it was administering directly the territory subject to its control, in the next place it was carrying on the system of rather complicated alliances with Indian States. There was no definite separation in the Company's service between the two branches; a man might be transferred from headquarters to go and look after a state. But the interesting thing is this: what were the Company's servants expected to do when they got to the state? Only one thing.

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They were expected to prevent that state troubling the policy and counsels of the East India Company. It is very interesting, if you turn to the correspondence of the time, to see how clearly that is expressed by the early British administrators. Here, for example, is a letter written by Sir Thomas Munro to Lord Hastings in 1817, and it lays down very clearly what were the views of that great administrator as to the function of what we now call a political officer. Perhaps even more forcible in its way is Lord Hastings' own reply to Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Metcalfe, who had suggested intervention by the British in the affairs of Hyderabad. He said: "In the second paragraph of your first letter you say that 'you suppose our interference in the Nizam's affairs to be not merely right, but also a duty, arising out of our supremacy in India, which imposes on us the obligation of maintaining the tranquillity of all countries connected with us, and consequently of protecting the people from oppression, as no less necessary than the guaranteeing of their rulers against revolution.' The assumption of our possessing a universal supremacy in India, involving such rights as you have described, is a mistake . . . Although a virtual supremacy may undoubtedly be said to exist in the British Government from the inability of other states to contend with its strength, the making such a superiority a principle singly sufficient for any exertion of our will, would be to misapply and to pervert it to tyrannical purposes. Paragraphs 4 and 5 plead a necessity for our interposition, because the Nizam does not rule his subjects with equity and prudence. The fact of maladministration is unquestionable, and must be deplored. Does that, however, decide the mode in which alteration is to be effected? Where is our right to determine that the amount of the evil is such as to demand our taking the remedy into our hands? His Lordship in Council observes that the necessity stated is altogether constructive. Were such a pretence allowable, a powerful state should never want colour for subjugating a weak neighbour."

It may interest you to know that Sir Charles Metcalfe took this rebuke so much to heart, that, writing some fifteen years later in connection with affairs of Jaipur, he himself said: "Another evil of interference is that it gives too much power to our agents at foreign courts, and makes Princes and Ministers very much the slaves of subjects of their will. An interfering agent is an abominable nuisance wherever he may be, and our agents are apt to take that turn. They like to be masters instead of mere negotiators. They imagine, often very erroneously, that they can do good by meddling in other people's affairs; and they are impatient in witnessing any disorder which they think may be remedied by our interference, forgetting that one step in this course will unavoidably be followed by others, which will most probably lead to the destruction of the independence of the State concerned. It must be admitted to be an evil of the non-interference

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policy that temporary and local disorder may occasionally ensue, and must be tolerated, if we mean to adhere strictly to that principle. But this is a consequence which we naturally dislike. We are not disposed to wait until things settle themselves in their natural course. We think ourselves called on to interfere, and some bungling or unnatural arrangement is made by our will, which, because it is our own, we ever after support against the inclination of the people and their notions of right and justice."

Now that will give you in the space of a very few extracts what was the policy officially laid down by the Company to govern their relations with the Indian states. They were very anxious indeed, in other words, to save themselves trouble and let things go along as they wanted them to go along. They were above all things anxious not to have too much to say in the internal affairs of the states, because, as these extracts show, the wisest and shrewdest of their administrators of that day saw that nothing but harm could come of an interference of the kind that was occasionally contemplated, and sometimes carried out. My own impression, for what it is worth, is that the Company was only able to carry on because it insisted on this policy, and if it had not done so it would have had troubles to meet not only from the British-Indian side but also from the state side, which would probably have compelled Parliament to intervene two decades before it did. That was the official policy, and on the whole I think the states were not ill content. But it had a curious consequence which I would like you to bear in mind. Westernization was all the rage in British India. From 1825 until the time of the Mutiny everything was going ahead. There were all kinds of progress in communications, missionary enterprise was very active. More and yet more money was spent on education. The idea of British administrators was to make India as much like England as possible.

The Effect of the Non-Interference Policy.

The states, owing to the policy of the Company I have described, stood aside from this kind of endeavour. They were not affected by it and the Company's British-Indian policy scarcely touched them. As a consequence people began to regard the states as hopelessly backward, worth nothing, and of no political influence. They tended to slip into the background. The Company's arms were invincible. Burma was conquered, the Sikh power was broken.

The Mutiny.

Then came the appalling trouble of the Mutiny. People found to their great surprise that the really stable elements were the Indian states, and it puzzled everybody a good deal. Looking back we quite see why it was so. The enemies of British rule in India were pretty

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active, as enemies generally are. But the mass of the people, on behalf of whom the British administrators were putting forward quite honestly their best efforts, thought very little more of that kind of government than of any other kind of government; and were not disposed to break their traditional apathy of many centuries by rising in their might to keep a certain set of masters in power. The result was that the British power in India shook and tottered almost to its downfall. I will not take up time by describing the services of the Indian states at the time of the Mutiny; but anybody who knows history, particularly anybody who has read letters written home by people who passed through that terrible time, will realize the enormous services done to the cause of the British by the states. You may say this happened because the states knew that the British would ultimately win. But if we look at the documents of the time and try to put ourselves in the place of an Indian prince on the one side and a British administrator or political officer on the other side, most of us will realize that had we been out there, we should have said the British could not win. There were very few of them. Practically the main force of the Company rested on the Bengal Army, because the Madras and Bombay Armies were comparatively small; and the Bengal Army had revolted. Support when it came, came from the Indian states and just enabled the British to hold their ground until more troops arrived by sea. If the states had not kept to their treaties there is no question that the British would have been driven entirely out of northern India and possibly into the sea before help could arrive.

What was the effect of the Mutiny on the general situation between what we can call for convenience British India and Indian states? In the first place the Crown assumed the direct government of India, and naturally also assumed the responsibility for the treaties. What difference did that make? I suggest that constitutionally it made none at all. I am quite familiar with the series of arguments often put forward to urge first that the present British power is the successor of the Moghul Empire; and secondly, that by confirmation of the treaties the present British power, constitutionally the Crown, became the states' suzerain, which the Company had not been. I suggest to you there is no truth whatever in either of those theories. The Moghul power ceased to exercise even moral influence over the affairs of the British when Warren Hastings repudiated tribute. If you want further evidence that the Moghul Empire did not transmit any heritage, there is the fact that towards the end of the eighteenth century our Parliament was legislating, without any reference whatever to the power of the great Moghuls, for the territory of the East India Company. You have further to remember that throughout the first half of the nineteenth century, when the Moghul Empire was still in shadowy existence, if you can call it existence, the Company was con-

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cluding with Indian states reciprocal engagements in which no reference was made by either side to the Moghul Empire. I suggest to you that when the Crown stepped into the place of the East India Company, all it did was to take over from the Company an agency which the Company had previously been exercising on behalf of the Crown; because from the strictly legal standpoint a corporate body like the Company could not enter into any treaties with a foreign power save in respect of that portion of the Crown's prerogative which had been expressly delegated to it for that pnrpose.

The Post-Mutiny Position.

If there is any force in these contentions, the sole effect of the Mutiny, so far as the princes were concerned, was to bring them momentarily into direct relations with the Crown instead of their previous indirect relations *via* an agent. The moment when those relations were direct was probably a phantom one, because, as you know, the Crown immediately proceeded to create a new Government machine, the father of what we now call the Government of India. This new governmental machine stepped into the shoes of the Company and started doing the two things which the Company had hitherto done. It governed the now augmented territories we call British India. It also managed the relations with the India States. It seemed perfectly natural to combine the functions, and I do not think anyone realized at the time that they might become antagonistic. Incidentally, in order to reassure the princes who had been alarmed by the general disquiet following Lord Dalhousie's policy of lapse, Lord Canning handed round his sanads of 1860-61 guaranteeing to the princes acknowledgment of their right of succession. With regard to these sanads it is sometimes said that the fact that a prince like the Nizam accepted a sanad of that kind imports an acknowledgment of suzerainty. But this argument is fallacious. The sanads were merely unilateral documents, and the mere receipt of them could not alter existing rights unless the states had ceded the right of recognizing adoptions to the Crown, so that the Crown was now in a position to give it back. And this had never happened. The real fact is that these sanads were distributed rather like Christmas cards. The effect was as if a large landowner surrounded by small ones, had been in the habit of attempting to open up imaginary rights of way past their drawing-room windows and then, finding they objected, had written round to say that seeing they objected he would not try to open up those rights of way, which in truth had never existed at all. These sanads conferred no new power on the Crown; they conferred no new rights on the states.

After the Mutiny, and between the Mutiny and the end of the nineteenth century, one begins to witness a very remarkable development.

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The Crown's servants displaced the Company's servants. I do not mean physically, for in many cases they only transferred their allegiance. But that was the effect. Where you had Company's servants (*a*) administering British India, and (*b*) doing diplomatic business with the states, you now had Government servants. Now during the last twenty years of its life the Company had been extremely nervous. It was afraid of losing its Charter. Accordingly it handled the states, as some of these extracts show, with the greatest tenderness. It was extremely careful lest it should trample on what they regarded as their rights. After the Mutiny the new Government had more self-confidence. I do not say it proceeded to trample on the rights of the states, but it was prepared to take a stronger line than ever the Company had done.

Gradual Centralization of Government with an Increasing Importance given to British India.

As the nineteenth century drew to a close decade by decade you get this very remarkable development, that, so far as British India was concerned, there was an increasing tendency to centralize. Modern means of communication were making their influence felt. British India was becoming linked up into something like an administrative unit. There were, of course, provinces, but the tendency was to level down divisions and to enable the headquarters Government at Calcutta and Simla to formulate, with an appearance of practicability, very far reaching schemes for economic development. The great canal policies were initiated about that period, railway lines were built and outlying centres linked up by telegraph; a forest policy was started on a scientific scale a little later. The Government acquired the monopoly of salt, and opium was still an extremely paying proposition. Excise rates were unified throughout the country and the like.

Now when you have a Government whose business is to do two things there is a natural tendency for it to do the thing which is nearest to its hand. I do not say that in the course of developing British India the British Government—that is to say the Government of India—neglected the states. What I do say is that there was an increasing tendency on the part of that Government to view every Indian problem from the standpoint of whether it did or did not make for the good of British India. Quite rightly. The first responsibility of the Government of India was for the government of British India. Any policy which was good for British India was good in the eyes of Government. Now it is not a very long step from that perfectly correct position, to the position that these states with their antique treaties and their various rights, which seemed a little out of date perhaps, were tiresome obstacles to the general broad, sweeping, policy designed for the good of the million; and before the end of the nineteenth century that step

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had been taken. One advantage the states had after the Mutiny which they had not before: that was that there was a regular political service. I do not think there is any doubt that during a large portion of the latter half of the nineteenth century the political officers in charge of the diplomatic relations between the states and the Crown fought very hard in a very large number of cases to maintain what they regarded as being the real treaty rights of the states. But, on the other hand, they were up against a great difficulty. The Governor-General in Council was all-powerful, the Political Department was only one department, and more and more the policy of the central Government of India was passing under the control of the experts—railway experts, financial experts, commercial experts—and those are not the kind of people whom a professional diplomat finds it very easy to meet on their own ground. And it is interesting to notice during the last ten years of the nineteenth century, and perhaps the first ten years of this present century, how very often in the correspondence of the states one finds that a political officer has shared with the state to which he was accredited a particular view of the state rights, and has endeavoured to press that view upon the Government, only to be overruled on the score that he must obey his orders and that the state must be made to do so-and-so. In other words, there was a real danger lest the political department, instead of being the negotiator between the states and the Government—the interpreter, as Lord Minto afterwards said, not only of the policy of Government but also of the aspirations and wishes of the states—should be made into a kind of lever by which the administrative departments of the Government of India could get what they wanted out of the states. Mark this: no one has ever pretended that a state could be compelled to, let us say, allow the Government to engross the salt monopoly throughout its borders, or that a state could be compelled to stop the growing of opium. Government recognized that this could not be done by mere order; and if it wanted to achieve the results, it had somehow or other to get an agreement to that effect out of the states. Now it is against those agreements, and the way they were thrust upon the states, that we find the political department in a great many cases making a stout fight.

The Indian States and the Government of India.

From what I have said I think you will be able to realize the three points I want to make before I conclude. During the latter part of the nineteenth century there was gradually developing an incompatibility between the two functions of the Government which governed British India and the Government which was at the same time the Crown's agency for interpreting the treaty relationship. When you come to realize what the resulting position meant to the princes, you will find that it had from their point of view three principal defects. Because

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the Government which managed their political relations with the Crown was also the Government of British India, it tended to take a British-Indian point of view. Because it was the Government of British India as well as the Crown's agent, it tended to put the British-Indian interpretation upon agreements between the Crown and the states; and finally, because again it was a British-Indian Government as well as the Crown's agent for transacting negotiations with the states, it tended to put a regular British-Indian "slant" upon that management of the day-to-day relations between the states and the Crown which was the *prima facie* business of the Political Department.

The Indian States and the Present Constitution.

Now these three principal defects, the emergence of which you can discern a decade or two after the Mutiny, are still with us today, so the princes maintain; and their anxiety at the present moment is to arrive at some method of remedying those defects in the present system. They are satisfied that it is not quite fair, and they want to see if the British people cannot help them to get it rectified. The foundation on which the defects were raised I have already told you, but I have yet to tell you what might be called the completion of the structure. The Government of British India had got into the habit, as I said, of regarding its responsibilities to British India first. Accordingly in our own time, just after the war, when it became a question of giving a new Constitution to British India, people in Simla and people in Whitehall were thinking far more about British India than about the states, and the result of the Constitution which has been instituted by the Government of India Act, 1919, is simply to complete as it were this British-India bias in the central Government. This has been done in two ways. The first was a very natural step. British Indians have been associated in increasing numbers with the working of the administrative machine. Very naturally British Indians are first concerned with British India, and they cannot be expected in a matter of this kind to take so entirely detached and so impartial a view as an outsider would take. In the next place the Constitution of 1919, without any intention I am sure on the part of the people of this country, or for that matter of the statesmen in Simla and in Delhi, has had the effect of handing over the Indian states in a very large degree to the vote of the Legislative Assembly in a variety of important matters. It has not, I think, been realized that under that Constitution it is within the power of the Legislative Assembly to impose a tariff for all India, and that tariff the states have to pay regardless of whether it is in their interest or not. It is within the power of the Provincial Legislatures to pass excise regulations which deeply and directly affect the prosperity of the states adjacent to them, and the states have no power whatever of making their voice heard. Hence it is that now, when the Simon

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Commission is investigating the problems of British India, the Indian princes have arranged to get a parallel inquiry into some of the branches of their own difficulties. Whether at this stage it will be found expedient for them to put forward any positive proposals for the removal of their grievances I cannot say at the moment; but I think it is perfectly plain that the mere fact that the Committee presided over by Sir Harcourt Butler is now sitting, means that there is a chance for the princes to make their voice heard. They did not get that chance in 1919 and 1920, and although there is one chapter in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report which deals with the position of the states and which incidentally gives very remarkable support to some of their contentions, very little was done as a result of that report to give them the relief which even then they were seeking. That in brief is the problem.. The princes are at the present moment putting their heads together—those at least of them who have been from the start associated with the Chamber of Princes—in an endeavour to arrive at some kind of understanding with people here as to the changes which ought to be brought about in the new Constitution for India. They believe that the British people here, who recognize the services which the princes have rendered both in the Mutiny and in the war, who recognize also what a stabilizing factor the princes are in Indian politics, will be willing to discuss with the princes some kind of scheme which will prevent policies being initiated and decisions being arrived at entirely over the heads of the princes without consulting them, as is the case today. They also believe they can establish a good case before Sir Harcourt Butler and his colleagues about another matter. They ask whether, the relations of the princes being with the Crown, it would not be a good thing to establish some kind of entirely independent arbitration when a question of difference arises between a state and British India. That such a machinery can be called into existence under the existing law is of course true. But, on the other hand, both the calling of this machinery into existence and the question as to whether they are, or are not, bound by the results of it, are at the present moment entirely in the discretion of the officials of the Government of India. I will take an example. There was a good deal in the Indian newspapers not very long ago about the Maharaja of Nawanagar's port of Bedi, and surely if ever there was a case where it was impossible to get an equitable decision without referring to somebody who was not the Government of India, nor the Government of Bombay, nor the Government of the Maharaja, but somebody entirely detached, it was this. The case ought plainly to have been referred to a competent tribunal. That such a tribunal should exist, is one of the things which the princes are trying to argue before the Committee, as a step in the best interests of the Empire as a whole.

I have already exceeded by many minutes my allotted span of

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time, and it only remains for me now to run through my slides, which will show you what some of the states actually look like, and enable you to see that the states have, on æsthetic grounds and on the grounds of being the repositories of real Indian culture and tradition, a distinct claim on our interest, apart from their political services and their great importance to the Empire.

Sir Louis Dane : Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Ladies and Gentlemen, I did not expect to be asked to talk to you today, but you have all had a very eloquent and interesting account of the rise to power of British India and its relations to the native states. I do not think any of us will be disposed to quarrel with the lecturer as to the way in which he has put it. I am perfectly certain, too, that those who have been in India and had anything to do with native states will realize that the native states, covering as they do one-third of the area and including one-fifth of the population, are not a negligible quantity, that in any measures dealing with India as a whole they must be considered, and all their rights and interests carefully provided for. Otherwise it is certain that no settlement by legislation or otherwise in the conditions of British India will ever work for a day. As regards the services of the native states to which the lecturer has alluded, I had myself occasion to refer to that on rather an interesting and important occasion when the charge of Delhi, which had been handed over to the Punjab Government in recognition of the eminent services of the Punjab states and Punjabi people in the recapture of Delhi, was handed over to the Government of India to form an Imperial enclave in accordance with the wishes of the King-Emperor. At the same time Lord Hardinge was nearly killed by a bomb explosion. On that occasion I had to refer to the services rendered by the Indian States, and I ventured to prophesy that if ever, as in view of what had just happened seemed not improbable, the services of the native princes were again required, the princes would be ready to render the same services as their ancestors had always rendered. I have said enough to show you that I am a very strong supporter of the rights and interests of the native states, as is nearly every officer who has had to deal with them. (Hear, hear.) To that extent I concur with the lecturer, but I am bound to put some points that it struck me he passed over rather lightly in view of the time the lecture necessarily took. No doubt he will consider them. In dealing with the future, and in dealing with any question of the rights of native states, one has to refer to the fact that the domination of India rested between the British and the Mahrattas in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was probably due to the crushing defeats which the Mahrattas sustained at the hands of Ahmad Shah Durrani near Delhi in 1759, at Badli in 1761, at Panipat so shortly after the British victory in Bengal at Plassey in 1757, that the British were able to make such progress as they did.

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It was a generation before the Mahrattas were able to make much head, but one thing is also certain, that if it had not been for the British the whole of the Indian states would have been swept away by the Mahrattas. That was their policy, that is what we prevented them doing; and the conditions were very different after the fall of the Mahratta confederacy from what they were before. That explains a good deal of the changes in the policy of the Company. Conditions were coming in which it became imperative on the British Government to stand forward as paramount power in India. The final thing which brought it about was the Mutiny. In that tremendous cataclysm, which involved the whole of Northern and Central India, and had repercussions throughout the sub-continent, the whole conditions of the polity of India necessarily came under review, and from that review it became necessary for the Queen to stand forward as the head of India. Clemency Canning—and no man could be more tender of the interests of India—definitely laid it down as a policy that the Crown should step forward once for all as the one supreme Power in the whole of India, and that is why conditions since 1860 as regards our dealings with India and Indian states differ absolutely from what went before in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was in furtherance of that attitude of Lord Canning that he managed to get the Government to agree to his giving those adoption sanads to all the states to reassure the princes against the possibility of a revival of Lord Dalhousie's policy of lapse—under which it was held that, in the case of a chief who died without direct heir, his state lapsed to the supreme power of the British Government. That was carried out in some cases very unfortunately, and to prevent the revival of that policy the sanads were issued in connection with the declaration of the supremacy of the British Crown throughout India. I venture to think that the announcement of the supremacy of the British Crown and the grant and receipt of these all-important sanads completely altered the atmosphere in which the older treaties had to be interpreted and worked, and that in any further dealings Mr. Rushbrook Williams will have to go into that point carefully. The sanads are enormously appreciated by the states, and are very valuable to them. But the fact of the acceptance of those sanads from a Power professing itself to be the sovereign Power in India is a difficulty to anybody attempting to make out independent sovereignty for the States of India. Internal sovereignty there is, but independent sovereignty, the power of levying peace and war, etc., involves a great many attributes which cannot be said to exist in the native states. I quite agree with what the lecturer said, that it was absolutely necessary at this time, when we are dealing with popularly elected bodies purporting to exercise sovereign power in India, whether as a dominion or total Swaraji, that the position of the native states must be recognized, and they must be placed in a position where they can be protected from inter-

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ference by any outside Power in India or otherwise. (Applause.) The sovereignty of the British Crown exercised through the Viceroy is what they all wish to maintain, and that is, I believe, the best way of arriving at a solution of the difficulty. (Applause.)

Sir STUART FRASER said that time permitted of his dealing with only one point raised in the lecture, namely, the liability to infringement of the rights of the Princes under the existing machinery, because the Government of India are, it was supposed, more interested in the development of British India than in the discharge of their obligations to the states. Such a pessimistic view in his opinion never was and never would be justified, so long as the Viceroy himself continued to hold the portfolio of the Foreign and Political Department. It was not only ruling princes of the larger states who valued the present system of relationship between themselves and the Viceroy as being the one most consistent with their separate sovereign status, and who regarded the latter as being always "the sympathetic representative of a sympathetic King-Emperor."

The pledges given by Queen Victoria and renewed by King Edward VII. and by His present Majesty had been scrupulously observed. But at the same time it could not be ignored that individual princes had a certain number of instances to put forward in which they believed that states' rights had been disregarded on grounds of imperial prerogative or owing to misconception of the respective rights of the two Governments. Such a belief, even when the cases were of comparatively minor importance, acted unhappily as gravel in the shoe and caused an irritation which must be avoided.

The remedy, which involved no radical change in the present machinery, seemed to lie ready to hand in the appointment by the Viceroy of Commissions of Enquiry in regard to the decision of cases where a state was dissatisfied with the ruling or advice of the Government of India. A specific recommendation to this effect was to be found in Chapter X. of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. And the speaker ventured to anticipate that the princes would not overlook this point in their representations to Sir Harcourt Butler's Committee.

Sir PRABHASHANKAR PATTANI also spoke, and was heard with interest.

The BEDI SAHIB OF DEHRA BABA NANAK said that, as Mr. Rushbrook Williams had explained, the constitutional problem of the relationship of the states to the paramount Power was very important; but some of the things he took for granted stood in question. The conclusions he reached were political conclusions; some of these were universally acted upon but others were still to be tested. He had applied the principles of jurisprudence to adducing the conclusion that the internal sovereignty of the states might not be touched, but if the principles of political science were applied, the position of the states was untenable.

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The question of the position of the states in relation to the executive power was a very difficult one, but applying the principles of jurisprudence meant that those Indian princes to whom the sanads had been granted stood on an equal footing with the British Government in India. If the principles of jurisprudence were applied equally, and the promise of not infringing upon the internal sovereignty of the states was given to all the states, India would say that history was repeating itself. There were 118 states in Simla district, among them were some with an annual revenue of no more than £4. Recently in one of the small states the ruler had been beaten by his native subjects: the Commissioner from Simla had gone there and conducted an investigation. If the promise of internal sovereignty was given to such princes the fundamental principle of the British Government to avoid anarchy and establish law in India would be hopelessly endangered.

The LECTURER: Sir Michael, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There are quite a number of very interesting points to which I should like to advert, but I have kept you all so long that I must really cut my remarks very short indeed. I should like rather respectfully to differ from what Sir Louis Dane said with regard to the sweeping away of other states by the Mahrattas. That was not their policy, and I should like to know the name of a single state they swept away. They often stamped them under foot. You find states like Udaipur and Jaipur begging for British protection to obtain relief from oppression. But the Mahrattas did not abolish states. They exploited them and gave them a miserable time. There was never any question of abolishing them.

The next thing is that Lord Canning's declaration after the Mutiny that the Crown should stand forward as the paramount Power was doubtless an important political pronouncement, but in that connection when you are dealing with the rights of two parties, as defined in a definite series of agreements, the mere declaration by one party without its acceptance by the other has no effect in changing their relations. That I understand to be the opinion of some of the most eminent lawyers in the British Empire to whom we have recently submitted this point.

Sir Stuart Fraser's reminder that the portfolio of the states is held by the Viceroy is one I think which gives rise to some very interesting speculations. I think the states are proud that the King's personal representative is in charge of their relations, but I should like Sir Stuart to remember that the Viceroy is of all men in India the most busy, and the fact that he is nominal head of the business of transacting the states' relations with the Crown, probably means that the bulk of that work has to be done by somebody else.

Finally, with regard to what Bedi Sahib said about small hill states, although I do not want to take up questions of personal status or per-

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sonalities, I would suggest there is a different side to the story. The small hill states are very small, poor, ancient principalities, which we gave back to their original owners after the Gurkhas had been driven out of that part of the world. They would not be so poor or so small if they were let alone. But forest leases are taken from them under terms which can only be regarded as hard. And their authority is not treated very considerately. British officers issue shooting licences throughout those states, the chiefs of which have as good a right to regard themselves as masters of their own territory as anyone else. There are a number of other things in connection with small hill states, for which I really feel we ourselves are rather to blame, but which I will not go into. It is possible to smile at these rulers who try to keep up the dignity of a very ancient lineage on a very small proportion of taxes, but there is something fine in their courage. And while it is true that occasionally trouble may arise within a state, normally the hill state people are absolutely devoted to their prince. So much so that in the case of areas which have passed under the control of the British Government, or the control of other states, the hill people still look to the descendant of the man who used to rule them as being their real head. (Hear, hear.) No doubt some of the states are very weak and small, but if so, our part is, surely, without trampling on their rights, to get them to help themselves in the way of internal development. They cannot do that without raising money, and the Government of India will never let any state, without its sanction, contract any loan for internal development. That is one of the things the states now grumble about. So far as the bigger states are concerned, it is a very serious business. Originally no doubt the embargo was justified, because the Government of India did not think the states should be victimized by external, that is to say European, financiers. But the time has gone by when the states cannot look after themselves in that way; and I am afraid it is sometimes believed by the states that the Indian Government does not want a competitor in the money market. The fact that these small states have small incomes is not a reason why we should attempt to deny them the rights to which they are entitled. If they are small and weak, that is the more reason for giving them a thoroughly square deal. If they are too poor to have an efficient administration singly, one must persuade them to group themselves, and get an efficient administration in that way. The fact that a state is weak and poor is no reason for denying it a square deal.

The CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen, We have travelled over a lot of ground and learned a great deal. You will all have appreciated this admirable lecture. A great light has been thrown on an intricate and delicate subject. I do not wish to add any comments of my own, but I will make one general remark: Taken as a body the Indian princes have always been loyal to the Crown, and a great element of stability in

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the British government of India. They have strong claims upon us, and now they feel their position is being endangered by forces which we have set into operation and needs investigation and perhaps revision I think we ought to meet them in regard to that demand. As far as I know—I am not in their confidence—they have not put forward any extravagant claims, differing in that respect very considerably from the politicians of British India, some of whom demand Swaraj in twenty-four hours. We ought to realize that on the whole the princes have shown a very reasonable and temperate attitude in matters which deeply concern their future, and I am sure they have every right to get a square deal. The principle that we should maintain their internal sovereignty is absolutely sound. But there is a limitation, and it is that in cases of grievous maladministration the paramount Power has the right to interfere. That they and we admit; but what is grievous maladministration is a question of fact. I have had wide experience of many states over all parts of India, and in most, grievous maladministration does not exist. It is very rare in the larger states, which are steadily adopting a progressive form of administration. In some of the small states it often occurs. For six years I was in Simla, and saw a good deal of the hill states, and I have known of several revolutions in the hill states, risings of the people against their rulers because those rulers had departed from traditions which the people thought, and rightly thought, should govern them. In those cases the British Government had to interfere, not only to prevent serious oppression, but to maintain the ruler in his position. There was another state, and a large state, but not in the Simla Hills, in which the ruler for his own glorification let loose lions imported from Africa in the jungle so that they might breed. Thereby he drove whole villages out of cultivation, for lions and cultivators do not see eye to eye nor can they live side by side. When I was in charge as revenue officer of a native state I had to deal not with the Maharaja, because he was not a Maharaja but a minor, but with the State Council on a similar matter. I said to the State Council, "Do you want peasants or tigers? You can limit the tigers to the jungle, but if you want to keep the villages you must exclude the tigers from the cultivated land." I was rather a determined person in those days, and I got my own way for the time being, but when I went the tigers came back. There is a clear necessity for the Government to retain the right to interfere in the case of gross maladministration.

That follows from its position as the paramount Power. One reason for the present anxiety of the princes is that the Government in the past has not pursued a uniform policy. One day it is inclined to unnecessary interference, the next day the pendulum swings back, as it did some years ago, to almost complete independence. "Let the states go to the devil in their own way," is what it comes to. Here, too,

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we must differentiate. Several states who have enlightened rulers and well-organized administrations should be left to themselves as far as possible; other states require advice and guidance in the interest of the ruler and his people. All cannot be brought under the same umbrella; but a reasonable, consistent, and clear policy which the states will understand will do a great deal to relieve present anxieties; and let us hope the Butler Commission will secure a settlement on those lines. One very important matter in which the states are entitled to be heard, but hitherto have not been heard, is that of the Protection Tariffs which the British-Indian Legislature is so rapidly building up with scant consideration for the British-Indian consumer and none at all for the Indian states and their peoples. Let us thank the lecturer very heartily, for putting forward with admirable precision, wide historical knowledge, in a temperate, lucid manner, the case for the states. (Applause.)

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THE ROAD FROM PEKING TO LHASA

On Wednesday, October 31, Mr. Eric Teichman, Chinese Secretary to H.B.M. Legation at Peking, showed a series of lantern slides illustrating the Great West Road from Peking to Lhasa, and described the scenery and peoples met with along this ancient highway.

Colonel Sir Francis Younghusband took the chair in Lord Allenby's absence in America.

Starting from Peking the road runs south-west to the old fortress of Tungkuan, through which, commanding as it does the narrow passage between the Chinlingshau Mountains and the Yellow River, all west-bound traffic has to pass. Beyond Tungkuan the traveller reaches the historic city of Lianfu, where the great West Road bifurcates, the north-west branch leading up through Shensi and Kansu to the Kokonor and Turkestan.

After taking his audience up through the loess country of North-western China and Mohammedan Kansu to the Kokonor plateau, the lecturer retraced his steps to Sian to follow the main Lhasa road across the great barrier range of the Chinlingshan into Szechuan and up through the mountains again to Tachienlu, the gateway to Eastern Tibet.

The ethnographical and political frontiers between China and Tibet were explained, and the lecturer then took his audience along the northern and southern roads to Chamdo, the former being the so-called commercial road, as it is the one followed by the trading caravans going in and out of Tibet, and the latter the so-called official road, which was the route taken by the Ambans and other Chinese officials travelling to and from Lhasa.

Unfortunately, the lecturer found that he had set out to cover more ground than he could manage in the time at his disposal, and he had therefore to hurry through the concluding portion of the road and bring the journey to an end at Chamdo in the middle of Eastern Tibet.

The sketch-map used to illustrate the lecture in conjunction with the lantern slides is printed on the opposite page.

The Chairman: Ladies and Gentlemen,—Mr. Teichman mentioned two names which ought to be remembered at every meeting with regard to the Chinese and Tibetan borders. First of all General Pereira, who made that most remarkable journey from Peking to Lhasa a few years ago, went on from Lhasa to India and, not content with doing that, returned from India to China, through Burma, down the Yangtse to Shanghai; and even then not being content, instead of

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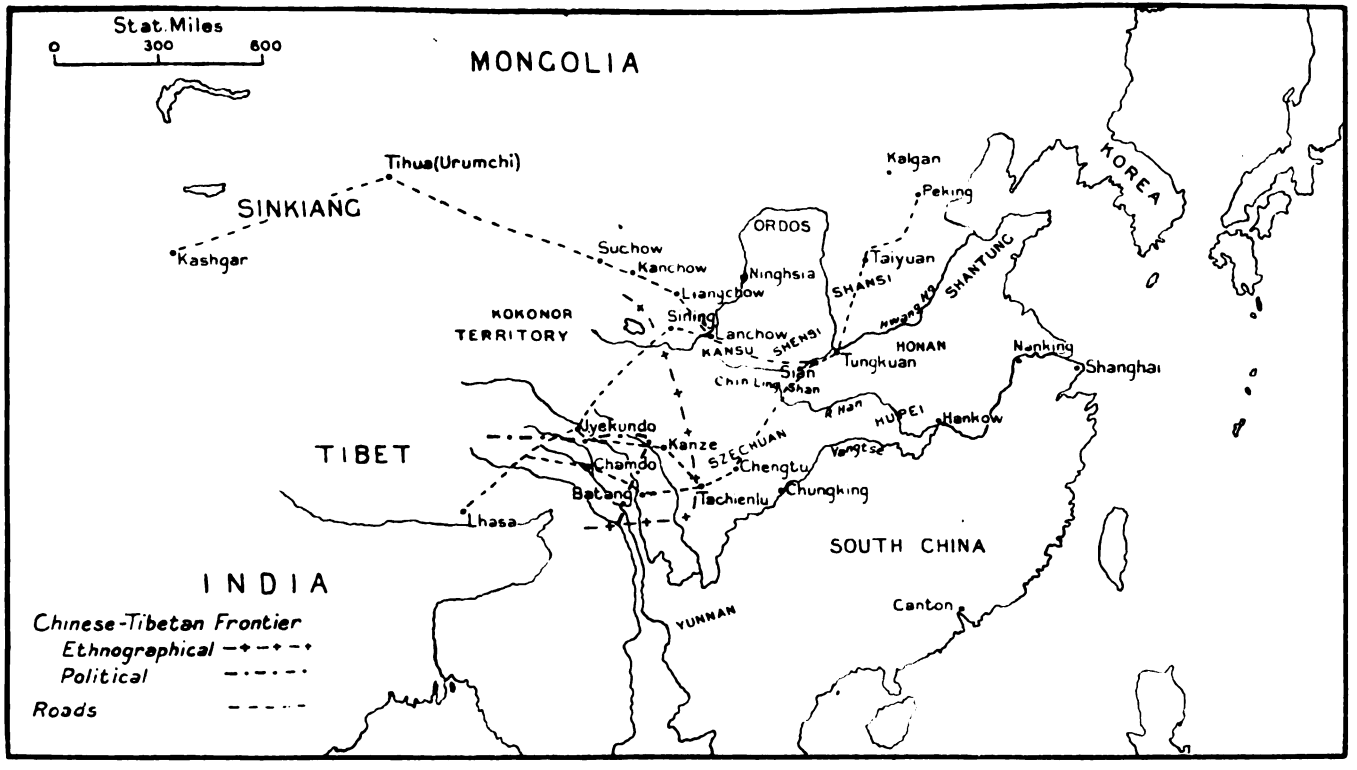

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getting on a P. and O. at Shanghai to come home, went down to Southern China and made his way up from south to north, and, as the lecturer said, died at Kiang-su. The other and in a way still more remarkable journey was that by the French lady referred to by the lecturer, Madame Nield, who after residing for some years in one of those Tibetan monasteries, and learning the Tibetan language, customs, and manners, went to Lhasa in disguise as a nun. Her story has also been published, and a very remarkable one it is. But there are two other names which we ought also to remember, those of the French travellers—I think they were Jesuit missionaries—Huc and Gabet, who made their way to Lhasa in 1849, and whose account was exceedingly picturesque and interesting, but had for some time been rather doubted because in some details it was found to be inaccurate. But there is now not the slightest doubt that they did go to Lhasa. When I was there in 1904 I asked the Lama with whom I was negotiating whether he remembered any Europeans being there before, and he said he remembered as a small boy seeing those two French visitors. So to those four I think we ought to pay a tribute this evening. For myself I have not been on this road at all except at the start at Peking, and at the end in Lhasa: when I went from Peking I travelled a good deal farther north through Mongolia and Turkestan to India.

But there is one detail to which I ought to draw the attention of this Society, and that is the mention which Mr. Teichman made of a very remarkable and very high mountain on the borders of China and Tibet. One traveller put it down as being higher than Mount Everest. It takes a good high mountain to be higher than Mount Everest, Mount Everest being 29,000 feet. It is quite improbable a mountain so high would stand by itself; because Mount Everest is the centre of a constellation of peaks. You do not see one peak standing by itself without another peak within 2,000 or 3,000 feet of it. It is hardly likely to be as high as Mount Everest, and General Pereira, who saw it in the distance, computed it, I think, at about 23,000 or 24,000 feet. But it would be an extremely interesting point to have that peak measured. I dare say some here will be returning to China, and if they can turn their attention to that mountain, or get other people to do so, we shall be very glad to hear what the height is. (Applause.)

The Chairman called on Mr. Owen Lattimore, who spoke briefly of the hardships of travel on the Tibetan border, and congratulated Mr. Teichman on his beautiful slides, and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

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ARABIA: AN UNBIASED SURVEY*

By AMEEN RIHANI

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There are political centres in the world towards which the whole world at one time or another gravitates; and there are intellectual centres which ray out the light of knowledge to the whole world. London, politically and intellectually, is such a centre; and it is a privilege and a pleasure to address a London audience, more so a distinguished London audience that is interested in a part of the world that was once the political, intellectual, and religious centre of the world. I am, indeed, pleased to speak in London for the first time, and I am more pleased to address you on present-day Arabia and a few of its political problems.

Permit me to tell you first how I came to know the Arabs, and to love them, and to dream of travelling in their land. It was not through native sources, for I immigrated from my country to the United States of America when I was a boy of ten, and I started to read Arabic only after I had wandered aimlessly, without a guide, through the meadows of English literature. The first book that opened before me the gates of enchantment was Washington Irving's "Alhambra"; and the second book, which led me through an exclusive path of thought up to the heights of prophecy, was Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship." Indeed, it was your own prophet Carlyle who first introduced me to the Prophet of Arabia. Then came Burton and Payne with their inexhaustible and invaluable stores of Arabic lore. I travelled with Burton to Medina and Mecca, and I read on the wayside *his* "Arabian Nights." It was the first romantic book-journey I had made, and the joy of it is still a vivid and glowing reminiscence.

But how I came to know Charles Doughty I do not recall. I only remember that one day I found among my books the two volumes of the first abridged edition of "Arabia Deserta," published in 1908. Did I buy them when I used to buy books indiscriminately at second-hand bookshops, or were they brought to me by one of the jinn of the "Arabian Nights"? I do not exactly remember. They were there, and Burton having whetted my appetite, I fell to. But hard reading, indeed, was Doughty, especially to a novice who had not yet been

* Lecture given to the Central Asian Society on November 7, 1928. In the absence of Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, the chair was taken by Brigadier-General Sir Gilbert Clayton, K.C.M.G. When introducing the lecturer, the Chairman laid special stress on the value of his books, which showed an intimate first-hand knowledge of Arabia and an understanding of the character of King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saoud.

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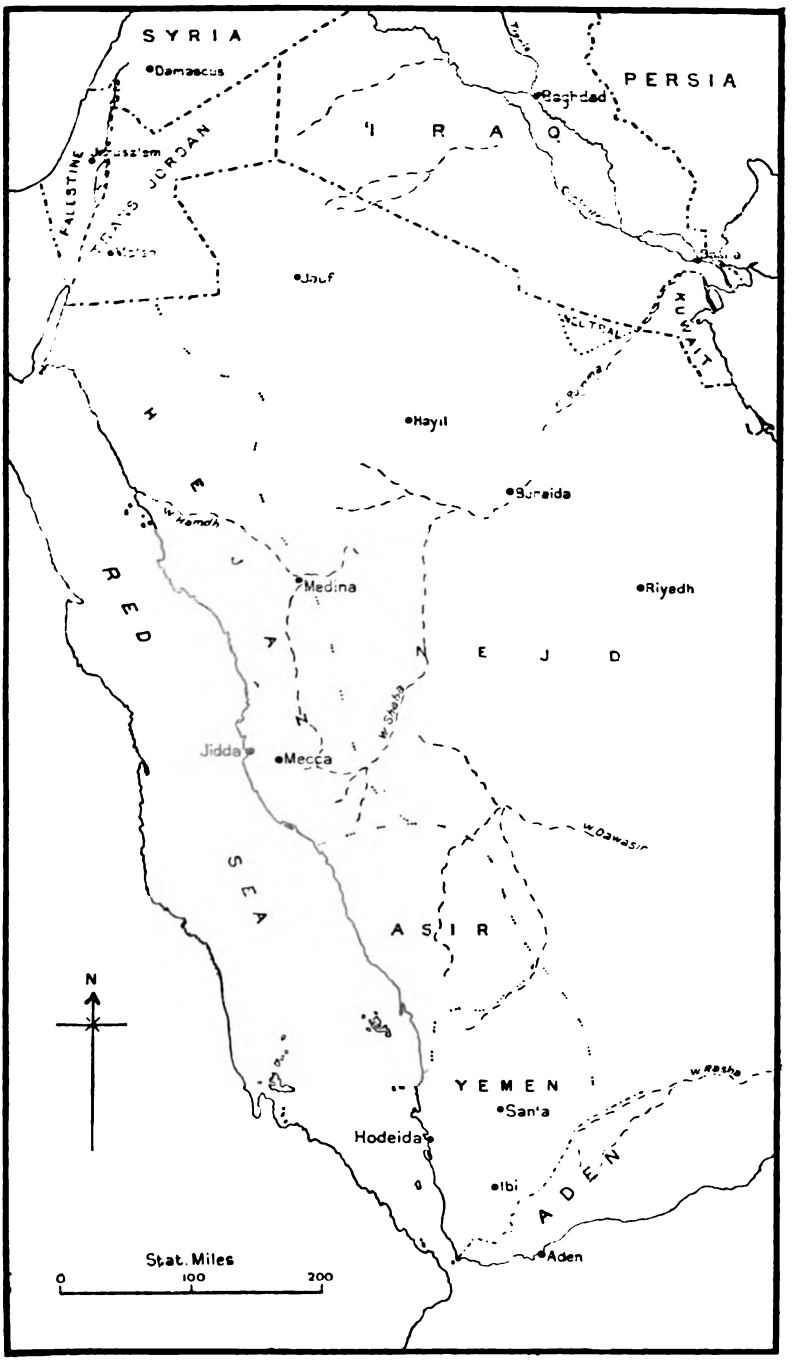

ARABIA.

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initiated into Elizabethan prose; and only when I re-read him over and over again did I begin to feel the power of his fascination. More than any other author on Arabia is Doughty transporting, and this is principally because of the rugged native manner of expression in his pages.

Burton brought Arabia to me, but Doughty carried me to Arabia. I wandered with Doughty through the desert and among the tribes, and I sat up nights worrying about him, and I was often irritated by him. He was a hard-headed Scotch Presbyterian, and in Arabia he was a magnet of trouble—"I am a *Nisrani*" (Nazarene, Christian). He could not for a moment get over that. And in those days to say *I am a Nisrani* in Central Arabia, especially among the fanatical Bedu, was like waving a red rag in the face of a bull. There is no doubt that Doughty's trials and sufferings would have been much less had he been a little pliant and, at certain fatal moments, a little more reticent. But such trials and sufferings, from a literary point of view, are the best "copy" in the world. No Odyssey—and Doughty's book is Homeric—could be achieved without them. Doughty invited suffering, one would say, that he might write, and he succeeded brilliantly in both. Was it because of this success that he aroused my literary envy? After I had read Burton, I heard myself often saying: I too want to travel in Arabia. But after I read and re-read Doughty, I could not overcome the passion that would knock off a book. I, too, wanted to write about Arabia.

But the troubles of an author often begin after writing and publishing his book; for the reviewers and critics are at times as bad as the Bedu. And when they are gentle, they are condescending. Why can they not be a little less condescending and, within the scope of literary judgment—in print—a little more just? In other words, why do they not praise the author as he himself has often praised himself, sincerely and wholeheartedly, while writing his masterpiece? Aye, no writer ever writes anything but masterpieces. And when the illustrious genius is told that there are other points of view besides his own, he answers with another book—another masterpiece. Let it fall upon the heads of critics and reviewer. He refuses on principle to place himself in their shoes. And why should he, when he can pace up and down his study in the pumps of his own estimation?

I wore neither boots nor pumps while writing my book. Nor did I walk up and down my study and dictate to a secretary. In sandals, and often in my bare feet, I hammered at the typewriter as if it were the head of a critic. I had my fling first, and personally I am satisfied.

But the impersonal side of a book is certainly more important, and on this head I beg to say a word. Some of my English readers have resented my criticism of British officials, although it was done in good part and without malice. Moreover, the peculiar official conduct,

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which at times was most irritating to a traveller that had nothing against anybody or any nation in the world, was, from another point of view, good "copy" for a book, and, like Charles Doughty, I did not hesitate to avail myself of it. I make no further pretensions in the matter. But I say this: much that is said about the Englishman's sense of humour to the contrary, I had the courage to put it to the test, and I was not disappointed. For in spite of the few contrary gestures in the harmonious attitude of the critics, the banter, or, as you say, the chaff was on the whole graciously received. And after all the twist of my mind, or the humour of it, is not altogether alien. On the other hand, it is not wholly acquired—it is not wholly American.

The Arabs, too, have a sense of humour. One of the members of my escort in Najd often amused us by his parody of the Ikhwan. He would wind a white rag around his head for a turban and carry his bamboo switch like a rifle across his shoulder, and then light his pipe saying: "I am of the Ikhwan, and Smoke is of the Shaitan." Another one of our escort, a man of quips and jibes, was always invoking Allah, even while he, the Najdi, was engaged in the most flagrant business, to save him from the devil. "But you and the devil are allies," I once said to him, and he promptly replied: "Allah protect us from the allies." At another time he confided to me that there are four devils in the world—only four, according to his census—and one of them was in Mecca. (King Husein was then the ruler of the Hijaz.) "Where are the other devils?" I asked. "Two of them," he replied, "are in London." And he was precise about their place of residence, which he called *Al-Khariji-yah*—the Foreign Office. Asked about the fourth devil, he turned to me with a twinkle in his eye and said: "He travels in the world like yourself."

This reminds me of another piquant conversation with the chief of another escort on our way from San'a to Hudaidah. We had reached No-man's-land between the mountains and Tihamah, and we were passing from the country of the Imam Yahya to the country of the Imam of Jaizan—the Idrisi. Our chief was introduced to us as the Mayor of Hajeilah, a ruined town in No-man's-land at that time. He was its Mayor before it was sacked and destroyed by the soldiers of both the Imam and the Idrisi. But our guide was more illuminating. "That man," he said in a whisper, "was the biggest robber in these parts, head of the Imam! In the days of the Dowlah he had fifty rifles under his command, who robbed and slayed the caravans they were supposed to protect, head of the Imam! And they wore the uniforms of the Turkish soldiers they had killed, head of the Imam! Now, ya Effendi, he is an escort of security and peace. Praise be to Allah, the Changer and the Unchanging."

Our reformed Mayor was then in the service of Sheikh Hamzah, the liaison officer and caravaneer between the two warring rulers. Dis-

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dainful and glum, he carried his gun in front of him across the back of his donkey and rode apart. I drove my mule in his direction and tried to engage him in conversation. But he returned my salaam and answered my question without looking at me. "This is the plain of Hajeilah," he said in a sullen accent. The sight of the ruined city he once ruled had made him, I thought, ill-humoured, and I left him alone. A little later I saw him turn towards the caravan, and our eyes met. Evidently he wanted to speak. So I drove my mule again towards his donkey and asked him if he thought the war would soon end.

"What cares the Idrisi," he said, "and what cares the Imam? They have everything, and they live in security, away from the perils of war, and they listen to the Sadat (Saiyeds). If they did not listen to the Sadat, Allah would forgive them, and there would be peace. Wallah, we all want peace. But where is the man that can make peace between the two? Not in Al-Yaman is he, no, billah. He must come from outside, from beyond the sea." And he concluded, fetching a deep sigh of resignation: "Our misfortune is from Allah."

"From Allah alone?" I asked. "Has man no share in it?"

He seemed to appreciate my question, and after a pause: "One third is from Allah." Saying which, he whipped his donkey and steered away. I spurred my mule and followed.

"And the other two-thirds of the misfortune?" I asked.

"The second third is from the Sadat," he replied, whipping his donkey again and riding away from me. But I was curious to get at the whole matter.

"Forgive me, ya Sheikh," I ventured, coming nearer to him. "Who is responsible for the other third of your misfortune?"

He stopped his donkey this time and faced me, saying: "The last third—perhaps the first—is from you."

He thought I was a representative of the British Government.

What would he have said if he knew how I was treated by *the* representatives of the British Government in Aden? It is not too pleasant, you see, to be taken for an Englishman in some parts of Arabia—to receive the blows for you and to pay in the bargain the tax to British official suspicion.

Even in Ar-Riyadh, while making one day a purchase in the market-place, I overheard the following conversation. "He is of the Ingliz," said one. "But he is as black as one of us," said the other. "The Ingliz have red cheeks and blue eyes." "He is of the Ingliz," insisted the first, "and he may be from the Sudan. The Imam permits only the Ingliz to travel in our land." I would have been flattered had not the other man added a word about my ancestors—my British ancestors! But this is not a serious matter. The Arabs often curse one another's ancestors without wishing them any real harm.

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But those Arabs, although on the surface, only skin deep, in their words, were not altogether wrong about my identity. I have in me something British, something very essential in the intellectual entity that is British, and I am proud of it. For I have read Shakespeare and Shelley, and I have read Charles Lamb and Addison and Steele, and I have read the Arnolds and the Brownings, and Spencer and Huxley, as well as Tennyson and Carlyle. Here is an intellectual complex to confound even a Freudian mind. Even as my spiritual heritage is in the main Oriental, my intellectual heritage is on the whole British, or broadly speaking Anglo-Saxon. There are other elements and other sources; but I shall not dissect myself before you. What may be done for the benefit of the public may not always be done properly in public.

One word I would say, however, with regard to those who seem to resent my attitude towards British officials and British policy in Arabia. If they consider the matter in the light of what I have just said, they will realize, besides the general truth that no man and no Government is above criticism, that my observations are made, not as an Arab, although my point of view may sometimes be that, but as an author who prides himself upon the intellectual heritage that places the attachment to truth above all racial and religious and political attachments.

Now, the truth about Arabia is not inaccessible to British investigators. But the truth about any country or any question can only be made clear and wholly comprehensible when it is studied impartially from every angle. Can this be done in the politics of the world? Can an Arab nationalist, or an Egyptian or an Indian nationalist for that matter, consider with perfect impartiality the British side in an Anglo-Arab or Anglo-Indian dispute? And can an English traveller or a British official or even a liberal-minded London editor put himself entirely in the place of the Arab or the Indian to better understand his point of view? This is not impossible. But I further ask if it is possible when the interests of the contending parties are apparently irreconcilable?

The Arab who goes on a gazu, for instance, can see the truth only in the loot. He cannot see it in the other man's right of possession. And the man in possession, herding his camels, or ploughing his field, or just sitting upon his pile, cannot see the truth in the circumstances that lead to the gazu. Indeed, when the different points of view clash, we do not see but one side of the truth—our side. This is much the same in civilized society as in the desert.

We condemn force; but we cannot blind ourselves to certain phases of it, which are still legalized by the Governments of the world. We uphold right, but we cannot claim to have reached that stage in human development which makes its application as absolute as, for instance,

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sunlight. We have risen to a certain summit, however, from which the interests of all parties to a dispute can be calmly surveyed and given equal consideration and justice. At this summit force has lost or is fast losing its prerogative; at this summit in human relations, national or international, the supreme expression of force is not in shaking your fist, but in extending your hand.

From this summit of civilization, ladies and gentlemen, I carried in my heart a beacon to light my way through Arabia. True, I love the Arabs. I have in me something of their blood. But that is no reason why, although understanding their own point of view, I should always be partial to it. I went to Arabia with no preconceived ideas: I came out of Arabia with no misconceived opinions. Before I landed in Jeddah, however, I had an exaggerated notion of King Husein's power. The British Government is responsible for that. But it did not take me long to realize that beyond a certain limit from Mecca and Medinah, King Husein exercised no more power than a man from Abyssinia. Beyond that limit were tribes who were out of his hand and not yet within the hand of Ibn Saoud. In whose hand were they? In the hand of the devil. My Najdi wit was not altogether wrong about one of his four devils. If not precisely in Mecca, he was certainly in the Hijaz.

The first thing that repelled me when I went out of Jeddah half-way towards the Holy City were the armed Arabs. Not a herdsman, not a Beduin in rags, but carried a rifle. Ignorance in arms! And not a hand to control it, and not a head to direct it to its own good. Harb and 'Utaibah and Juhainah, to say nothing of the sherifs of Zu Hasan around Lith and Kunfudha, they were all out for the loot, and they cut each other's throats for it. Ignorance in arms! I turned away from it both in anger and sorrow.

But in the Yaman, as we made our way from Aden slowly up the mountains to San'a, the situation was in a sense even worse. There, we were confronted with Ignorance and Fanaticism in arms, and some of it is under the protection of the British Government. But this protection does not improve the situation, materially or otherwise.

In the Yaman, however, Ignorance in arms is not, as it was in the Hijaz of King Husein, without a controlling hand and a directing mind. The Imam Yahya is a man of power, and his authority is supreme. But here again my love for the Arabs suffered a heavy blow. For the Imam Yahya was using his power against the Idrisi, because the Idrisi's ancestors had come into Arabia a little later than the ancestors of the Imam; and because the Idrisi is not a Zaidi Moslem; and because the Idrisi was a friend of the British who had made him a present of the city of Hudaidah. Please bear in mind, however, that the Imam is an expansionist. Hence the jihad against the Idrisi, who was called an interloper, an infidel, and a traitor—an interloper, because his ancestors

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came to Arabia from Morocco a little more than a century ago; an infidel, because he is not of the Zaidi sect of the Imam; and a traitor, because he fought with the Italians against the Turks in the Turko-Italian war. Ignorance and Fanaticism in arms!

Besides, the beautiful Yaman is beautifully antique. We witnessed as we went through the villages and big cities a social condition that harked back to the tenth century. No schools, no hospitals, no doctors, no drugs, and not a decent inn on the way. Imagine the plight of one who had come from one of the most progressive countries in the world. But I was not discouraged. I had come from Jeddah fortified against all misfortunes to my attachment. The Yaman was there pictured to me as a dark continent. It was in the sense that in those days it was absolutely closed to modern civilization. I was glad, however, that my head was not cut off on the way, as was predicted in Cairo and in Aden.

They warned us at Aden, "The roads are not safe for Christians." How much of the truth did the pill of official suspicion contain, we did not know. But before we had crossed the borders of the last Protectorate —the Hawashib country—we had an adventure which at first seemed to justify the warning of the Residency. But it ended well.

All's well that ends well. We wished the Sultan of the Hawashib and his Sultanah a long reign rich with bounties, and as sweet as the honey of their breakfast that morning. But soon the flies got into the honey of remembrance. For we forgot the Sultanah's uncommon generosity, when we smelt the fresh Nile blue of the Zaidi soldier's uniform, and heard the strains of the Yaman military band. We were received with all the noise and pomp of officialdom in every city we entered. Imamic orders.

But when we arrived in San'a we were held captives in the guest-house for three days. The Imam was away, and we were not permitted to see any one before he returned. Even when he did return, and after the first interview, our captivity did not end. It did not end for another seven days. A whole week to meditate upon the labyrinthine ways of suspicion. We were suspected by the British at Aden, and we were suspected by the Imam at San'a. Some one had followed us with a report. Besides, the letter of introduction which I carried from King Husein to the Imam Yahya introduced nobody. For some mysterious reason, the King mentioned a dozen flattering attributes in connection with the bearer, but did not mention his name. A letter of introduction without the name of the person introduced! It was the way of His Hashimite Majesty. The Imam, therefore, telegraphed to his Governor at Mawan to communicate with the Yaman representative at Aden about us, and we had to remain captives until he received a reply. Allah be praised, the reply came and it dispelled the clouds of doubt. "The bearer of the letter *is* Ameen Rihani, and *he is* suspected by the British

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Government." The Imam's mind was set at ease. The suspicion of Aden abolishes the suspicion of San'a.

What followed? I shall read you a page from one of my notebooks of those days.

"The Imam came this morning to see us, and in opening the conversation, he asked if all our needs were being attended to. I replied that everything was satisfactory, but that we were getting more than we need of rest.

"The lines in his face softened as he smiled and said: 'A long journey, a long rest. But come now with earnest words.'

"'The most earnest words,' I replied, 'is what my love for the Arabs and Arabia dictates. I am not a foreigner: I am of you. I have nothing to do with the English Government, I am not connected politically or commercially with anyone in America, and I am not the official representative of King Husein. I am a self-appointed missionary for civilization. But my loyalty for the Arab cause has never been questioned.'

"After stating again the reason for the delay—work that had piled up during his absence—he said: 'Now give me the best line in the poem *beit ul qasid*' (that is the gist of the matter).

"'There are two best lines,' I replied. 'The first is an understanding with the British Government, and the second is a treaty with King Husein.' I then made an earnest plea for education and peace. 'The Yaman should be opened to the outside world, and the Yaman should have peace. This is most essential to its development and progress. You are dissipating the strength of your nation and all its resources in war, and in what is worse than war—the preparation for it. You have a nation in arms. But that is not enough. Your people need protection from the cold, and from ignorance, and from poverty; they need clothes, they need schools, they need modern means of transportation. I do not want to see any wars between the West and the East. It is a part of my life-task to endeavour to bring about better relations, based upon sympathy and understanding, between Europe and the Orient, and especially between Europe and Arabia. Of course, I want to see Arabia mistress of her own house, and I want to see the Arab rulers unite in a common cause, the cause of national integrity and international peace and goodwill. . . . In the solution of all your political problems, *ya Mowlai*, you have hitherto applied exclusively the sword. Try peace once—give peace a chance.'

"The Imam nodded once or twice, as I spoke, while his deep black eyes and his mobile mouth were held throughout in a fixed expression —an expression of interest mingled with amazement."

Had I been too frank, too direct? I could not help it. I did not go to Arabia to arouse it against Europe. I did not come from America to humour Fanaticism in arms or to support Ignorance in arms. On

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the contrary, as I had often repeated to myself on the way to San'a, we should make Ignorance and Fanaticism realize that they cannot live by arms alone. They need, at least, food and clothes and very often a doctor.

But the Imam Yahya is a man of wisdom and moderation. He thinks for himself. He weighs his chances. He has discernment and foresight. He also takes council with one or two of his men of state. And although he nurses a great political ambition, he is sufficiently practical to realize that, of all the allies of a conqueror, Circumstance is often the most faithful. He therefore abides his time, keeping the map of Al-Yaman, of all Arabia, before him. And there is Aden, the pearl in the crown of his ancestors. It is not only in the map, but also in his dream of conquest. He knows, however, of the obstacles that stand between it and his dream; but I do not think he realizes the extent of the interests, commercial and financial at least, which the East and the West have in Aden today. I asked one of the Saiyeds of his Diwan, "How will you treat the foreigners that are in Aden, when you take possession of it?" "We will make them pay tribute like the Jews of San'a," was the reply. Fortunate for the Imam Yahya that he is not of that cast of mind.

He consented to a treaty with King Husein, which was negotiated in the month of Ramadhan—our meetings were held at night, for this reason, and often after midnight—and he made certain proposals, through me, to the British Government at Aden. But that is now an old story. King Husein was too foolish, and the British Government was too slow. I still believe, however, in spite of the little love affair with Italy—you are acquainted with the treaty of friendship and trade concluded about three years ago—that the Imam is reconcilable. His natural ally is Great Britain; and Great Britain, if she is sure of Aden, need not worry about the Protectorates. The story of these Protectorates is not edifying to the British nation—to any nation. Even your title-deed to Aden is not without a flaw. But you are in Aden—possession is nine-tenths of the law—and you need Aden. I further admit that Aden is an important station on the highroad of world traffic and navigation, where order and security and a business-like method of government should always prevail. From this point of view, England is doing her best.

But even this is not so in the Protectorates. The Protectorates are a blot upon your escutcheon. Besides, you are not in the Protectorates, and you do not need them. You no longer need them, in view of the Air Force, as a protective zone round Aden. All you need, as a breathing space, a playground, is an area with a radius of ten or twenty miles at the most, as far as Lahaj, for instance, in one direction. The rest may be offered as a sacrifice to peace and friendship. Give them to the Imam Yahya and see what a nice Imam he will be. There is no fear that once they are his he will ask for more. On the contrary, I think

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he will wish the Protectorates off his hands after he gets them. For how can he satisfy all the sheikhs and ameers and sultans whom you have corrupted with your gold?

The British Government, ladies and gentlemen, has even made itself ridiculous. For worse than buying off a chief are the official honours that are lavished upon him—titles and decorations, and a salvo of guns when he visits Aden in his regalia of a loin cloth and a sword! The Imam Yahya once imitated the British manner; but he was more business-like than the British. The head of one of the Protectorates, disgruntled with Aden, went over to the Imam, who ordered that the cannons be fired in his honour. But he afterwards deducted from his pay, as one of his Governors, the price of the powder.

I would save the British Government from ridicule, and I would save the Arabs from the corrupting and demoralizing effects of being stipendiaries of the British Government. It is high time that the stipend system should end. It is high time that better relations, based on mutual confidence and goodwill, as well as mutual interest, be established between the English and the Arabs. That is why I say, Get the Protectorates off your hands and off your conscience. Turn them over to the Imam, who is in many respects a better man to deal with than the petty chiefs that now stand between you and himself. If you do this, you will be befriending instead of opposing the general tendency in present-day Arabia to solidarity and unification; for I am certain, if I rightly understand the significance of the undercurrents, that all the Arabs of the peninsula, with a few exceptions, will soon or late come under the rule of their two biggest leaders, Ibn Saoud and the Imam Yahya, and I have no doubt that friendly relations between Great Britain and both these rulers will be of incalculable benefit to all. Let us also hope that an alliance will be concluded between the Imam Yahya and Ibn Saoud that will bind them together in mutual interest to Great Britain. But Great Britain, I am sorry to say, is letting opportunities slip from her hand in Central as well as in South-Western Arabia.

Let us move, then, to Central Arabia. But before I try to give you a clear idea of the present political situation there, I shall dwell briefly upon an interesting bit of history in the relations between Great Britain and Ibn Saoud. Here is a friendship which, to the outside world, is enveloped in obscurity—a friendship of many years, for it goes back to the days of the Ameer Faisal, grandfather of King Abd'ul-Aziz. Before Faisal re-established the Saoud dynasty, during his second reign, there was a period of chaos in Najd intervening between him and back to the Egyptian invasion. The British Government at that time was scouting along the south and south-west corner of Arabia for a coaling station, and little or nothing was done to get a footing along the other branch of the route to India—the Arab side of the Persian

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Gulf. The ride of Sadlier across the peninsula, from the Gulf to the Red Sea, seeking the conqueror of Najd Ibrahim Pasha, ended in an interview outside of Medinah, and in the realization of the hasty action and the shortsightedness of the East India Company. Ibrahim had no authority to negotiate a treaty with any Government, nor, for that matter, had the East India Company. As for the British Government's negotiations with the Wahhabi Ameers, before and after the Egyptian conquest, they are not even mentioned by the historians of Najd, although the late D. G. Hogarth gives them a prominent place in his very useful book, "The Penetration of Arabia." I asked King Abd'ul-Aziz about them, who asked the elders, as he generally does in such matters, and they shook their heads. They only have knowledge, and that is by hearsay, of the visit of Colonel Lewis Pelly in the winter of 1865 to the Ameer Faisal.

Pelly was received in a cautious but courteous manner by the old Ameer, who soon after, because of his age and his loss of sight, abdicated in favour of his son Abdullah. The discussions in several interviews related, according to Hogarth, to piracy and the slave trade on the Persian Gulf, but did not result in an agreement. Faisal offered the Englishman the grace and benefit of the Moslem faith, confessed that he did not like the Christian religion—not the Christians—and acknowledged that the British had "a good and orderly Government."

Here ends the knowledge of Hogarth on the subject, or that is all he gives us. But from a discussion I had with the grandson of the Ameer Faisal, King Abd'ul-Aziz himself, I find that the visit of Pelly to Ar-Riyadh in 1865 did result in an agreement. The old Ameer did treat with "the good and orderly British Government." An agreement of friendship and peace between Great Britain and Najd was concluded, and it covered other points in dispute besides piracy and the slave trade. What these points are I do not exactly know, because the Najd Government's copy of the document, I was told, is lost. But there must be another copy of it in the archives of the British Government.

We may judge of its contents, however, from the subsequent agreement, concluded in December, 1915, by Sir Percy Cox and the then Ameer Abd'ul-Aziz, and we conclude from one of its clauses that there *was* a previous agreement. For in that clause the Ameer Abd'ul-Aziz pledges himself to respect what had been respected by his ancestors—that is, to acknowledge the rights of the British Government in Muscat, Trucial Oman, and Bahrain. But this is now outside the point. What I would bring to your attention is that the friendship between Great Britain and Najd does not date from the Agreement of 1915. It goes back, as I have shown, to the latter days of the Ameer Faisal, to 1865, and it has been since then unbroken, except on one occasion during the civil war between the two sons of Faisal, Abdullah and Saoud, when

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the British Government at Abushihr, instead of remaining neutral or trying to reconcile the two brothers, sided with Saoud. This, too, is now outside the point.

The friendship between the British Government and the house of Saoud is the essential thing, and this friendship has been a cherished heritage for more than sixty years—cherished not only by the ruling house, but by the majority of the urban people of Najd. You recall what was said in Ar-Riyadh by the man who took me for an Englishman. "Only the Ingliz," said he to his doubting companion, "are permitted to travel in Najd." There is behind this a sentiment of friendship which receives in the cities at least general suffrage.

Even those who come from other European countries are taken for Englishmen. But is it because they are not English that they fail politically? Palgrave visited Ar-Riyadh three years before Pelly, and Wallin went to Hayil twice, in 1845 and 1848, more than fifteen years before Palgrave, but neither succeeded in his political mission. Neither the emissary of Napoleon III. nor the emissary of Muhammad Ali of Egypt succeeded in getting anything out of the Ameer Faisal or the viceroy of the Ameer Faisal at the time, Abdullah ibn'ur-Raihid. But Pelly succeeded. And Pelly was followed, although a long time after, by Sir Percy Cox, who was followed by another English statesman of ability, Sir Gilbert Clayton.

Sir Gilbert, however, recently returned from Jeddah with practically an empty portfolio. Does that mean that the time-honoured friendship between Ibn Saoud and the British Government, nay, between the English and the people of Najd, is broken, or is threatened with what is called in political speech a rupture? I say no. And I am not, when I say so, surrendering to an isolated sentiment or expressing my own feelings in the matter. This may seem extravagant in view of what occurred last winter, and what is likely to occur again along the borders of Iraq and Najd, and along the borders of Najd and Transjordan, if all the Governments concerned do not agree to a settlement that will settle something, and settle it permanently. No one in England, I venture to say, and no right-thinking man in Najd or in Iraq or Transjordan, would like to see the perpetuation of the conditions that lead to violence and disorder. We want to see the end of the gazu in Arabia, and I like to believe that the British Government, whether at the head-spring or at the branch-springs of its authority, would like to see the end of the gazu in Arabia. But before I ask a question about the British Government, let me ask a question about the Governments that are immediately concerned in the matter. Who has done more in Arabia, during the past twenty years, to put an end to that primitive form of violence and plunder called the gazu? Does any one doubt that it is Ibn Saoud?

I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I do not denounce Ignorance

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in arms and Fanaticism in arms in one part of the peninsula and defend them in another. I saw Ignorance in arms out of control in the Hijaz in the reign of King Husein, and my heart sickened; and I saw Fanaticism in arms in the hands of a ruler in south-western Arabia, whose good qualities do not include the pliancy and the political vision that the solution of the international problems of the times requires, and my heart shrunk with disappointment. But when I went to Najd and got to know Ibn Saoud and saw what he had achieved with the primitive forces I have mentioned—I need not dwell upon his achievements, for they are well known to you—I hailed him as the biggest man in Arabia today. This was five years ago, and since then his star has continued in the ascendant. Even his enemies have acknowledged his superior qualities as a ruler and as a man—as a leader of men. This man has put an end to the gazu in Najd and the Hijaz, and he has the tribes of Najd and the Hijaz under his thumb, whatever is said to the contrary in certain political circles here and abroad.

But, you will ask, what about the raids along the borders of Iraq and Transjordan? Permit me to answer this question by my question about the British Government. Can the British Government, which is in control, in perfect control today, in Transjordan and Iraq, control the tribes within its territories? If it can, the raids cannot continue on the other side of the border line. It takes two to make a quarrel. If it cannot, I for one would say that it ought to scuttle out of that part of the world.

In justice to the British Government, however, I must consider the situation from the local point of view. The British Government in Iraq —I say without mincing words, the British Government and not the Government of Iraq—has deemed it necessary, for the better control of the Iraq tribes, we are told, to build a line of outposts along the border line, and it has already built three of these outposts at distances varying from 30 to 70 miles from the border line. But King Abd'ul-Aziz nevertheless objected, and he bases his objection upon treaty rights. The building of the outposts contravenes, he says, the Second and the Third Clauses of the Protocol to the Agreement of Muhammarah.

On the other hand, the authorities in Baghdad maintain that a Government has a perfect right to build forts or anything else for defence within its own borders. Which is quite true. But since these borders are not concretely defined, as I shall show, King Abd'ul-Aziz's objection is quite legal. If the matter ended here, however, there would seem to be no other alternative but that of defending the outposts by force of arms. But I do not think it ends here. There is something, I dare say, besides the legal rights and the national rights of the respective parties. What this something is—what is back of the legalities of King Abd'ul-Aziz and what is back of the outposts—I do not know. I can only guess. But guessing does not serve the purpose of this lecture. I

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am giving you what I know of the facts and what to me seems to adumbrate the realities behind them.

Let us bear in mind, first of all, that there are no boundary lines in Arabia as they are understood in Europe. A Member of Parliament once asked the Colonial Secretary about the corridor across the desert from Transjordan to Iraq. We might as well speak of a corridor between our planet and Mars. The Arabs only recognize as possible boundary lines certain landmarks, principally watering places and glens of pasture. That is why the experts shook their heads when the diplomats at the Conference of Ojair mapped out, with an amused cognition, a rhomboid of about six or seven hundred square miles, as a neutral zone between Iraq and Najd. In that rhomboid are several wells of importance, the nearest to which are the 'Amarat and Dhafir of the tribes of Iraq and Mutair of the tribes of Najd.

Now, these three tribes have disputed the ownership of these wells, and fought battles around them, and raided each other on account of them, long before there were any treaties and political entanglements between Najd and Iraq. Even northward, beyond the neutral zone, but how far within Iraq territory I do not know, there are other wells and pasturing grounds, which seem to be common property, according to the loose phrasing of the Second Clause of the Protocol of Ojair; and because the outposts were built somewhere near these wells, Faisal ud-Dawish and his Mutair Arabs cried "Gazu!" while King Abd'ul-Aziz was seeking diplomatically to get the Government of Baghdad to respect the Second and Third Clauses of the Protocol of Ojair. Let me read to you the Second Clause. I translate from the Arabic document:

> Since many wells fall within the borders of Iraq, the Najd side being thus deprived of them, the Government of Iraq shall permit the Najd tribes, who live along the edges of the border line, to use these neighbouring wells in Iraq territory, in case of necessity, provided that said wells are nearer to them than the wells within the borders of Najd.

The location of these wells is not designated. It may be within any distance, in the vicinity of Najaf or Basra, for that matter, when necessity or a year of drought drives the Najd tribes northward for water and pasture. Who is to say then whether the wells of Najd are farther for these roaming tribes than the wells of Iraq? Water and pasture, these are the magnets of the tribes; and when different tribes gather around the wells in a year of drought or of little rain, even if they are not enemy tribes, they quarrel, they fight; and the strongest drives the others away. It may be possible to police the wells; but if this is not done by both Governments, it will only aggravate the matter. As for the Second Clause of the Protocol, it affords no hope, because of its loose phrasing, of peace and order.

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There is something vague also in the Third Clause, which speaks of *atraf'ul-hudoud*. No outposts or anything else of a military nature shall be built on *atraf'ul-hudoud*, or the extreme ends of the boundary lines. What this means, where the extreme ends do end, I do not think anybody knows. They may end for that matter in Baghdad. It seems therefore that the first step towards a proper solution of the problem is neither the outposts nor the objection to the outposts—the first step, as it seems to me, is to consider two things—namely, the policing of the wells by both Governments and the recasting, in a more concrete manner, the Second and the Third Clause of the Protocol of Ojair.

But more important than the wells in dispute is the question of Shammar, or that section of the tribe of Shammar that immigrated after the fall of Hayil to Iraq. Long before this immigration, however, other sections of Shammar had made their home north of Baghdad around Musil and east of Aleppo in the Syrian desert. The recent immigrants were not, therefore, strangers in the land. They were welcomed by their fellow tribesmen in Iraq, and they were also helped by them in their raids upon the tribes of Najd. During the incumbency of Sir Percy Cox a few of these raids took place, which the Government of Iraq was not able to prevent. Nor did it punish the raiders, when they returned from the raids and were again within its territory. Sir Percy Cox in a letter to Ibn Saoud promised to take the necessary measure to prevent these raids; and the Prime Minister, Muhsin Bey Sa'doun, at that time, sent a strong note to the Muitasar of Musil and another to the Chief of Shammar about the matter. The Iraq, he said, should not be made a base of operations for raids against the tribes of Najd. But neither the strong words of Muhsin Bey nor the promise of Sir Percy seems to have materialized.

Meanwhile, the tribes of Najd were not idle. There were raids and counter-raids, and there are many standing claims for restoration of plundered property and reparation on both sides. Now, why did not Ibn Saoud prevent his tribes from raiding the tribes of Iraq, when he could have done so? We find an answer to this question in the Green Book of Najd, which says that because the Government of Iraq was unable or unwilling to punish the offenders, he (Ibn Saoud) had to undertake to do so. In other words, his raiding parties were punitive expeditions. That is virtually what we are told in the Green Book of Najd. But we all know that Green Books and Blue Books and White Books and Yellow Books, which are issued by Governments in trouble as honest confessions, do not always confess everything. The old feuds, the *amour propre* of the chiefs of the tribes, and the necessity in a year of drought or of little rain of seeking water and pasture and taking them, even at the muzzle of a gun, wherever they are found, these are the snags in the problem. But they are not unyielding to the

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axe of diplomacy, if the axe is made in the shop of candour and sharpened on the wheel of goodwill. Forgive this slip into Oriental speech. In America we speak of an open game. Show your hand and forget the past.

But the snags are not subject to what might be called absent treatment. The British Government in Iraq proposes to prevent the raids by building outposts about five hundred miles away from the raiders' base of operations. That is what I call absent treatment, for please bear in mind that the home of Shammar is north of Baghdad around Musil. Now, a party sallying forth on the gazu cannot travel five hundred miles, even fifty miles, without being detected by at least the desert patrol of the Government. Is it not reasonable, therefore to suppose that an efficient desert patrol will render the outposts superfluous?

One word more about Shammar. There is in the Syrian desert, as I have said, another section of this powerful tribe. I met its chief, Mijham Pasha, a few months ago in Damascus, and I asked him about the old feuds between them and the people of Najd. "There are no more feuds between us," said Mijham; "we and the people of Najd are brothers." He then invited me to his tents in the desert. "Come to us," he said, "and we will go together to King Abdul-Aziz." Now, why is not the attitude of the Iraq Shammars that of their brother tribesmen, the Shammars of Syria? I have given you the bare facts in the dispute. But there is more behind the facts, you will admit from this showing, than there is in them; and only by removing the screens on both sides can a satisfactory and lasting agreement be achieved.

There is still hope, as the matter now stands, for such an achievement. The people of Iraq are not hostile on the whole to the people of Najd; King Faisal and King Abdul-Aziz have exchanged letters of friendship, and the Iraq Government has recently issued a notice to the Iraq Press to cease its attacks upon Ibn Saoud. It is now up to the British Government to bring the drama to a happy ending. By doing so it will bring the bounties of peace to the people of Najd and Iraq, it will consolidate its position in the Near East, and it will preserve the friendship of sixty years between the English and Ibn Saoud.

Discussion.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham said that, although he did not know Arabia, he had seen much of the Arabs in North Africa, and had found that the same problems as Mr. Rihani had put before them were there also; they had existed wherever the Arab race had been in possession. He thought Mr. Rihani's solution of the problem was very simple. Mr. Rihani was one of those men with "two sides to his head," to quote Kipling's poem; and with his Arab blood and his

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American education he was in a position to bring very special qualifications which went a long way towards finding a solution of the Arabian problems.

Lord LAMINGTON: At this late hour I am not going to dwell on the very many interesting points adumbrated by Mr. Rihani. Only one point I want to query—where he advocates, as I understand, that the British Government should hand over the tribes of the Aden Protectorate to the Imam of the Yaman. The question I would like to ask in this connection is—whether he is satisfied that in doing so the interests of these various tribes would be absolutely safeguarded when under the jurisdiction of the Imam? It has been the misfortune of our country more than once in the past to have taken over people under our protection and to have abandoned them, and they have cruelly suffered in consequence. By having come under our protection they were supposed to have become our friends and allies, and revenge was taken on them when we handed them over to other Powers. I should like to know whether he is satisfied that those tribes who have been under our protection will incur no suffering when they come under the authority of the Imam? (Applause.)

Mr. G. M. LEES: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Contrasts are always interesting! The first speaker had never been in Arabia, but knew a lot about the Arabs, whereas I have spent a considerable amount of time in Arabia and know but little about its inhabitants. I doubt I ever shall. They are a great complex, and it is difficult to understand their mentality. I fully appreciate the sentiments of Mr. Rihani that we should strive towards happy relations with all the various rulers of Arabia, but I cannot conceive of the time ever coming when the tribes of Arabia will live together as a happy family, as Mr. Cunninghame Graham seems to think possible. The problems on the frontier of Iraq and elsewhere are very difficult, and are not capable of such simple solution with a sweep of the pen as Mr. Rihani supposes. The various disputes have been going on for countless generations, and it is extremely difficult to arrive at a satisfactory solution to such long-standing feuds. Ibn Saoud is a most progressive ruler, but it must be understood that he is still aggressive. He has conquered a great part of Arabia, but his conquests have not yet ceased. He still has ambitions, and until his ambitions are either completely fulfilled or thwarted the time will not come when Arabia will be peaceful. (Hear, hear.) The Imam Yahya is another progressive and aggressive ruler; he naturally wishes to take control over our protectorate of Aden. Well, perhaps it would help our peace of mind if we were to give it to him eventually. But does he give us any help? Does he assist us? If that is his ultimate aim, he should surely have sufficient appreciation of the attitude of the British Government in such matters to realize that he cannot take it from us by force, and

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that by attempting to take it by force or to interfere with it he is making the ultimate solution more difficult. Given ten or twenty years of peaceful conditions between the two countries, it may be possible to come to a peaceful understanding; but if at the present time we were to hand over the Protectorate of Aden, with the exception of Aden port itself and perhaps Lahaj, to the Imam Yahya we should immediately lose caste and prestige throughout the whole length and breadth of Arabia, and everybody would say that he by his attitude forced us to give it to him. The Arab mentality is not very easy to understand. In many Eastern countries one instinctively feels a sort of sense of hate or, if not hate, dislike. In Arabia it is not so much hate as that one feels one is despised. The Arab considers himself a superior grade of creation. He is the superior man in every respect except two: for some unknown reason which he cannot comprehend God has given us a temporary supremacy in the matter of arms and money. The Arab says—take away our arms and take away our money and he is the better man. With such a mentality it is very difficult to cope. On the whole I think we have had an admirable address from Mr. Rihani; and although I am not so optimistic as he about the ultimate solution of all these difficult questions, I appreciate the value of keeping such an ideal in view.

The LECTURER: I should like to answer the question of the second speaker about the security of the tribes about Aden if they were handed over to the Imam. I will tell you a story. In speaking about this with one of the heads of the protectorates during the world war, something happened which the British Government could not help at that time because the power was all concentrated here in the war area. But the Arabs around Aden did not look upon it that way; they thought they were entitled to protection, and did not get it at the time. Speaking to this Amir, I said: "If this thing should happen again, what would you do?" He replied: "If it happens again, I shall get on this little mare and not stop until I get to San'a." If the question had been asked twenty years ago, I would have said there was danger of the tribes around flying at each other's throats; but for the last ten years there has been an idea gaining ground in Arabia every day—the idea that there should be some effort made towards solidarity. I do not speak of solidarity under one ruler; I say under two for the present. Step by step. The tribes around Aden, although not Zaidis but of the Sufi persuasion, are on good terms with the Imam. The Imam will perhaps be able to satisfy them, but I am certain giving them over to the Imam may create problems for himself. But he has to solve those problems. The first thing is, you have created a condition around Aden, and in your simple treaties with these little Amirs you have made it impossible for them to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, and you have named even as foreign powers their Arab neigh-

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bours. That is a development in the simple treaties that have been made between the British Governments and the heads of protectorates. First they were considered all as Arabs. Then the British Government said: "You shall not make a treaty with a foreign power, and the Amir next to you is a foreign power." Take the first step: remove those barriers. You have your eye on them with your aeroplanes. Let them try it; give them a chance. If they do not succeed, they are injured, not you. If they succeed, you will have helped to bettering their conditions and towards consolidating the Arab ruler as much as possible. I believe a treaty with a strong man is better than a dozen treaties with weaklings.

As to Ibn Saoud's ambition, I quite agree with the gentleman who spoke last. Of course he has ambition. Ibn Saoud has got into his head the idea of pan-Arabia, a modern idea we all dream about and try to support. We have pan-Arabists that are rabid and some Christians, too, who look upon Europe as an eternal enemy. We want to correct that idea. We do not want to hate blindly or to turn towards Europe blindly; we want to understand each other. There is an extreme element. In Arabia there are some, perhaps you have them in India also; but we must not look upon Europe as our only saviour, and we must not look upon Europe as our enemy. Depending on ourselves, and looking towards Europe for what we can get to improve our position, and with goodwill towards Europeans and the desire to co-operate with them—that is the line of thought that is gaining ground in the peninsula; it is the line of thought which came into the head of Ibn Saud. He is far in advance of his ancestors. The question is often put, If he dies tomorrow, what will happen? Someone else will take up the slogan. Times are changing, and ideas are in the air. Ibn Saoud today does things that would have been considered sacrilege by the Saouds of the past; those who come after him will go even further. It is a humane idea that we are imbued with. Every race should work for its own improvement without any ill intent towards others, and with the desire to co-operate. If we can co-operate, all to the good; if we cannot, then I say the nation that is more developed, and that has the instruments of progress at her hand, should look upon the weaker nations with a desire to improve them, not to enslave them. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen—The hour is getting late. We have had a very interesting evening. There is a great deal I could say about what we have heard, but I am not going to say it tonight. For one thing, it is too late and there is not the time, nor is this the occasion. I feel happy in having taken refuge in the sanctuary of the chair, which, in any case, does not permit me to say anything, except that this exchange of views will, I think, be useful to all of us. Mr. Rihani has given us food for reflection on a subject which is very near

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his heart and which, if not very near our hearts, ought, at least, to enter into our understandings. I should just like to recall that Mr. Rihani mentioned the fact that I had come back from my recent visit to Ibn Saoud with practically an empty portfolio. It is quite true that portfolio did not contain any treaty or agreement. It did not contain even a scrap of paper. But I did bring back with me, in spite of the differences that had arisen over certain points in the past, the renewed conviction that Ibn Saoud is still definitely imbued with a spirit of friendliness towards Great Britain, and that spirit had not been impaired by the recent disagreements. When I left him he said, "These are disagreements among friends." I said, "Exactly." As long as that situation persists I think we can hope for a good solution to our difficulties.

In closing I will say that I am not entirely inexperienced in dealing with what are called Oriental people. I have had a good deal to do with them, but I am not impressed by the idea that seems to be so prevalent that there is something extraordinary in an Oriental mind. I have not myself found it. I have found the Oriental is very much like any other man. He likes to be treated with courtesy. (Hear, hear.) He likes to be treated with consideration and, above all, he likes to be told the truth. (Hear, hear.) If one goes on those lines I think one does not go very far wrong, whether dealing with an Occidental, an Oriental, an Eskimo, or anybody else. I will not keep you longer, but you would like me to express your gratitude to Mr. Rihani for coming here this evening and giving us an interesting talk and much food for thought. (Applause.)

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THE GEORGIANS*

By W. E. D. ALLEN

I. Introduction

The basis of this lecture is two journeys which I made to Georgia: the first, to the Georgian Soviet Republic during June and July, 1926; and the second, to the Georgian districts which lie within the Turkish frontier, during May and June of this year.

Whilst in Soviet territory I thought it more tactful not to take photographs, although I should say that there was no prohibition against my doing so. The photographs which I took in Turkish territory unfortunately all got spoiled. I have, however, a few slides which have been very kindly lent to me by Mr. J. F. Baddeley.

Georgia is a country about the size of Norway, with a population of something between two and a half and three million people. It is an alpine country for the most part, but there is a crescent-shaped depression sloping towards the Black Sea. This is Mingrelia, or Western Georgia, and since this region is surrounded by mountains and open to the sea, nature is almost sub-tropical, and you have a delicious sort of "riviera" climate. Eastern Georgia—which represents about three-fifths of the whole—is higher and drier, hotter in summer and colder in winter. The valley of the Kura runs through Eastern Georgia towards the Caspian, and, except for the river-valleys, all the country is mountainous, and, although not sterile, it is fitted to pastoral rather than agricultural life. In the valley of the Kura lies Tiflis, at the crossing of the ways from Russia into Persia, and from the Black Sea to the Caspian.

II. Character of the Georgians

In many respects the Georgians may be compared with the Basques. They are a mountain people lying upon the sea. They are much older than, and completely different from, the people round about. They are divided between two foreign Powers. They are essentially a country folk—agricultural and pastoral—and industrialism does not appeal to the national character. At the same time, the Georgians have an amazingly high level of culture—much higher than that of neighbouring peoples who may have a greater aptitude for industrialism. They are fine soldiers, and just as the Basques did the major part of the fighting in the Carlist wars, so the Georgians did a great part of the fighting

* Lecture given on Thursday, November 22, 1928, Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in the Chair.

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which won Trans-Caucasia for the Russians. The Georgians have a very distinct national character, and a great tenacity of national life—again like the Basques. The Georgians, like the Basques, evolved their own national institutions to suit their national character, but, at the same time, failed to maintain them against the encroachments of two powerful neighbours. Yet, today, a Georgian is dictator of the Soviet Union, and a Basque is president of the greatest South American Republic.

Lastly, it is an interesting fact that neither the Georgian language nor the Basque can be related to any of the four great groups of languages, but there are some learned professors who say there is a connection between these two languages—one spoken in the Pyrenees and the other in the Caucasus—and that the two represent the survival of an older group of languages which was once spoken all over the Mediterranean lands and Western Asia.*

It is always unsafe to generalize about the characteristics of a nation, but it is, I think, no exaggeration to say that most Georgians are simple, intelligent, and gay. They are incurably romantic, and some people might think them irresponsible. From what I have read of the Persians, they seem to have much in common with these latter, who, as Chardin remarked, "are the most civilized people of the East," and he had plenty of unkind things to say in his sour Huguenot way both about the Georgians and the Persians. In this connection it is worth recalling that the Persians were an important political and cultural influence in Trans-Caucasia from the time of Darius right down to the end of the eighteenth century; while, on the other hand, I think that the influence of Georgian blood on the population of Persia was much stronger than is generally realized. Apart from many mass deportations of Georgians into Persia, like that of 30,000 families, effected by Shah Abbas at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the influx of Georgians into Persia —as soldiers, wives, and slaves—was always a constant trait in the racial development of Western Asia. On this subject Chardin, always a shrewd observer, remarked that "the Persian Blood is now grown clearer, by the mixture of the Georgian and Circassian blood, which is certainly the People of the World which Nature favours most, both upon the account of the Shape and Complexion, and of the Boldness and Courage; they are likewise Sprightly, Courtly and Amorous. There is scarcely a Gentleman in Persia whose Mother is not a Georgian or Circassian Woman; to begin with the King, who is commonly a Georgian or Circassian by the Mother's side." †

The Georgian character is exemplified in their rich and ancient literature, which Sir Oliver Wardrop and his sister, the late Miss Marjorie Wardrop, have done so much to interpret to English readers.

* See works of Nikolai Marr, Trombetti, Schuchart, etc.

† "Travels of Sir John Chardin." Argonaut Press edition, pp. 183-4.

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While the Byzantine world were engaged in producing tomes of ecclesiastical controversy, and the monks of the West were illuminating Bestiaries and Psalters, the Georgian poets of the twelfth century were producing work which in spirit and in beauty rivals that of the contemporarary Persian classics. And it is interesting to reflect that while Nizami, the great Persian poet, was a little boy in Ganja,* pulling long noses at the righteous mullahs of that centre of the Shiah faith, another little boy, named Rusthaveli, was growing up in a remote Georgian village not a hundred miles away, a little boy who was destined to write that gentle, lovely poem, "The Man in the Panther's Skin"—an epic the manuscripts of which were later burnt by the Georgian bishops, but which has yet, in the hearts of the Georgians, survived the weightier outpourings of all the great minds from St. John Chrysostom to Karl Marx.

In "The Man in the Panther's Skin," so excellently rendered into English by the late Miss Wardrop, you may find all the very real beauty of the Georgian character, and that gay strength, that buoyant fatalism, which has helped the Georgians to survive the catastrophes of history in which other peoples—possibly more worthy—have gone down.

III. Vladikavkaz to Tiflis.

I travelled down from Moscow to Vladikavkaz fairly comfortably by railway. Vladikavkaz is a pretty town with lots of trees, lying right under the Caucasus, at the head of the Daryal Pass. I found a hotel, where the principal claim to interest was that an English colonel had been shot there—apparently by accident—during the fighting between the Bolsheviks and the mountaineers, Chechens and Ingushes, in 1918. I, and an Armenian who was travelling along with me, found room to plant our camp-beds in a bedroom already occupied by an Ossetin Commissar and a Georgian trades-union official, so that, all four together, we made quite a good ethnological museum. The two Bolsheviks lit cigarettes and, in the genial Russian way, started to make sleep impossible by discoursing throughout the night on all subjects within human ken. It was just after the General Strike in England, and my bed-fellows seemed to be under the impression that the Red Revolution was an accomplished fact in England. They seemed to have been told that they themselves would be given good jobs to organize Communism in England, and they asked what we were going to do with the King. I hate to see people living on the expectation of jobs which they are not likely to get, so I told them that King George was all right, and gave them an account of the General Strike, mentioning to them that I had been a sergeant of "Specialniy Politzer," which was the nearest I could get to "Special Constables." Curiously enough,

* Under the Imperial régime re-named Elizabetopol, now again Ganja.

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they seemed quite favourably impressed, and we found common ground in some vague mutual denunciations of "bourgeois politicians." I always found that, while it is unwise to discuss Russian politics, people out there are generally interested in unvarnished accounts of affairs in England. Of this they are left extraordinarily ignorant. It was amusing afterwards in Tiflis to watch the gradual disillusionment of the ordinary Bolshevik who had in May been told of a Revolution in England, but in July was still only being fed with accounts of the disastrous Coal Strike in England, for the support of which he was expected to welcome deductions from his wages. I believe, moreover, that many thinking Bolsheviks were secretly rather pleased that a Revolution in England had not taken place, and I think that the subsequent disappearance from power of Zinoviev and other hot-heads was a result of the more serious-minded elements turning on them after the fiasco of the English General Strike.

We left Vladikavkaz in the early morning—a party of eight, rather uncomfortably ensconced on top of each other in a four-seater Fiat.

It has been my misfortune in crossing two of the most beautiful passes in the world—the Daryal and the Bibawan in the Great Atlas—not to have slept for the two preceding nights. I therefore remember little but vague impressions of ox-carts and big men in *bourkas* (which are a combination of a tent and a cloak), the damp, gloomy Daryal gorge itself—the bleak road over the peak of the pass, which even in June is banked with snow—and the forests along the road, as we ran down into Georgia.

Once in Georgia you come into sunlit alpine country and the same kind of life as you find in the Pyrenees, or the Böhmer Wald or Bosnia. Prosperous villages of wooden châlets—the balconies hung with bunches of dried onions and bright-coloured pumpkins, and the ground swarming with pigs, chickens, and children. Ruined castles and towers, and the octagonal-shaped Georgian churches, stand along the way. It is a warm, dry, rather wind-swept land of bright sunshine and sudden storms.

It is hopeless in the time at my disposal to try to give a picture of the places along this famous road—the so-called Georgian Military Road from Russia into Georgia. I came back to them later, and one could well pass a week at each of them: Passanaur—in the narrow pass—nestling among the forest trees, with its pretty châlets, its gardens, and the dashing stream of the Araghva, and its nice tame bear, whom they called Uncle Vanya; Ananur, with its fine old church; and Mtzkheta, the ancient capital of the Georgians, now little more than a village sprawling round a magnificent cathedral.

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IV. Tiflis.

The first impression which you get of Tiflis is rather one of raggedness and ugliness. But it does not survive an hour. Tiflis is a world of its own, and it is quite unique among towns. It was founded by the Persians, and the influence of Persians and Tatars still pervades whole quarters of it. It is, of course, mainly a Georgian town, yet the Armenians are very numerous there, and are responsible for much of its modern development. Then, again, a certain Russian atmosphere pervades it all. The main street—a boulevard lined with trees—is called the Rusthaveli Prospekt; it was formerly the Golovinsky Prospekt. At night it is well lit and full of vivid life; and strolling along in one's shirt-sleeves in the warm air, one can take one's fill of all the real pleasures which are available to the plain man, even under a Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Everyone is so friendly in this city of Tiflis that after a week or two you really seem to know all the 300,000 inhabitants. You may buttonhole the President of the Trans-Caucasian Federation in his porter's cap, and wrangle with him all night on political philosophy over Armenian brandy. You may take a professor of philology to see Douglas Fairbanks at a cinema, and then come out and watch a street-fight. You may join up with big, dirty Daghestanees, dressed in rags and gold-handled *kindjals*, who have come into Tiflis for a blind; or you may listen to Rykov lecturing on hygiene on the open-air loud-speaker. You may go with a party of Young Communists to the circus, or you may sit in a café and play chess with an aged general of the old régime. And, what is more, no one will think you extraordinary. The fact about the Georgian character is, I think, that they are not, as individuals, self-conscious. And in this connection I would recall an observation of Xenophon on the Mossynœcians, who, I believe, were one of the original tribes in Georgia. Of the Mossynœcians Xenophon remarked rather disapprovingly that "they acted when alone just as they would have acted in company with others. They talked to themselves, laughed to themselves, and stopped and danced wherever they happened to be."* The Georgian, in fact, has in the extreme a psychological outlook, which in varying degrees is common to many peoples of the East, and, generally speaking, to certain classes only in more civilized countries. He is completely natural. He has not discovered himself and automatically isolated his personality as a supremely important unit among a lot of other potentially hostile and critical units. He has, in fact, neither an "inferiority" nor a "superiority" complex. He is indeed so unfashionable as to have no complex at all. And in spite of the existence of a large aristocratic class in Georgia, it is remarkable that there is probably less class

* See Xenophon, Book V., c. 4.

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feeling there than in any country in the world. I think that this is partly explained by the survival, until a recent date, of the clan system, where every man, from the ruler of a country-side to his stable-boy, was more or less distantly related. It was rather the same in Ireland, where the feudal system and the hierarchy of class was not native but was introduced from over the water.

There is, therefore, a wide gulf between the psychology of the Russian and the Georgian. In Russia the Commissar is already a "boyar," the lord of a servile population. In Georgia there are many Commissars who are personally popular because they are good Georgians and jolly fellows first and indifferent Marxists afterwards. The few keen Communists among them are generally either ambitious enough or wise enough to pursue their bureaucratic careers on the servile soil of Russia proper.

V. Valley of the Kura—Gori—Kutais.

Tiflis, as we have said, is unique. It is not Georgia; and to see the real Georgians one must go into the country towns, where the Russian language is very little heard. The valley of the Kura bisects the country like a trench. On the north is the Caucasus, to the south are the mountains of Armenia. The Kura is the great artery of the country, and its tributaries are the minor arteries which nourish the body. We have already mentioned Mtzkheta. Going west from Tiflis, you pass first Zagaz, the great new electrical works built for the Soviets by German and Georgian engineers. Then the train stops at the small village of Casp, and buried in the earth round here must be the remains of the great prehistoric city of Caspi, which is mentioned in the Georgian Annals as the oldest in Georgia. Just to the north of the line is Ouplis-tzikhe—which, being interpreted, is the "Castle of Tubal." Here are the remains of a palace, streets, barracks and houses, and a church, all hewn out of the rock. It was a city of refuge of the Georgians in the Middle Ages, but how old it really is no one can tell. A book has been written about the cave-dwellings of Georgia,* which are to be seen throughout the country, particularly in the valley of the Kura. We have no time to talk about them here.

The principal town in Eastern Georgia, after Tiflis, is Gori, where a ruined castle on a great rock dominates a pretty, straggling town of white houses and shops. It was devastated by an earthquake about four years ago, and when I visited it many of the inhabitants were living in temporary sheds built against the caves in the side of the hill.

From Gori the railway runs east over the Suram mountains into the flat Mingrelian plain and down to the sea at Batum. I will say

* Pantyukhov: "Cave-Dwellings of the Caucasus." (In Russian; a very rare work. Published in Tiflis, 1896.)

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little of Mingrelia, for it is the best-known part of Georgia, and I still want time to say something of the upper valley of the Kura and of the Chorokh country.

Kutais is the capital of Western Georgia—the only big town which is really thoroughly Georgian. It lies back from the Trans-Caucasian railway in a triangle formed by the junction of two rivers, the Rioni and the Kwirala. Like many places in Georgia, it is a very ancient site of human settlement, and its foundation may well date back to the Copper Age. It was a large town in Strabo's time, and in the later Middle Ages it was the capital of the kings of Imereti, or Western Georgia. There are some noble ruins of the palace of the kings. Under the Tsars it was still a prosperous town, but now, since the establishment of the Bolshevik régime, it is about half deserted. A couple of hours' ride from Kutais is the magnificent monastery and church of Gelati. It lies among wooded sunlit hills in a lonely patch of country, and when I visited it there was only an old man as keeper looking after it. He gave me the best meal I had in the Caucasus, including a delicious chestnut sauce of his own confection and excellent honey. As a result I slept in the sun for the rest of the day, and woke to find myself eaten up by ants.

The keys of the church were at the museum in Kutais, so I could not go in. Here, in the old days, were kept several of the most famous icons in Georgia, including that of Our Lady of Kakhuli, which is a large triptych covered with gold plate, in which are set a number of priceless eleventh-century enamels.

During the eleventh century and the following one, Georgian relations with Byzantium were very close. The Georgian royal family married into the Imperial dynasties, and the nobles went to study in Byzantium, while, as is well known, Georgian monasteries were founded at Jerusalem and Mount Athos. On the other hand, Byzantine architects and craftsmen came to Georgia, and Byzantine architects took part in building the cathedral at Kutais, about the same time as others were building at Kief for the Russian Duke Vladimir. Georgian frescoes, icons, enamels, and metal-work show Byzantine influences, but this does not mean to say that much of the work of this period found in Georgia was not, in fact, executed by Georgian craftsmen. Later, during the seventeenth century, some of the most famous of the Georgian icons were sent to churches in the remote district of Svaneti in order to save them from the Turks and Persians, and many wonderful artistic treasures are still guarded with fanatical care in the humble village churches of that almost inaccessible country.

VI. Upper Valley of the Kura—Borjom—Akhaltzikhe.

Southern Georgia consists of a confused mass of mountains which are split into two by the upper valley of the Kura. On the west the

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Suram mountains link the main chain of the Caucasus with the Pontic Alps, which stretch away past Trebizond to the neighbourhood of Kerasund, gradually dwindling in height as they go westward. On the east the mountains of Trialeti and Somkheti form really an outwork of the Armenian mountain system, and towards the south-east they merge with the great mass of Shah Dagh, which overlooks Lake Gök Chai, or Sevan—the largest stretch of inland water in Trans-Caucasia. Through this mountain land the Kura comes dashing down, a great, fast mountain torrent, until above Gori it turns east, and spreads out into a slower, broader stream on its way to the Caspian.

There is a small branch line of the Trans-Caucasian railway which penetrates the upper valley of the Kura as far as Borjom. After that, nothing but scarce and indifferent roads and tracks lead on to the Turkish frontier. Borjom is a sort of local Karlsbad. Here, before the war, was a Grand Ducal palace, and quite a smart summer season. Even under the Bolshevik régime there is plenty of life here during the summer holiday months. After Borjom, the road follows the precipitous valley of the Kura to Akhaltzikhe, which is only about twelve miles from the present Russo-Turkish frontier. All along this road are signs of the endless wars between the Turks, the Russians, and the Georgians —from ruined castles, which are the remnants of the fighting of two hundred years ago, to the smashed block-houses which were captured by the Turks in the spring of 1918.

The only large village between Borjom and Akhaltzikhe is Atskhur. At Atskhur you are already getting into Muhammadan districts, and all the border-land of the present Russo-Turkish frontier is inhabited by Georgian-speaking Mussulmans. These people were Christians until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when they were forcibly converted to Islam by the Turks, and since then have been most fanatical adherents to the Koran. These Georgian Muhammadans extend from the neighbourhood of Ardahan, which is near the actual source of the Kura, as far as the sea-coast round Batum. Under the Turkish sultans these districts were governed by the semi-independent pasha of Akhaltzikhe. The pashalic was hereditary, and was vested in the Georgian Mussulman family of Jaqueli. The Jaquelis under the Georgian kings had been an almost independent feudal family, and with the Turkish conquest they had adopted Islam in order to maintain their power, in the same way as many great landed families did in Bosnia and other parts of the Balkans. In the eighteenth century, when the power of the sultans was disintegrating, the pashas of Akhaltzikhe and Trebizond acted as independent rulers, as did the pashas of Janina and Widdin in the Balkans. Their power was broken, however, by Sultan Mahmud II. about a hundred years ago. Most of Muhammadan Georgia passed to the Russians as a result of the wars of 1828 and 1877, but the Mussulman villagers always remained sympathetic to the Turks, and

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in 1914 they rose against the Russians. In 1921, by the Treaty of Kars, all Mussulman Georgia was ceded to the Turks, with the exception of the strip of country which lies between Akhaltzikhe and Batum. These latter districts have been erected by the Soviet Government into the autonomous republic of Ajaria, and the Soviets have treated these districts with particular favour with a view to winning their sympathies permanently from the Turks. In this they have had some success, for when I was in Atskhur and Akhaltzikhe, the Muhammadans there, who were still allowed to wear the fez and the turban, were congratulating themselves on being outside the scope of Mustafa Kemal's hat decree.

All the villagers of this wild border region are great fur-hunters and smugglers. Many villages on both sides of the border make their living by smuggling, as is the case also with the fishing villages along the coast between Trebizond and Batum.

Atskhur is a most interesting place. It lies on the main roads from Anatolia into the Caucasus, and it was certainly inhabited from a very early date. During the Christian period there was a famous icon kept there, which was called "Our Lady of Atskhur." To this icon was attributed many of the magical powers which the Russians attributed to their most famous icon, "Our Lady of Vladimir." It was always carried in battle by the Georgians, and was supposed to bring them victory. Eventually, during the wars of the seventeenth century, it was removed to Gelati, where I believe it still is. I think that some of the powers attributed to "Our Lady of Atskhur" must be connected with the pre-Christian worship of the Great Mother, which was, of course, widespread throughout the Caucasus.

Akhaltzikhe lies in a great upland basin, which I believe was once the bed of a lake, as also were probably in prehistoric times the basins of Kars and Erzerum. Akhaltzikhe consists of a modern Russian-Armenian town, and an older Mussulman town with a very fine old fortress. It stands about 7,000 feet above the sea, and has a most delightful climate in the summer, and all the country round produces probably the best fruit in all Western Asia.

I made a journey from here to the monastery of Safar, which lies up in the mountains about ten miles from Akhaltzikhe. There are only three monks left here, and when we were climbing up the path towards the monastery they all ran away and hid in the wood, because, as they explained to us afterwards, they thought we were officials. This monastery has some famous frescoes, which were in a sadly neglected state. One of the monks to whom I talked professed to remember the visit which Lynch made here about thirty years ago.

The whole of this border-land is full of the ruins of fine old churches and castles. There is, for instance, about twenty miles from Akhaltzikhe, the famous cave-city of Vardzia, and to the north-east is the monastery of Zarzma. I was unfortunately unable to visit these,

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as the local authorities there politely informed me that travel along the frontier was impracticable.

I had a curious experience in Akhaltzikhe, which is worth recording, and which I am afraid may seem almost incredible. I was sitting in a café one evening when I heard a vaguely familiar strain. It turned out to be "Tipperary." The band then proceeded to play a rather bad imitation of "God Save the King," upon which I stood to attention at my table. There were several Red Army officers in the café, who laughed and cheered. I then went over to their table, where we later had a rendering of "The Red Flag." Apparently the local band had at one time been in Tiflis during the British occupation, where they had learned these tunes, which they had very nicely played in honour of an Englishman being in Akhaltzikhe. This is typical of the good-natured, easy-going character of the Russians, and it can serve to illustrate in its small way how artificial is so much of the ill-feeling which exists between the two countries.

VII. Turkish Georgia: Lazistan and Valley of the Chorokh.

It is impossible for an Englishman to cross the frontier from Russia into Turkey, or, rather, it would involve such an incredible number of delays and difficulties that I did not even think it worth while trying to secure permission from the authorities in Tiflis. I therefore came out of Georgia in the normal way by Batum, and made a separate journey to the Turkish districts of Georgia during the summer of this year.

As I mentioned, the Turks secured a large slice of what was formerly Russian Trans-Caucasia by the Treaty of Kars. The towns of Ardahan and Kars were ceded to them with a territory of approximately 18,000 square miles. This country is largely inhabited by Georgian-speaking Mussulmans, who regard themselves as Mussulmans rather than as Georgians or Turks. There are also a considerable number of Kurds round Ardahan, and the population of the towns themselves was, until 1917, largely Armenian.

I went from Trebizond by car to Riza, and then by fishing-boat along the coast to Khopa, from whence I rode up over the mountains to Borchka and Artvin. It was impossible to go further, owing to the fact that the Turks treat all the country south of the Chorokh and east of the Euphrates as a special military zone. The coast lying between Riza and the Russian frontier is inhabited by the Lazes. These people speak a dialect which is closely allied to that of the Mingrelians, or Western Georgians. Here again, although they are Georgian by race, they are entirely Mussulman in sentiment. In fact, so strong is their devotion to Islam that the recent reforms of the Kemalist Government have met with some opposition in these remote coastal districts.

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You realize that you are in Georgia as soon as you arrive in Riza. Instead of the somewhat gloomy and sorrowful countenances of the Turks which you see everywhere in Trebizond, you find in Riza men strolling about the streets, very often with a flower in their mouths, chatting and laughing in the easy Georgian way.

I saw a curious incident happen in Riza. While I was sitting in a café in the main street, a Muhammadan girl who was walking along with her mother was kidnapped in broad daylight by two men in a Ford. I think the young lady was quite in agreement with her kidnappers, but the mother set up a most awful yelling and squalling. She did not, however, seem to get much sympathy from the passers-by, who all roared with laughter. I think that this incident, carried out in a Ford, is a survival of the ancient custom current among the Lazes and Abkhazians and many of the mountain tribes of the Caucasus of kidnapping a bride by force.

The whole coast of Lazistan is, during the early summer, one mass of rhododendrons and azaleas, and it is indeed a veritable garden of Eden. About a dozen Laz recruits who had been called up for service came in our fishing-boat to Khopa, and it was strange to note how wild and shy and simple they were. They were good-looking fellows, all lightly-built and wiry, and quite different from the solid, heavy-boned Turkish peasants of the eastern provinces.

Khopa is a little fishing village with an open anchorage. It is likely, however, to grow in importance, since by the new frontier the Chorokh valley has been deprived of Batum as a port, and the Turks are developing Khopa as the port for Artvin, Ardahan, and even the Kars region. I collected three ill-nourished pack-ponies in Khopa and followed the track inland, which will eventually be the new motor road planned by the Turkish Government to link Kars and the Chorokh towns with the sea.

The Khopa valley may be regarded as typical of the coastal valleys of Lazistan. Villages in Lazistan may hardly be said to exist. Instead are numerous châlets surrounded by a small garden or grassland and woods. Châlets are generally at a distance of a quarter to half a mile from each other. The Khopa valley is narrow and low-lying—in places, I think, it must be below sea-level—but the general trend of the ground as you go inland is to rise, and after about ten miles you begin a steep climb into the mountains. The Tskharisti Pass leads over the mountains from the Khopa valley into the Chorokh valley. At the summit it is so steep that we had to push and pull the ponies to get them to take it. Over the pass we followed a track along the valley of a small stream which finally joins the Chorokh at Borchka. All this road is through forest country, and it is incredibly beautiful. The eighteenth-century Georgian geographer Wakhushti wrote of this country that "in certain localities the scent of lilies pervades both the

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mountains and the plains."* Until I went there I took the words as a poetic figure of speech, but they are true, and in some places, with the warm sun upon the flowers and shrubs, the air is literally heavy with perfume, so that it is like riding through a hot-house. As you go inland the physique of the people changes greatly. The light, well-knit Lazian-Mingrelian type disappears, and you see the sturdy, big-boned, rather heavily built type which is common throughout the mountain country, and which seems to me to be physically the same whether the language is Georgian, Turkish, or Armenian. The population of these parts is, of course, very mixed, and the languages which are spoken today are no guide as to racial origins.

We came late in the evening to the banks of the Chorokh, opposite Borchka. The river here is about 80 to 100 yards across, and it is famous through these parts for the rapidity of its current. It rises somewhere near Baiburt, between Erzerum and Trebizond, and flows west to east to the neighbourhood of Artvin, where it turns north-east to the sea by a narrow valley which separates the Pontic Alps from the Suram, or Meskhian, mountains. Its middle course is through desolate, roadless country, and it is still little known. One of the first European travellers to visit it was Gifford Palgrave, at the time when he was Consul at Batum. The fall of the Chorokh is, I think, roughly about 4,500 feet in 150 miles, or about 30 feet a mile. It is navigated in large, flat-bottomed boats between Artvin and the sea, the boats being dragged upstream as far as Artvin, and then descending with great speed. The local boatmen—as on the upper Kura—are skilled hands at navigating the rapid, rock-strewn current, and I reckoned that the average of upsets in crossing the Chorokh at Borchka was only about 1 in every 300 crossings.

Between Borchka and Artvin for about twenty miles the road is part of the old Russian military *chaussée* from Batum to Kars, and this short section is still nominally open to motor transport. A Ford bus runs every day between the two points, but the day I travelled on it it took five hours to do the twenty miles.

Artvin lies back from the Chorokh on the slopes of a mountain. It is a charming place, with white houses scattered among fertile orchards. An ancient Georgian castle commands the river, which at this point enters a narrow gorge. On closer acquaintance, however, the town appears to be half in ruins and more than half deserted. Before the war it had a population of about 8,000, mostly Armenians; but it suffered greatly during and after the war from alternate Russian and Turkish occupations.

I wish there were more time now to talk about this interesting country. It was probably never so wild and poor as it is today.

* "Description géographique de la Géorgie par le tzarevitch Wakhoucht." French and Georgian text with notes by M. F. Brosset. Spb. 1847.

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Before the war it was fairly prosperous, and the copper-mining industry was reaching considerable proportions. In the Middle Ages it was covered with castles, monasteries, and churches. At Ardanuch, thirty miles beyond Artvin, was the centre of a rich Georgian principality, which was described in the ninth century by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus as doing "an immense commerce" with Armenia, Syria, and the surrounding countries.* The Chorokh country is the land of the classical Chalybes, and it must have been a mining centre back in the days of the mythical Argonauts.

Archæological evacuations in these parts would certainly bring to light many unknown chapters of the history of the Middle East.

VIII. Conclusion

In conclusion, I must say a few words on the present political position of the Georgians.

The Georgian-speaking districts of Turkey may be left out of the picture. They have, as the Bosnian and Bulgarian Muhammadans have, an Islamic culture, and they are contented enough as the citizens of a Turkish Republic.

The position of the nine-tenths of the Georgian nation who live under Soviet rule is entirely different. They have an ancient culture, a fine language and literature, and a strong tradition of independence. They lost their political independence finally in 1801, and for over a hundred years they formed part of the Russian Empire. The Russians brought them many benefits, as most Georgians would agree. But, broadly speaking, the Romanovs failed, as the Habsburg Emperors and the Ottoman Sultans failed, to weld out of the nationalities under their rule a coherent State which could survive under modern conditions. The net result of the war was the collapse of the artificial state structures created by the Romanovs, the Habsburgs, and the Ottomans. Of these the Romanov Empire was the shortest lived. It is a fact that is usually obscured that the Russian Empire is not an inevitable development answering to the dictates of historical and geographical conditions. It was essentially a political combination like the Spanish and Habsburg Empires. It is no more normal that Russia should rule Georgia than that Spain should rule Holland.

In Russia there was a normal expansion to the Black Sea and the Baltic, and across Siberia to the Pacific. This expansion was as normal as that of the Western Powers over America, Africa, and Australia. But the conquest of Poland, Finland, and Georgia in the eighteenth century was imperialism in its worst form, a thing abhorrent to the spirit of the age. It was equivalent to English conquests in France, or French conquests in Italy, at an earlier period. Here the Russians were not conquering, for better or for worse, barbarian

* Constant. Porphyro. De administrando.

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nomad tribes like the Kalmucks and Khirghiz; they were imposing their rule on people of a more ordered culture, of superior intelligence, and more ancient civilization.

With the Russian Revolution the Romanov Empire collapsed, and the subject peoples established governments of their own. The Poles, the Finns, and the Baltic nations survived, but the Caucasian peoples did not. This was not so much the result of the merits of the more fortunate, or the demerits of the less fortunate, as it was that the circumstances of international politics happened to favour the one and not the other.

The Russians reoccupied the Caucasus, with little resistance from the Tatars, who were economically bankrupt, or from the Armenians, who were threatened by the Turks. But in Georgia and in Daghestan they met with strong resistance. Further, in Georgia a certain Colonel Cholakashvili, who is a sort of Georgian Montrose and the hero of the peasantry, carried on a guerilla war until 1924, while in that year there was also a formidable rising in Western Georgia.

With regard to the future there are two alternatives. First, the Bolsheviks have attempted to conciliate national feeling among the Ukrainians, Georgians, Armenians, and other national groups by the establishment of autonomous Soviet Republics, the effect of which is to give a certain measure of local autonomy to each national group. It is possible that, if this system is generously developed, a federation of all the national groups of the former Russian Empire may develop along comparatively satisfactory lines.

On the other hand, some crisis in Russia may give the national groups a new opportunity of recovering their complete independence. In this event, it is possible that the Georgians, together with the Tatars of Azerbaijan and the Armenians, might establish an independent Caucasian Confederation, which could be a stable element in Middle Eastern politics. There is no reason why the independence of these Republics, or a Confederation of them, should be regarded as impracticable or as a danger to international peace. The history of the small States of long standing, such as Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark, demonstrates that small States can be an element making for peace rather than for war, and that they can make valuable and original contributions to civilization. And the history of the small States created since the war demonstrates how much can be achieved, even in the most adverse circumstances, by people who are given the chance of freedom.

Discussion.

The Chairman: Ladies and Gentlemen,—If nobody else has any remarks to make, I am sure we are all very much gratified by the lecture we have heard about a very little known country. I do not

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know what points of interest attracted your attention most, but I must admit that the final remarks about the establishment of these small Soviet Republics seemed to be very interesting, because they show how the modern Russian Government tries to extend its influence over various peoples by giving them a so-called autonomy. But I fancy, as a matter of fact, the wires are really pulled from Moscow.

The LECTURER: Yes, they are indeed.

The CHAIRMAN: The local autonomy is really nominal. One remark was made by the lecturer about the possibility of a corridor from the Black Sea to the Caspian developing in time through the amalgamation of the Georgian, Armenian, and Azerbaijan Republics; but I am afraid the question of the possession of the oil at Baku might form a serious obstacle. The Russians would hardly let that go, would they?

The LECTURER: I do not think they would like to do so.

The CHAIRMAN: I think that would form a great obstacle to the realization of that corridor, though, looking at it on the map, I should think it a serious probability.

The LECTURER: They need the oil, of course; but I think by commercial treaties they could be secured all the supplies they require without having actual control of the whole country.

The CHAIRMAN: I have nothing more to remark. I am sure on your behalf I tender a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer for his interesting lecture. We condole with him over the loss of his photographs, but he did his best to supply the deficiency with those of somebody else. A vote of thanks to the lecturer. (Applause.)

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THE MUSANDAM* PENINSULA AND ITS PEOPLE THE SHIHUH

By BERTRAM THOMAS

He who can visualize the map of Arabia will be aware of an excrescence on its eastern seaboard which destroys the rectilinear symmetry of the great Arabian peninsula. This excrescence is Musandam. A territory belonging to the Oman Sultanate, it is separated from its suzerain by the Qawasim corridor, which crosses the base of the peninsula from Dibah to Sha'am. Insignificant in size—it is but forty-five miles in its greatest length, and its average breadth is only half that distance—it yet presents problems, ethnological and philological, of great interest to Arabists, problems into which there has been, as yet, little if any research. Its local name, Ru'us al Jabal, translated by Miles "Heads of Mountains," could perhaps have been alternatively and not less felicitously translated "Mountain Capes," for here terminates in a forked series of seagirt headlands the great Archæan backbone of Oman—the Hajar. This system, conspicuous farther south for its well-defined north and south axis two to three thousand feet high, flanked with coastal plains and threaded on the east by deep perennial wadis and on the west by dry and shallow torrent beds, here in Musandam takes on another character. Here is a tangled mass of mountain spurs which sprawls out clawlike into the sea to divide the Gulf of Oman from the Persian Gulf; the sea has closed in east and west to the main escarpments, giving rise to an intricately tortuous mountain coastline. As an instance of the rambling nature of this coast, at Sibi, a cove in the innermost recess of the Elphinstone Inlet, the mountain isthmus is only a mile and a half wide, but to reach its distant side I steamed seven hours circumnavigating fifty miles of the deeply indented promontory. Surging round this wild, rock-bound coast are strong eddies and conflicting currents whose provocation is increased by the waisted entrance of the Persian Gulf. These waters, distrusted by the Arab mariner—it is a common sight to see a becalmed dhow being swept by some sinister force on to a rocky shore, all hands at the oars—were dreaded even more by our merchantmen in the more remote "days of sail," when to the natural perils were added the risks of Qawasim

* "Musandam" has been equated with "Anvil" by every writer since Palgrave (see Vol. II., p. 317). In spite of a certain physical resemblance, there is no verbal justification for this: and neither the inhabitants nor their neighbours are aware of such a meaning.

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pirates (Joasmees so called). That the sterile and forbidding mountains of Musandam—a natural asylum, so it would seem, for the aboriginal retiring before a wave of invasion from whatever land direction—should have preserved some traces of an ancient race, or tongue, or cult, is in keeping with the probabilities. And today it is its strange inhabitants, the Shihuh, that have attracted the attention of travellers as the strange language of Kumzar and Khasab has perplexed them. The classical geographers are unfortunately silent about the Shihuh, as also indeed are the early Arab travellers. The term "Ichthyophagi" with which a strip of the coast is anciently labelled, while true of Musandam, can scarcely have been less true of any of the other fish-teeming shores of South-East Arabia. Economic conditions would seem to make the appellation applicable throughout the Oman littoral yesterday, today, and for ever. But the silence of the ancients is strange, having regard to the importance of the Persian Gulf as an ancient trade route, the prominence Musandam Peninsula must have attained as a landfall for mariners, and the tribal tradition of an ancient Shihuh occupation. While it is true that tribal tradition has a tendency to extravagant growth, it shares with ancient tradition—*e.g.*, the Mosaic account of the peopling of Arabia from five great patriarchal stocks of Cush, Jokhtan, Ishmael, Keturah, and Esau—the claim of reflecting, in some measure, historical facts. And here an interesting point arises. The Shihuh having escaped the notice of historical geographers, has a record of the word been preserved in the Shuhite of the Book of Job? For, on investigation, I found that Musandam and its environs—*i.e.*, Northern Oman—whether or not by coincidence, provide a remarkably close tribal setting for the Biblical story of Job.

Thus, "When Job's three friends heard of the evil that had befallen Job, they came to console with him, everyone from his own place, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite." Now three of the biggest tribes in Oman today are the Bani Bu 'Ali, the Shihuh and the Na'im. The latter two readily suggest identification with the Old Testament names; and the Bani Bu 'Ali, the Bliulaie of Ptolemy, derive on the authority of Miles from the ancient Bani Teman. This coincidence of the "three kings of the East" with the three shaikhly comforters (requisitely necessary neighbours), while remarkable in itself, is strengthened by its fulfilment of the other condition of the story, namely, the neighbourhood's exposure to raiding by Chaldæans and Sabæans—*i.e.*, proximity to their habitats.

Now the once popular conception of Chaldæans as exclusively the people of Chaldæa in Lower Mesopotamia, and the Sabæans as the remote subjects of the Queen of Sheba in Arabia Felix, placed the land of Uz in an unenviable geographical position. That Sabæans were not only found in South-West Arabia is demonstrated by the name still attaching to a quaint people in the Lower Euphrates today, to say

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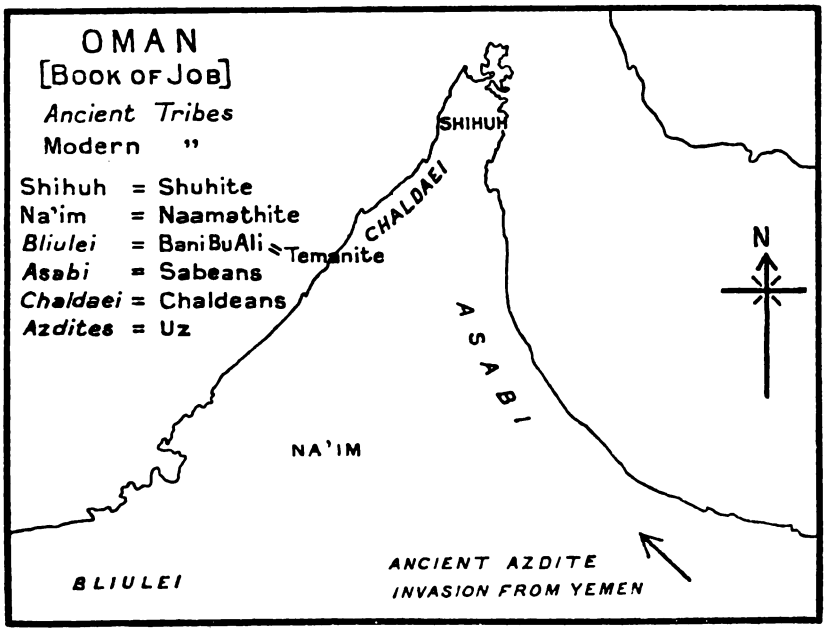
nothing of the historical "Sabi" of the Persian Gulf, while the word Chaldæan is not, I think, to be confined to Babylonia but to be identified with Bani Khalid, a numerous and widespread tribe in Arabia. Be this as it may, the classical geographers make specific references to Chaldæans and Sabæans inhabiting the Oman Peninsula. Pliny places the Gens Chaldæi under the Eblitæ Mountains on the western side of Musandam, and Ptolemy not only places the Asabi or Sabi (the prefix being merely the assimilated article) along both coasts, but shows that they gave their name to the entire area—*i.e.*, Promontorium Asabo, as he styles Ras al Musandam, and this name is still preserved in the Shihuh village names of Khasab and Sibi.

Thus the geographical requirements of the story of Job would seem



to be satisfied in an extraordinarily complete measure by tribal distribution in ancient and modern Oman. The identification of Azd with Uz is another remarkable coincidence if not more, but it is only fair to add that the first historical reference I can trace of the Azdite migration into Oman is the invasion following the bursting of the dam of Ma'rab. Remembering, however, that Oman supplied the ships and sailors for the ancient carrying trade between India and Babylonia, and that from the evidence of its theology the Book of Job is held by many to have been written not earlier than the time of the Babylonian captivity (see "Cambridge Companion to the Bible," p. 59), it is not, I think, unreasonable to suppose that it was to Oman that Job's author

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came for his local colour. This theory would give the Shihuh a seventh century B.C. local antiquity.

The late Dr. Hogarth, taking part in a discussion in early 1927 following Sir Arnold Wilson's lecture to the Royal Geographical Society "A Periplus of the Persian Gulf," stated in connection with the people of Musandam promontory: "There is no more interesting survival; they are almost certainly a part of what is left of the pre-Semitic people of Arabia." I was able later to send to Dr. Hogarth an account of my slight researches, and I was to receive in Oman from him, alas! a posthumous letter on this same subject. The Shihuh is not racially a single unit; it comprises three elements physically and linguistically distinguishable and localized in their settlements of Musandam Peninsula. These are:

1. The Interior Mountain Badawin, belonging to one or other of two confederations—Bani Hadiyah and Bani Shatair.

2. The Kumazara.

3. The Dhuhuriyin.

For convenience I will take them in the reverse order:

1. *The Dhuhuriyin.*—It is doubtful whether the Dhuhuriyin should ethnologically be included as Shihuh at all. They are to be identified, I think, with the Darrhæ of Pliny, in ancient times a powerful and numerous Nizarite tribe of Dhahirah. They have a tradition that at one time they were masters of Musandam, and that the Shihuh dispossessed and absorbed them. Today their remnants number fewer than a thousand, all fishermen living in the coves of the Elphinstone and Malcolm Inlets (there are a few at Larek Island, who are sailors besides) and subject to one or other of the two rival Shihuh political factions. In summer there is a general exodus of them to Dibah, where they spend the hot months in their few poor garden possessions. Although subject in Musandam to the Shihuh, in Dibah they pay tribute not to the Shihuh Shaikh there, but to the Qawasim Shaikh. This may be a legacy of non-Shihuh origin, when they would naturally have been in "suff" with the Qawasim against the Shihuh, the hereditary enemy of them both. The Dhuhuriyin are a poor, spiritless people, inoffensive and amiable. Their heads—I measured six or seven at Sha'am and Dibah—though round and short in appearance, with close-cropped hair sometimes growing well down over their foreheads, proved to be unmistakably dolichocephalic. Of comparatively fair complexion, they lack the big bone of the Shihuh Badu. Arabic is their language, and they know no other (only the insignificant Larek element which has become mixed has acquired Kumzari). Except for one or two dialectical peculiarities—words generally pertaining to fishing—the Dhuhuri fisherman's Arabic is as pure and unaccented as any I have met in South-East Arabia.

2. *The Kumazara.*—The name derives from Kumzar, the promontory's

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northernmost village, of which they are exclusive inhabitants. They have also a third share of the date groves of Khasab, where they are to be found in summer, but they are primarily fishermen. They are regarded throughout Oman as Shihuh, and they claim themselves to be Shihuh, a claim which is not questioned by their fellow-Shihuh tribesmen, over half of whom, indeed, in the south, they have established a complete ascendancy; for one of their Shaikhs habitually resides at Dibah, is the *de facto* Shaikh of the Bani Shatair confederation, and claims to be the paramount Shaikh of the entire Shihuh tribe. The Kumazara are physically peculiar in their lack of Semitic features characteristic in some degree of their fellow-tribesmen. It is they, and they alone, who speak the strange tongue which has baffled and confused strangers. Of this tongue I have made a vocabulary of some 400 words, and discovered its chief simple grammatical rules as a result of many visits during the past three years. It is a compound of Arabic and Persian, but is distinct from them both, and is intelligible neither to the Arab nor to the Persian nor yet to the bilinguist of both. Nor has it any resemblances, as suggested probable by S. Zwemer, to the Hamyaritic languages. I gathered from a local "Mutawwa" that some of its Persian words are archaic, deriving from the classical "Farsi" of remoter Persia rather than the spoken "Ajami" of the Persian Gulf seaboard, a point that may suggest a certain antiquity for it. Of my word list, less than 20 per cent. cannot be traced either to a Persian or Arabic origin; and in this connection Sir Arnold Wilson, in his "A Summary of Scientific Research in the Persian Gulf," has suggested a possible Sumerian origin at least for such words as pertain to the sea. If Sumerian words are looked for in support of a Persian Gulf origin for the Sumerians, no support for this theory can, I consider, be looked for in the physical features of its people. Word coincidences may be found, of course. One interesting one I encountered in South Arabia—namely, the Mahri and Shahari word for "mountain pass" is a slight modification of the word "ziggurat," which suggests the Babylonian temple tower—both dwelling-places of the gods. But this is a diversion.

The strange tongue used by the Kumazara elements of the Shihuh has given rise to the pardonable though, I think, erroneous belief that its users are aboriginal and pre-Semitic. They are, in my opinion, of Persian or some kindred South Asiatic origin.

3. *The Interior Badawin—Bani Hadiyah and Bani Shatair.*—These are the inhabitants of the mountains. They monopolize the interior and form, according to local estimates, a clear majority of the inhabitants of the Peninsula. All are shepherds. Men of big bone, Semitic in appearance, a handsomer type than either of their fellow-tribesmen Dhuhuri or Kumzari, they are, I think, the true Shihuh. Their only language is Arabic, but an Arabic quite distinct from that

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of Oman, and they know not a word of the strange coastal dialect of the Kumazara. To a foreigner who has perhaps of necessity acquired Arabic from textbooks or at the feet of a literary townsman of Baghdad or Damascus, and comes with fixed ideas of what is Arabic and what is not, this dialect will at first be almost unintelligible, but that it is Arabic and no other language there can be little doubt. This is, of course, true of most Badawin speech, including that of the Awamir, distant neighbours, with whose supposed "language of grunts" I have had recent occasion to obtain a slight familiarity. But the Arabic of the mountain Shihuh has many peculiarities which are definitely suggestive of foreign influence: a detailed analysis is given in Dr. Jayakar's "The Shahee Dialect of Arabia." How such influences could have penetrated to the remote insular Shihuh it is difficult to understand, bearing in mind that the Kumazara elements, probably Persian in origin, and the Dhuhuriyin, who, living along the coasts, are therefore exposed to foreign influences, speak an Arabic which is comparatively free from such contamination. Whether it can be traced to the ancient Persian occupation of the Arabian seaboard is an interesting speculation. That influence must have been considerable, existing at the time of the Great Cyrus in the sixth century B.C. and lasting intermittently for more than a thousand years up to the rise of Islam. At the same time, such a view does not receive support from those parts of Oman where Persia seems to have dug herself in —witness the localities of her great "falaj" systems—for here no vestige of Persian influence now colours the locally spoken colloquial Arabic. Is it possible that the exponents of this Musandam dialect are descendants of the original Persian colonists of Ma'zun (the pre-Islam name given to the area corresponding probably with the territory lying between Sahar and Rostaq and perhaps the Magan, from whence the Sumerians got their copper), and were driven north before the Qahtani invasion of the second century to inaccessible Musandam, where, unmolested, they have preserved the frills of their ancient speech?

Against this otherwise plausible theory there would appear to be three possible objections: (1) Their Hinawayih partisanship, (2) their definitely Semitic type of countenance (their heads—I measured two —gave a dolichocephalic index), and (3) the "bait al jahl," a circular tomb (?) of black lava pebbles which, as I have observed elsewhere, is the most typical and common archæological feature of Ma'zun, is unknown in Musandam. What of Job's Shuhite? Are the Shihuh a survival of Israel, and are their peculiarities of pronunciation of Hebrew and not of Persian derivation? Jews in Oman there have been throughout historic time—the last of them is recorded at Sahar within living memory—and it is not impossible that their original home was the Persian Gulf. In the Dhahirah province there is a universal tradition that its earliest known people were "Yahud," and today two tribes

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found there, the Bani Kalban and Al Yaqib, the latter a powerful settled element possessing Ibri, the first town of commercial importance in the province, are by a unanimity of Omani opinion descendants of Bani Israel. Incidentally the Persians are supposed never to have penetrated to the Dhahirah where the falaj systems enjoy the exclusive name of Da'udiyat—*i.e.*, of David. These considerations would account for Hebrew survivals in Oman.

Does this bring light to the problem of the mountain Shihuh?

The Shihuh composing these three diverse elements are split up into two rival political factions:

1. The Bani Hadiyah, comprising the confederation of that name in the northern end of the Peninsula, and perhaps half of the Dhuhuiryin under a Bani Hadiyah coastal Shaikh with headquarters at Khasab.

2. The Kumazara, consisting not only of the purely Kumazara elements but of the Badu confederation of Bani Shatair to the south, and the remaining Dhuhuriyin, under a Kumzari Shaikh with headquarters at Dibah.

The former shaikhship is hereditary, the latter elective—elective not by the elements under its jurisdiction, but by the ruling families of the distant fishing village of Kumzar. The two factions, Bani Hadiyah and Kumazara, normally hostile to one another, unite in the face of a common danger—*e.g.*, the Qawasim. In politics they call themselves Hinawi (except the Dhuhuriyin, who make a secret boast of their Ghafiri origin). These two political labels, Hinawi and Ghafiri, are, in practice, though not in theory, the Omani equivalents of Yemeni and Nizari, which in turn are the two great Abrahamic families of Qahtan—*i.e.*, Jokhtan of Genesis and Adnan (descendant of Ishmael) respectively—into which the tribes of Arabia divide themselves. The word Shihuh is believed, both by Bani Hadiyah and Kumazara, to be patronymic, that the tribal progenitor was Shih, son of Malik bin Faham, the Azdite leader of the Yemeni invasion of Oman, probably in the second century A.D. If this genealogical claim were established it would vitiate the theory of an earlier Shihuh occupation of the promontory than the century in question.

The claim, however, is not borne out either by historical record or tribal tradition of neighbours. Thus, "S'abaikh adh Dhahabi," the work on Arab tribal genealogies by Shahab ad Din al Abbas, makes no mention of one Shihi amongst the sons of Malik bin Faham. Their internal accounts are also conflicting, for the Bani Hadiyah element, while conceding that the Kumazara are Shihuh, do not admit a common ancestor. I gathered from a shaikhly informant of the Qawasim tribe, their more erudite neighbours, that the Malik from whom the Arab Shihuh spring was, according to Al Siyuti, one bin Hazam, not a Yemeni at all, but a Nizari. This Nizarite origin would, I suggest, be

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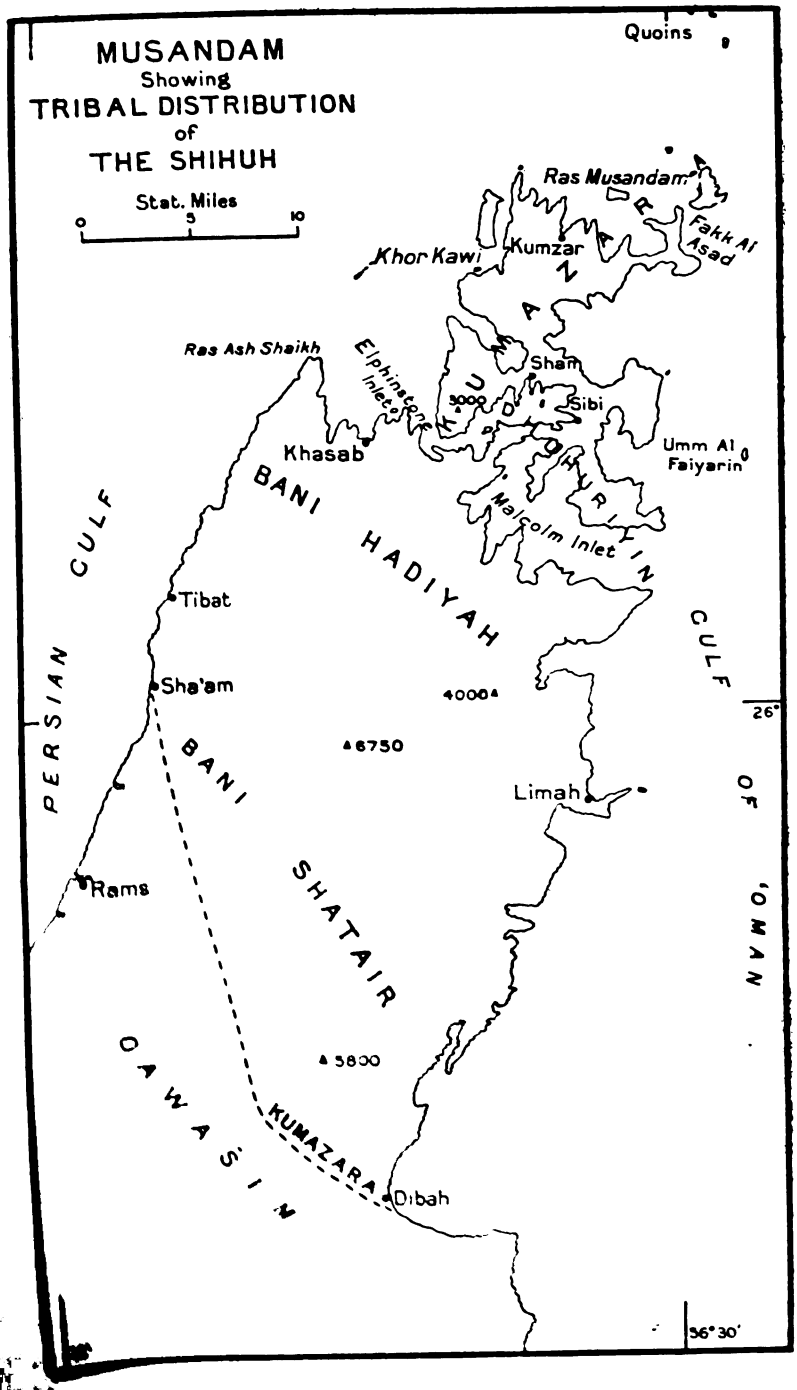

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more in accordance with their remote location, and some of their linguistic variations from the rest of the more or less uniform-speaking Hinawi tribes of Oman.

The traditional feud, which normally lies dormant, between Hinawi (Yemeni) and Ghafiri (Nizari) loses none of its pristine fervour in Oman when kindled into flame—Ghafiri tribes range themselves with the Ghafiri disputant and Hinawi with Hinawi. To the Shihuh the word Ghafiri is anathema. It arouses, I suggest, the especial zeal of the proselyte or the renegade. Political expediency has accounted for tribal coat-changing in the past, and such a notable tribe as the Bani Yas, today avowedly Hinawi, belongs historically and ethnographically to the opposite side. It would seem to me that Shihuh Hinawi partisanship is of this order, and is to be accounted for by Ghafiri persuasion of their neighbouring hereditary enemy—the Qawasim. This change would, in some remote past, have been facilitated by adhesion to the Shihuh of Kumazara elements, which, if as I believe, are of non-Arabian origin, would have had no racial claim to, or sentiment for, either denomination, and would have been guided purely by considerations of expediency. Failure to claim either would have invited degradation to the status of Baluchis, who in Arab countries of the Persian Gulf are sometimes to be found as slaves. Consideration of these factors inclines one to the belief that the Shihuh—exclusive of the Kumazara—are of Nizari origin and of great local antiquity. But today the Kumazara are an integral part of the Shihuh, and all call themselves Hinawi.

The Shihuh are primarily shepherds in the interior, fishermen, boat-builders, and to a limited extent date-gardeners along the coast. They are by far the most primitive tribe in Oman, the most superstitious, and, as regards the mountain folk, the most difficult to cultivate friendly relations with. Nowhere in the interior is water sufficiently copious or localized to support large village settlements or allow cultivation beyond a strip of wheat and barley sufficient for local needs. Inaccessible mountains forbid any animal transport whatever, except for a few hours' trek up the wadi behind Khasab. There is, it is true, a camel route along the southern boundary between Dibah and Rams, but strictly speaking it is, I think, in Qawasim territory. The interior mountain folds, where they form natural catchment areas, support acacia jungle. Here the horse is unknown, the camel less met with than in any other part of Oman; even the hardy ass can scarcely cope with the mountain conditions, and man lives on his forbidding hill-tops with a few herds of nimble goats. The traveller who wishes to penetrate this country must do so on his flat feet, and be prepared to climb 3,000 feet to reach small inhospitable settlements where water is scarce, food is unobtainable, and he is unwelcome. But he will probably be dissuaded by a coastal shaikh from hazarding the perils of the journey. Few, indeed, desire to share with the Shihi his mountain secrets. The Indian trader

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who for hundreds of years has established himself amongst the Arabs of Trucial Oman, or in the Sultanate, has never obtained a footing in Ras Musandam. The chief port of the Shihuh is Rams, probably the Regama of Ptolemy, which is not now Shihuh territory, though preponderantly Shihuh in inhabitants, but belongs to the Qawasim. Through this port the simple wants of the Badawin find their way from Dibai—rice, coffee, sugar, tea, piece goods, and spices. Ports next in importance and belonging to the Shihuh are Dibah, Khasab, and Lima.

The mountain Shihi is often a troglodyte. Natural caves exist in the mountains and provide him and his flocks with shelter. Besides this, he quarries and builds an underground house called "Bait al Qufl." Here are his winter living quarters, and here his few worldly possessions are kept locked up throughout the year. First a pit is dug twelve to fourteen feet deep, some fifteen feet in length and twelve in breadth. Side walls are built of stout stone, and the whole is roofed over first with timbers of the "samr" and then with a covering of loose earth or sand. All that is visible above ground to the approaching stranger is a foot or two of roof. There is no ventilation except for a small hole in the roof, a condition of things which does not, however, prevent him from having his fire there in winter. The dark interior has to be lighted by a lantern. Entrance is by means of a doorway at the side and thence down a stairway. This doorway, made exceptionally strong, opens inward to a long key. A feature of the Bait al Qufl, as this laborious creation is called, is the enormous "kharas" or water tank, much too big to have been introduced through the doorway, a large piece of pottery capable of accommodating the contents of fifty water-skins—a three months' supply, replenished during the rains—which went into the house with its foundations. Ancient graves exist in some parts of the mountains, which are said to have an orientation towards Jerusalem and not Mecca.

The superstitions of the Shihuh Badawin are notorious, but though they build no mosque in the mountains and their knowledge of religion may not be profound, they are Muslims. Palgrave was mistaken in his statement that all here are staunch Ibadhis. Ibadhism does not exist in Oman much north of Sahar, nor has it ever flourished in Musandam. The Shihuh are avowed Shafis. This does not preclude their belief in jinns, janns, afarit in general, and umm subiyan in particular. The first named, despite diminutive corporeal proportions, keep the Shihiyin in their houses after dark; janns are monstrous creatures to be distinguished by the light that shines from their foreheads; the afarit have the terrifying faculty of going upon their bellies; umm subiyan is a woman of ordinary appearance save that she casts no shadow. A she-devil, she walks in rags amidst waste places carrying a basket, and her mission seems to be to cause miscarriages to pregnant women. The Shihuh set much store by visits to shrines,

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those at Sha'am and Aida and Ras ash Shaikh being the most famous. At Ras ash Shaikh—Shaikh Mas'ud, to give the saint his earthly name—not many years ago there landed from a ship some foreign workmen in search of stone to build the Quoins lighthouse. Seeing a suitable specimen close to the shrine, they attempted to carry it away, but found it too heavy. My local informant, whose faith was strong, told me that, surprised though they were by their failure—the stone was not a big one—the truth never occurred to them that it was the saint who was thwarting them. Here the sterile woman comes to intercede for a son, and the sick man for his recovery. But the "Mazar," as the shrine is called, is not the only means of combating misfortune or disease. There is a widespread belief in the curative effects of Quranic Holy Writ. Thus a sick man will come to the mulla for a sacred script, and this he wears as an amulet. For a snake-bite the remedy is a reading from the Quran, and the patient is not permitted to sleep. Sometimes the mulla elects to read over a glass of water, which is then taken to the invalid to drink. The relative of the man sick unto death will be found making what to the unsophisticated may appear an irreverent business proposition to Providence, in that he publicly announces that, conditional upon the invalid's restoration, he will kill the fatted calf and make a feast for the poor.

For some inexplicable reason among Shihuh Badawin the cow is anathema. They will neither eat its flesh nor drink its milk. In every other part of South-East Arabia the bull is met with and respected. Well fed, he labours unflaggingly yoked to the leathern hoist which he lowers into the well and hauls up to refresh the thirsty gardens, while his wives and family are met with browsing peacefully in the country, or singly drawing the plough, or in due time crowning the banquet. Here, in interior Musandam, the mountainous nature of the country may in part be responsible for discrediting the worthy beast, but cannot be wholly so. Be that as it may, a hungry Shihi from the interior is alleged to flee from the feast where beef is exposed. In the hills the plough is drawn by women, but Shihi women are not otherwise degraded; they all wear the veil.

Another peculiarity of the Shihi Badu and fisherman alike is the "nadabah" or "kubkūb." This is a kind of tribal war cry, the use of which, however, is not restricted to martial occasions, but is freely indulged at all times of rejoicing, a feast, a marriage, or a circumcision. My first experience of it was at Fujairah, where the Dibah Shihuh were guests of their ally, the local shaikh. Following an Arab feast of princely proportions, the Shihuh shaikh rose, and, standing a little aside with hands still unwashed—this, I gathered, was a necessary observance—placed his left arm across his chest and his right arm bent above and behind his head; then, straightening and bending the raised arm, he set up a curious howl not entirely unmusical, ascending and

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descending the scale over a compass of perhaps nearly an octave. This noise, which may best be likened to a vocal imitation of a swanny whistle pitched two octaves lower, was carried on for some few minutes. Meantime, a dozen or so of his tribesmen standing close together in a ring about him with their hands to their mouths, "muedhdhin" fashion, broke in at intervals with a curious, sharp, dog-like bark. I could detect no words, but was told that "Shih al Mahyub"—*i.e.*, "Fearsome Shihi"—was the formula used preparatory to the "howl." This "nadabah," as it is called, characteristic of the Shihuh tribe alone, is common alike to the mountain Badu and the Kumzari fisherman. A sword dance is said sometimes to accompany it, but the sword dancing of the Shihuh is disappointing to one who has seen the set order and combination of such displays in Oman. The Shihi performance is entirely individual, every performer careering around with trembling blade, oblivious of everybody else, in much the same uncouth manner as practised at Murbat in South Arabia. In Musandam music is at a discount. No virtuous woman would raise her voice in song; the drum is tolerated, but limited to "Ids"; the simple "rababa" and honest "zimmur," beloved by Transjordan tribes, are abjured; while the lute of Muscat is bracketed with the vice of great towns and is only to be mentioned in a whisper. Tribal law has here its own orientation. The almost universal Arabian law of asylum, or "dakhala," has but a nominal significance. Thus, if a Shihi arrives upon a strange scene in pursuit of a refugee from some blood feud and finds "his man" the guest of other Shihiyin, he has no compunction about killing him on the spot. Such a course would cost him his life in any other part of Oman. To attempt it would be an affront to his hosts, who would be in honour bound to protect the refugee, or, in the event of his blood being shed on their soil, to avenge themselves on the newcomer. But it is almost unthinkable for such an incident to arise in Oman or elsewhere in tribal Arabia, where the law of sanctuary is sacred. Such are the customs and behaviour of the Shihuh of the mountains. Wild and untamable men, they are generally well armed with modern rifles, but will be met carrying the spear or straight, double-bladed sword for preference and the inevitable Shihi club the "yurz," a straight stick with a small iron axe-head.

But even the remote Shihuh are not exempt from the summer migratory habit to which the entire inhabitants of South-East Arabia are subject. The pearl banks, of course, attract a Shihuh quota, though incomparably smaller and less representative than the Batinah coast and Hajar contingents. The wives and families of all divers, including those who habitually live along the Trucial coast, come to spend the season amid the date groves of the Oman Sultanate. In summer the whole world gravitates to the date grove. The Kumazara desolate their fishing village in favour of Khasab. The Dhuhuriyin of the Elphinstone

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Inlet betake themselves in a body to Dibah. The Shihuh Badawin in large numbers move down to Rams, Khasab, Lima, and Dibah. It is remarkable how strong is the attraction to the Arab of the "ruttub"—the ripening date. In spite of the fierce heat and scorching "simum" wind, here called "gharbi," that are necessary to the most satisfactory condition of the ripening fruit, the date grove makes an irresistible appeal at this time. Entire populations of villages and towns move out to "qaiyidh," as it is called. I have ventured an "Al hamdu l'illah" when, after a scorching day, a cool moist wind has sprung up in the July evening and just made life tolerable; but the response showed few sympathisers. Indeed, the cool wind is deplored for its effect on the quality, not only of the "ruttub," but of the entire date crop—*i.e.*, the whole of next year's supply. Only the wind with the breath of the furnace is welcomed at this season.

And so the traveller coasting northwards along the steep shore from Sha'am past the coves of Tibat and Bakha will find in summer little of human interest. Palgrave pictured it under a winter sky in his delightful and inimitable way—viz., "Now the granite wall went sheer down into the blue ocean; now it spread out into cliffs down which winter torrents ran and where little villages niched themselves like eagles' nests; close by them patches of green sprinkled on the mountain ledges." Thence he rounds Ras ash Shaikh and enters Khasab Bay. Here is a fine natural harbour five miles long and three miles across surrounded by sharp and naked mountains. The cove itself, in which the village stands, is about three-quarters of a mile wide and long From the sea at high water Khasab presents the appearance of a palm grove skirting the water's edge with a fort midway along it. But when the tide ebbs, a normal fall of six and a half feet, this scene is fronted by a thousand yards of gently shelving beach. The village for the most part lies tucked away behind the grove in a "bahta," which debouches on the west side of the harbour, though the temporary reed huts of summer visitors, chiefly from Dibai, are conspicuous amidst the gardens and along the front. The fort, now ramshackle with age, is the residence of the Wali, a Sultanate nominee. But the ignorant and uncouth Shihuh, never very amenable to authority, are here virtually masters in their own house, the revenue they pay being scarcely sufficient to meet the cost of the Wali and his garrison. The fort itself is an early seventeenth-century Portuguese erection consisting of a square of four bastions connected by curtain walls. It is chiefly famous for its employment in 1624 as a base by the Portuguese Admiral, Ruy Frere da Andrada, in the attempted recapture of Hormuz, which lies across the Straits fifty-five miles away on a bearing a little to the east of north. In Khasab the cow comes into its own, as the creaking rig of the wells testifies, for the villagers do not share the prejudices of their Badawin brethren of the mountains. Here in the date gardens an unsavoury

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method of fertilizing the soil is met with. The "haudh" or well reservoir is packed to the brim with metoot, the local sardine, which is caught in vast quantities, and for the most part is exported to the Trucial coast and Bahrain for cattle fodder. Here in the Khasab "haudh" the freshly caught metoot is allowed to rot under a three days' scorching sun without more effective disguise or discouragement than a covering of old sacking. The well is then set going, and the water, before flowing into the irrigation ducts which cross and recross the garden, is first washed through this fish-pit. The effect on the surrounding air may be left to the imagination. In the harbour, conspicuous amongst native craft of all kinds, is the small but picturesque "batil," recalling somewhat in the beauty of its lines the Venetian gondola. Combining a "badan" stern, characteristic of the small Batinah-built coasting craft, with a "bum" bow, the feature of the Kuwait-built "dhow," this small fishing boat is built here at Khasab and at Kumzar of teak wood imported from Malabar. At one season of the year when the harbour becomes lively with the caperings of a kind of tunny, the fisherman, standing in the bow of his batil, will be found employing curious measures. His coiled hand-line carries a hook baited with nothing more than a cotton wad, sometimes with two side-feathers to give it the appearance of a "Jarad al bahar"—*i.e.*, the flying-fish, here called "locust of the sea." This line is flung out lasso-fashion to its greatest length and is hauled in rapidly hand over hand to the undoing of the tunny. Most of the fish of these waters after satisfying local needs is salted and sent to Linga, from whence it is exported to India. Sharks, which are numerous, are invariably exported, because the Shihuh, unlike their fellow-Omanis, have little fancy for shark meat. I am inclined to sympathize with them, having myself dined off young shark on some occasions. Other exports are firewood, charcoal, and sheep, chiefly to the pearl coast at the end of the diving season. A feature of Khasab harbour is the extraordinary purity of its light. The scenery, grand in itself, seems here to take on some ethereal quality. Stratified cliffs reflect great coloured patches in the clear still water, and the high hills are often lit up early morning and late afternoon in rose-coloured splendour. On the east side of the harbour and to the north is Elphinstone Inlet, a remarkably fine fiord seven miles long, with Ras Sham, a sentinel mountain of 3,000 feet, marking its otherwise deceptive entrance. Throughout its serpentine course mountain ridges, scarcely less imposing than Jabal Sham, flank it on both sides. On their desolate slopes appears here and there an incongruous tree, or a flock of goats may be seen swarming along precarious ledges a thousand feet above a Dhuhuri village. But for such slight indications of life the visitor will find the inlet desolate in June. A reputation of being the hottest place in the world suggests that it was of Elphinstone rather than of Muscat that the Persian poet

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quoted by Bent wrote, "It gives to the panting sinner a lively anticipation of his future destiny."

Telegraph Island Buildings, abandoned since 1867, still stand, and the shade temperatures taken there on the forenoon of June 30 last year read: Dry bulb, 96·8; wet bulb, 84·4. I landed on the opposite shore on the same day at the village of Sham to examine a Dhuhuri village. The houses, if they deserve the name, clustering about the beach, were all deserted for the summer; only one old man and his son had been left behind in charge of the village flocks. The Dhuhuri house is a tiny rude stone skeleton affair, a single room, ten feet by six feet, and four feet high, the stones locally quarried, and just sufficiently dressed to require no cement or similar binding. A doorway is formed by a gap in the long wall, and there is no ceiling. The only interior decoration is a small mud fireplace for the coffee dallal. On the foreshore at Sham is a mosque in more ambitious style and proportions. Beyond Elphinstone there is no variation in the wild and rugged shore until Kumzar Cove is reached. Here, shut in on three sides at the base of bleak, precipitous, windswept hills is the mysterious village already mentioned. From seawards—there is no land approach—Kumzar presents a line of a hundred fishing batils dismasted and drawn up with singular uniformity along the yellow sandy beach, and behind and above them a mass of closely crowded, tiny, flat-roofed mud or rude stone houses. The narrow lanes between teem with fisherfolk who all use the strange language to which they have given their name. They live principally on fish. Their fish diet and prolific birth-rate are facts which they imagine, unscientifically I suppose, to be in some way related. The Kumazara bury their dead in their own houses, under their living-rooms. True, there is a small graveyard in the middle of the village which must have been full to overflowing long centuries ago, but the villagers have never turned elsewhere as they easily could have done to bury their dead. This practice of house burial, observed in ancient times in South Persia at Anau (see the "Cambridge Ancient History," i., 87, and therein ascribed to Dravidians or some south Asiatic race), has not, I think, been observed elsewhere in Arabia. Is this another clue to their mysterious origin? Kumzar possesses one copious well under the cliffs at the back of the village, the scene of a constant stream of fishwives. A legend attaches to it that whenever a dog shall bark in the village the well will dry up, and dogs are in consequence rigorously excluded. An interesting marriage custom is that the bridegroom on the night of the nuptials is brought down by his friends to the edge of the sea and there must immerse his right foot to the ankle. He is then conducted back to his house to consummate the marriage. A feature of the dress of the coastal Shihi —I have never seen it affected by other Arabs, though it is common in India, of course, and less so in the Dhufar province of South Arabia—

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is the spare, neatly folded "wazar" (skirt) which is carried thrown over one shoulder: and he generally carries in his hand the "yurz" or else a stout straight walking-stick. Unlike his fellow-Shihi, the Kumzari will occasionally marry with freed slave blood; the interior mountain Shihuh, on the other hand, are almost unique among Badawin in possessing no slaves at all.

And thence the traveller passes on through the troubled waters off Ras Musandam. Soon after changing course south, opens the treacherous passage between the mainland and Musandam Island—a strait named in charts "Fakk al Asad," but known to local Arabs as "Al Bab" or "Lahio" (Kumzari dialect). The shallow waters of the Persian Gulf here give place to the deepening ones of the Gulf of Oman. Soon comes the Island of Umm al Faiyarin, standing stark 360 feet in height, four and a half miles off the shore. This island is known to the Kumazara as Ko Kaig, or the egg mountain, in reference to its popularity with sea-birds in the nesting season. And so on to Dibah, the limit of Shihuh territory—a village set in a considerable date grove along a magnificent sweep of bay, with the blue Hajar for the first time receding slightly from the coast. An important port today, Dibah belongs in part to the Qawasim and in part to the Shihuh. Here is probably the mart which Alexander the Great's admiral Nearchus noted, here is indubitably Pliny's Dabanegoris Regio, and here was fought during the Caliphate of Abu Bakr the battle (A.D. 633) which gave Oman to Islam.

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HIS EXCELLENCY YANG-TSEN-HSING,

The Late Governor-General of Sinkiang

His Excellency Yang-tsen-hsing, Governor of the Chinese province of Sinkiang, was assassinated at Urumchi, the capital, on July 7, 1928. By his death, the province as well as Central Asia in general, lost an outstanding figure whose personality and administrative ability have dominated the country for over sixteen years.

July 7 was the Government Law Schools "Commencement Day," and a feast was given by Mr. Fan Yao-nan, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, who was also Chief of the Staff of the provincial forces. All the leading officials as well as the representatives of the U.S.S.R. Consulate with some other Russians, but no British subjects, were present.

The Governor arrived with his own personal bodyguard and 200 soldiers, but so little did he anticipate trouble, for it should be borne in mind that Fan Yao-nan was the next senior to him and always in close touch with him, that he sat down to table in a different room from that in which his bodyguard were. Even the fat jolly-looking personal guard, known popularly as the chief executioner, and whose name was Kao Fu-Kuan, did not remain in the same room as his master.

Fan's soldiers, of whom eighteen were waiters, had red bands round their arms and Browning pistols in their sleeves. As soon as the guests sat down to lunch at 3 p.m. the soldiers fired on the Governor, and seven or eight shots struck him. He fell dead at once. On hearing the shots Kao Fu-Kuan rushed in, and threw himself in front of his master and was immediately killed. Brigadier-General Tu-Fa-Yun and some other officials were murdered, and several were wounded. The foreign guests fled—there was nothing else for them to do.

Fan Yao-nan went at once to the Governor's yamen and compelled one of his secretaries to give up the seals of office. He also sent for Chin Shu-jen, Chief of the Political Department. On hearing that the Governor and other officials had been assassinated, Chin refused to come but sent soldiers to seize Fan. As the men had no proper orders, they refused to obey, which was only natural seeing that Fan was a very senior and influential official, had the seals of office, and had just murdered the Governor. Their commanding officer, however, was the son of the Brigadier-General just slain by Fan. Chin asked him if he would not avenge his father's murder. He ordered his men to act and

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Fan was seized and thirteen of his soldiers killed. The Government Executive Committee are said to have tried Fan. He with a number of his accomplices were put to death on July 8, and since that date others have also been executed. Among these were Mr. Lu Pao-zu, engineer of the radio station, and Professor Chung-han of the Law School.

On July 8 Mr. Chin Shu-jen was chosen by the officials as Commander-in-Chief and Chairman of the Committee of the Sinkiang Government.

The above account describes briefly the main features of the tragedy. Who were in the plot, why it miscarried, and what was its real object, it is not possible to say at present, and the true history will probably never be known. The plot was one, however, which could have done no good to the Province or to China if it had succeeded. Political assassinations figure with sinister frequency in the selfish struggles for personal power which is now so shameful a feature of public life in China. There was no question of removing a tyrant who had long oppressed a patient and law-abiding people. The death of the Governor removed an autocrat, it is true, but one whose rule had given peace to a province surrounded by disturbed and disturbing countries. His Excellency Yang-tsen-hsing was sixty-four years old at the time of his death. He was a native of Yunnan and suffered much from the bitter winters of Dzungaria. He was Taotai of Aksu, and in 1911, the year of the revolution, became Taotai of Urumchi. In the same year, the Imperial Governor Yuan-da-khwah resigned, and Yuan became Governor. He was a man of middle height, with the typical goatee beard of the elderly Chinese mandarin. He had a strong face, and was remarkably dignified in all his actions. One felt that in him was a man, and his career showed that his capacity for administration was of a high order. He was a real autocrat, and the *de facto* ruler of the province, taking very little notice of the Central Government. The Peking authorities had several times tried to depose or retire him, but by bribery or by force he kept his position.

Surrounded on all sides by enemies, with an indifferent army, with bad communications, with a mixed and mutually antagonistic population under his rule, Yuan gave his vast province complete tranquillity and a standard of law and order unequalled in China. The few disturbances that took place had no effect on the people in general, who appreciated the good fortune which had given them such a Governor.

The Governor was a Chinaman of the old school—narrow, conservative, and money-making, yet shrewd, patriotic, and generous. He used to give $200 a month to enable the son of Fan Yao-nan to be educated at Peking, and frequently sent presents of money to Fan's family. Many refugee Russians were given allowances by him or else were

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found jobs. He disliked foreigners, though he was too courteous to show his feelings. A student who came with the recent Sino-Swedish Expedition asked the Governor why he did not introduce modern methods into his province and employ some foreigners to start them—an impudent question typical of the modern student. The Governor flew into a rage. He said: "Yes; that is just like you students, ready to sell your country to the foreigner." He allowed no possible rivals. He had made a new general officer of some friend of his, and subsequently heard that the general was raising troops. He sent for him and said: "You have the rank, pay, and position of a general. What do you want troops for? You are to raise none."

On one of his walks he saw a soldier stealing boots from a shop. He watched him until he had removed fourteen pairs. He then said, "That will do," and had him shot on the spot.

Fan Yao-nan, usually known as Fan Taoyin as he had held that rank, was a very different type. He was a thin, frail, short man, a native of Hupeh. He had been educated in Japan. He was abstemious to a point of asceticism and lived on vegetables and hot water. At a dinner party he never touched anything. He had a keen, alert brain, and, if not actually a reformer, was undoubtedly a modernizer. What his aim in killing his chief was will never be known. The old Governor had already recognized the National Government and had hoisted the new flag. He was prepared to go to any lengths, not because he wanted to remain in power or cared about any party in China, but because he wished to maintain peace in the province. He had long wanted to go. He had made his "pile." His family he had sent to China proper. He had no inducement to remain and face the bitter climate. It is not therefore remarkable that his death caused consternation throughout the country and with it very real grief.

The new Governor (or Chairman), H. E. Chin Shu-jen is a native of Kansu. He is under fifty years of age, and he appears to be anxious to carry on the policy of his predecessor. He has not yet been confirmed in his appointment by the Nanking Government, but it is hoped that he will be as more changes are not wanted. May he be as successful in his rule as was his predecessor. But no one in Sin-kiang, Mongol, or Moslem will ever cease to deplore the wicked murder of the man who had given seventeen years of peace and security to the province, and who fell the victim of as foul and futile a plot as has ever disgraced China.

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HAMI OR KUMUL

It was the last day of February, 1928, when I left Urumchi and took the road for Hami or Kumul. It was raining, and the whole country was buried in the winter's snow, which was beginning to thaw in places. The road was slippery and deep in mire, the sky was dull and gloomy, the aspect of the land depressing, and I thought miserably of the wretched hovels of inns that were before me. As we progressed heavy snowstorms occurred, and for ten days we tramped through a monotonous snow-bound track.

At Tao-Shui the road to Hami turns due south, and passes through the Tien Shan by the only cart track between Urumchi and the Kansu end of these mountains.

The Chinese authorities had objected very strongly to my visiting Hami, and it was only by pleading the great loss of "face" that would ensue if I did not go that a reluctant permission was finally given.

From Tao-Shui the road goes to Chikuching, a small settlement of innkeepers, soldiers, and petty officials at the southern end of the valley through the range.

A very different country from the northern or Dzungarian side of the Tien Shan is now traversed. The barren, stony, waterless tracts of Turkestan, with its arid hills and scanty scrub, lie far and wide in front of the traveller to Hami. The halts are at the rare places where water is to be had, and the journey is uninteresting. The one relief to the dreary road is afforded by the mountains, whose glistening peaks beguile the long featureless track.

It is only two days from Hami that the character of the plain changes, and oases with their high poplars and willows break the surface of the plain. The last stage to the town is over a stretch of reed and scrub, with some tall feathery grass, and a good deal of saline efflorescence. Finally a long belt of trees, running north and south, fills the horizon, and Hami is reached.

We found a comfortable Tungan inn, clean and commodious—a surprise that was welcome.

Hami or Kumul, as the Moslem inhabitants call it, is the capital of the Khanate of that name. The place consists of three towns, all surrounded by mud walls.

The first town, seen by a traveller from the west, is the original city of Hami. Rising from the northern side of the wall, and hanging over the chief gate, is the many-tiered palace of the ruler. On the top of the buildings is a mosque, and the crescent on its summit belies the Chinese style of the edifice, which resembles a Buddhist temple in

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outward appearance. The second town is due east of the first, and but a few hundred yards away. This is the Chinese quarter. It is an area of squalid yamens, ramshackle buildings, and filthy streets—by no means a credit to the ruling race. It was full of that most pathetic, useless, and unlovely rabble which passes for men-at-arms in China. These dirty, unkempt, untrained loafers crowded the streets, and blended harmoniously with their repulsive surroundings. It was an object-lesson in dirt, dinginess, and inefficiency.

The third city was again a few hundred yards on. This was the real modern Hami. It had good bazaars, and was a fair-sized place. The town had overflowed its bounds, and the shops and houses straggled away north and south beyond the walls. The population was a mongrel one—the sart shop-keepers from Kashgar or Khotan, the Chinese merchants and artisans, and the Tungan tradesmen were all mixed up. The shops were in some cases well built, and even of two stories, and the architecture of the town gave a distinctly Chinese appearance to the streets.

So far as interest went, that was limited to the old city. Here there was the chief mosque, a large building with its forecourt covered with two sheds, very like a barn at home. Beyond was the main closed-in mosque, with its roof supported on pine pillars. The *qibla* had over it a dark carved wood canopy of oddly Jacobean appearance. The minaret was truly original. This was a high oblong tower, rather like a factory chimney, of dry grey mud. The top of it was scooped into a semicircle, and there the muezzin stood to give the call to prayer. There were other shrines and mosques, and a large "madressé" or school, and over all were large trees shading them. The streets were narrow. There were a few shops, but no bustle. The little old town was tranquil and aloof, and an agreeable contrast to its rivals. And above to the north rose the palace of the Chief.

The Khanate or Kingdom of Hami is embraced by a quadrilateral, formed by a line drawn from Bai to Narin-Kur, thence along the tops of the mountains to I-Wan-Chuan. It then goes south and east to Hsin-Hsin-Hsia and then north again to Bai.

The ruler is Maqsud Shah, who is styled Sultan generally, and is addressed personally as "Ghojam" by his subjects. This is the Turki equivalent of the Persian "Buzurg." He is referred to as Sultan-Ghojam, or sometimes as Tsing-Gan-Ghojam, from his Chinese title of Tsing-Wang, or Duke of the First Order.

The present Sultan is sixty-four years of age. He is of medium height, and neither stout nor thin. His complexion is European. He dresses in Chinese clothes, except for his turban or Turki cap. He wears a long white beard, and his manners are excellent—altogether an attractive personality. He received me in his palace, and was most courteous. He spoke Turki with a marked Chinese accent, and his

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whole surroundings were purely Chinese. We discussed foreign rulers, more particularly Muhammadan powers, and he was clearly interested. Having been several times to Peking, he has seen a good deal of the Chinese world. He refused to allow his photograph to be taken, as he said it was against the law of the Prophet. This is regrettable, for a portrait of one who is probably the last ruler of this ancient kingdom would be of value.

My reception by the Chinese officials of Hami was as disagreeable as that by the Sultan was the reverse. Hami is now—so far as the paramount power goes—under martial law. The Lü Chang, or Commander, and the magistrate were unwilling to see me, but as unfortunately I had to face an interview with this brace of boors, their barrier of excuses was broken down. The Commander's one object—and I don't blame him—was to get me out of his district with all speed. Had he not tried to swamp me in a flood of lies I should not have minded. However, to be brief, I had to abandon my visit to the Karlik Tagh, the eastern part of the Sultan's dominions, in view of the unconcealed hostilities of the Commander, the "Lu Jang," a hungry-looking Celestial whose time was spent in playing Mah Jong.

The Khan was ready to assist me in every way, but had I persisted in my project, it would have much embarrassed him, and there is already some friction between the ruler and the paramount power. His factotum, a pleasant, shrewd man, was much relieved when I said that I was not visiting the Karlik Tagh.

The population of the Sultanate, that is the number of Kumuluks who are ruled by Maqsud Shah, probably is 25,000 to 30,000. The administration consists of four Begs in Kumul itself. Five Begs look after the people in the plain, whilst twelve Begs are in charge of the mountainous parts of the state.

The only direct taxation paid is one head of every hundred sheep or goats, once in three years. A certain amount of labour is also given free, but the general opinion amongst the Chief's subjects is that they are very well off, and would not come under Chinese rule at all willingly.

The Khan himself is very well-to-do. He owns 60,000 head of sheep, besides other animals. His lands yield 40,000 maunds of grain a year. The Chinese pay him 1,200 silver taels annually. If the Chief wishes for anything from his people, he buys it at a fixed and reasonable rate. He pays twenty-eight Urumchi taels (say 23s.) for four maunds of corn, and 4s. 4d. for a load of wood.

There is a militia, of which the local people are proud. Half live in the town, and half in the country; and they are said to be able to fire off their rifles, which is more than the Chinese soldiers can do. In his young days the Sultan may have been rather a severe ruler, but he certainly is not so now.

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What the future of Kumul will be it is hard to say. It is near to the harassed province of Kansu, though happily protected by a wide, inhospitable tract of country, from its well-nigh ruined neighbour.

It is said that the Chinese would like to see the end of this little Kingdom. No doubt an autocratic ruler does not harmonise with the Chinese Republic, and with the ideas that have made the Middle Kingdom such an earthly paradise of late years.

Then again there is the insensate greed for money; and the spectacle of a tax-free prosperous people is too tempting a bait to the venal and greedy Chinese official.

Besides, the end of the independence of the state would mean more jobs for honest men, though Heaven knows that the number of Chinese officials in this country is beyond all reason.

But it looks as though this venerable and ancient state is to suffer the fate of the other Central Asian Khanates. Unfortunately, the idea of a loyal tributary power, a barrier against aggression from the East, makes no appeal to Chinese statecraft, though a loyal and homogeneous state with some power to help and none to harm the Peking authorities would seem rather worthy of support and protection than of annihilation. But it appears as though the hospitable, kindly Kumuluks will lose at once their independence and identity before very long, and will become a mere group in the mongrel patchwork of Central Asian ethnography.

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THE RUSSO-CHINESE FRONTIER

FROM THE ALTAI TO THE TIEN-SHAN

TEN years ago the frontiers of the Chinese and Russian Empires marched together from Afghanistan to Manchuria. There is now, however, a break in this long line. At the Altai Mountains, the lost province of Outer Mongolia, a Sovietized state independent of China, intrudes itself, and Chinese territory does not touch Russian until much further east.

The Russo-Chinese frontier between the Altai Mountains and the Tien-Shan provides three approaches to Chinese Turkestan, and through it to Tibet, Kansu, and Inner Mongolia. These means of ingress from the west to the east of Central Asia are more important, because much easier and more central, than those further south.

In many places this frontier line runs over open level plain, whereas south of the Ili district an unbroken range of hills, often rising to great heights, forms the frontier, and the few rivers that pierce this wall—*e.g.*, the Taushkan and the Naryn—give no passage through.

Between the Altai and the Tien-Shan, however, three rivers, the Irtish, Emil, and Ili, provide an easy route between China and Russia.

The Outer Mongolian frontier at the point where it joins China and Russia, north-east of the Kanaz lake, is the watershed of the Great Altai Range. When it was visited in May the snow was almost gone. There exist few and difficult bridle-paths, but the only pass of importance from China into Outer Mongolian territory is north of Sharasuné, or Cheng-wa-ssu (not Tulta, quite a different place), the capital of Altai. This is the Urkhagaitu Pass of the War Office 1/4,000,000 map. The name is really Urmogaitu. Tulta is also wrongly placed on this map, being identified with the capital. This pass is closed to all traffic, as intercourse between China and her lost province is not allowed. The only interest that this pass now has lies in the strong Bolshevist influence in Outer Mongolia. From where the three frontiers join, the boundary-line runs west over the few remaining miles of the Altai range. When the frontier turns south, the Ak-kaba river, in May a roaring stream like the Jhelum river at Kohala, with its sides overhung with tall poplar and birch, forms the boundary. Later in the year the stream is easily crossed. The country near the river is difficult. The hills are very steep, and drop sheer down to the river.

Where the Kara Kaba joins the Ak-Kaba the frontier goes off west

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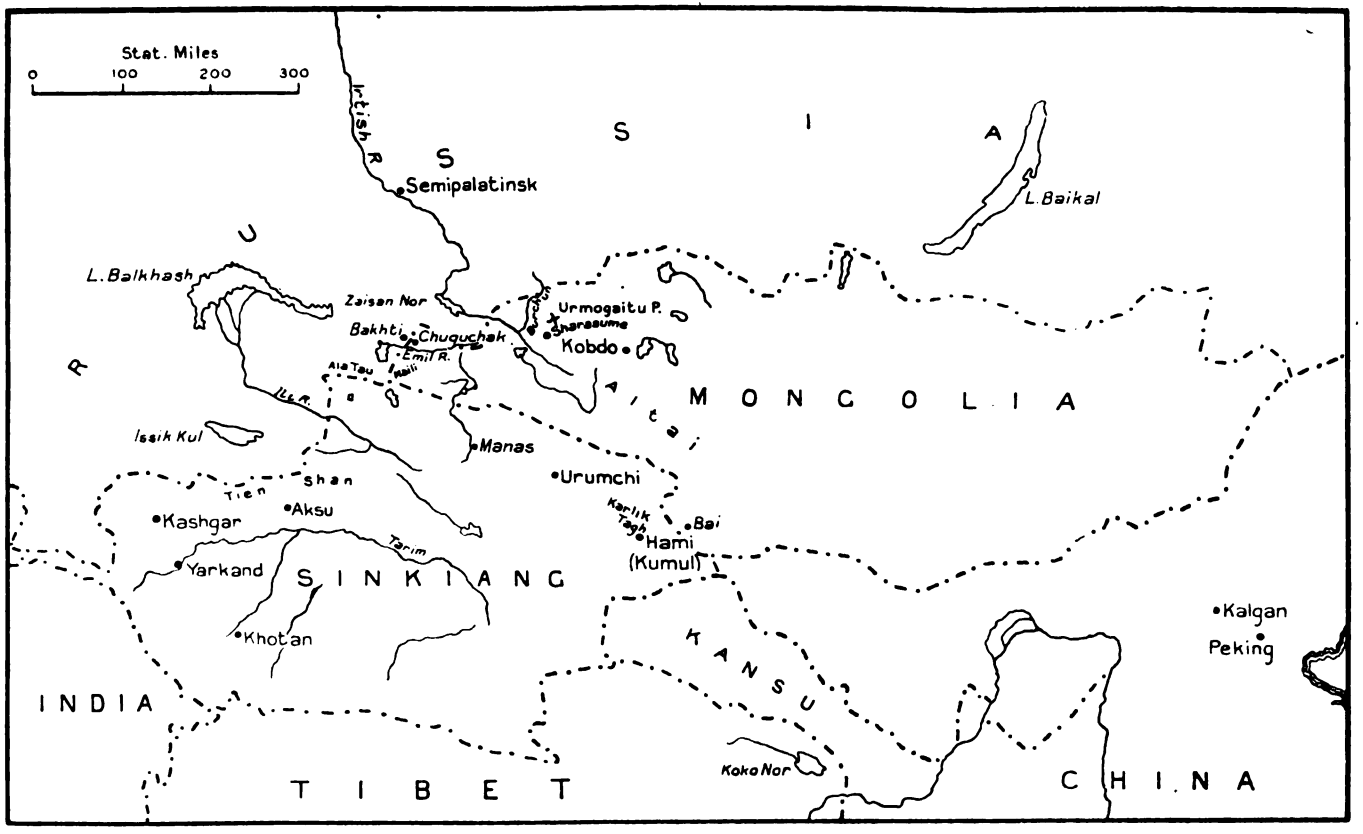

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and south to the right bank of the Irtish. This river, reinforced by the Kran, Burchun, and Kaba, is a sombre stream, of great volume, but not rapid. Steamers used to come up the Irtish as far as Burchun, where a small settlement of Russian houses, built on deep sand, is a relic of pre-Bolshevist days.

The valley of the Irtish forms an easy way into the north of Sin-Kĭang. The river is navigable, and the ground on either side is easy and rolling. The importance of this route is discounted by the desolate region it traverses. The Altai supports a large nomad population, but further east the country is barren, and a long, inhospitable and unremunerative region would have to be passed before any populated places were reached. But undoubtedly there is a possibility of this route being used to link Outer Mongolia with the Russian railway systems of the Semipalatinsk and Semirechia provinces. But such a line would have no revenue-earning value. The chance of tapping the mineral wealth of the Altai would be an inducement to making a railway, but hardly to its prolongation east. The steamer service should suffice for the produce of the mining area.

On the main road from Sharasumé to Zaisan is the small Chinese town of Chimunai (Maikapchagai). This is south of the Irtish, and is on the small Lasta river, which flows north into the former. The Lasta is a mere trickle. It forms the frontier, which is here particularly open and easy. The Chinese town of Chimunai is built on the right bank of the Lasta, whilst opposite, not a hundred yards off, is a good Russian guard post (built in a hollow !), a post-office rather shabby and dilapidated, and further down some miserable houses. There is no traffic across the frontier here, and only mails are exchanged. On the Chinese side there is quite a good bazaar.

South of the Irtish valley, which is the first opening in the frontier, the Kara Adyr Saur and Tarbagtai ranges form a barrier between the two countries. There is an easy pass which, in former days, made a short cut from Altai to Chuguchak, but it is now closed for political reasons.

South-west of this mountainous area is the Chinese frontier town of Chuguchak or Tahcheng (the name Sui-Ching-Ch'eng is unknown). This lies in the second or central gap in the frontier line formed by the Emil river. This town is the most thriving centre for foreign trade, not even excepting Kashgar, in the whole province. Its strategic and political importance is considerable. It lies on the main route, suitable for and actually used by motors, between Russian and Chinese Central Asia ; and before long it will be brought close to the Russian railway system.

Russian territory is only a few miles away, although the frontier post at Koktuma (Russian Bakhty) is twelve miles off. The road lies over a grassy plain to where a small stream divides the two countries.

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On the north of the road is the isolated hill of Bakhty, which has given the name to the Russian settlement. On the Chinese side a large mud-pie fort and Customs station contrasts with the neat buildings beyond the frontier. Yet Russian Bakhty is dead.

Chuguchak has a population of 15,000, mostly Kashgarliks. The trade is brisk; all day long camels laden with wool, hides, or cotton come into the town. Cleaning and packing these materials is a local industry. There are many well-built warehouses and merchants' premises. There is an enormous ugly red brick mosque, exactly like a dissenting chapel. Most Russian goods come through Chuguchak. Mails for Europe via Russia go through it. Most travellers, whether to China or Europe, also go this way. By car it is only four days from Urumchi to Bakhty. Two days more take them to Semipalatinsk, whence a train to Novo-Sibirsk (late Novo Nicolaevsk) brings them to the Trans-Siberian railway.

Chuguchak lies in a fertile extensive plain, watered by the Emil river. The plain is swampy in places, but there is much cultivation which could be extended; and in June the grass and reeds were high enough to hide a mounted man. The cold in winter is intense, and fuel is a difficulty.

The route south and east from Chuguchak is an easy one. The mountains between the frontier and Urumchi are inconsiderable, and the chief obstacle, the Manass river, has now been bridged some way up, though only in a primitive way, to suit the few motor cars that use the road. This seems a suitable route for railway extension from Russia into China.

Between Chuguchak and the Ili valley lies a great mass of mountains. These are high and difficult to cross, and are an effective barrier. In the middle of them, however, is a famous opening, the Dzungarian Gates. This pompous name is given to an almost level stretch of scrub-covered plain between the Ala Tau and Maili ranges. Across this wind-swept uninviting tract runs the frontier. Whatever importance it may have had in past times, this opening is now neglected. Under modern conditions of transport, even in Central Asia, the Dzungarian Gates have no value. They lead from nowhere to nowhere. Inhospitable, remote, and uninhabited, they are of geographical interest only.

The Ili valley, famous from Kashgar to Kalgan for its fertility, famous, too, for the revolutions and political changes it has seen, lies between two arms of the Tien-Shan. Between these high mountains flows the Ili river into lake Balkash. The chief town is Kuldja, and the frontier town is Khorgos. There are many Russians in the valley, and the population is very mixed. There are Chinese, Sarts, Tartars, Manchus, Kalmucks, Kazaks, and Tungans. The valley is undoubtedly of great fertility and the district much prized by the Chinese. The Russian consular buildings at Kuldja are imposing. However, for

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commerce Kuldja is a dead-end. It can only taste what it can consume, and for trade it is not an important centre, for the mountains on both sides are a barrier to distribution. There is, though, a cart road to Urumchi, a journey of eighteen days. In a frontier of such length and complexity, defensive measures are impossible. So long as China is China, ready to build mud forts at the bottom of valleys, and indifferent to the simplest needs of defence, it is unlikely that the present system will change. What developments proper motor roads or railways will bring with them it is hard to say.

The policing of the frontier, however, is carried on elaborately and not unsuccessfully. It is difficult for anyone to come into China unknown. No nomad cares to receive a refugee; and in the towns espionage is universal. Contraband is a different matter, and a good deal of smuggling goes on.

On the whole, despite several defects, the Russo-Chinese frontier between the Altai and Tien-Shan is satisfactory. The line had to cross gaps in the mountains, and if it had avoided these by an effort to keep to the high ground, China would have lost much territory.

Geographically the Ili and Emil valleys belong to Asiatic Russia as at present constituted, but it must be remembered that Russian territorial expansion in Asia has been very often at the expense of China.

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CHEZ LES SOVIETS EN ASIE CENTRALE*

In 1927, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevist *coup d'état*, a delegation of French workers were invited to Moscow, and from there were taken to Russian Turkistan, to be shown the beauties of the Sovietic rule in the various Muhammadan republics. When they were about to return, they gave their impressions, in some lyrical passages, to the Bolshevist press at Tashkent; M. Gachet, President of the Delegation, proclaiming that "in the Sovietic State equality of all nationalities is an accomplished fact"; M. Chemineau, another of the delegation, that "we have acquired the certitude that the population of the young Sovietic Uzbegistan are self-governing"; and a third member, a Syrian named Ali Mirza, that "I have seen with my own eyes how much in the country of the Soviets my co-religionists are happier than where capitalism reigns."

Moustapha Tchokaieff's pamphlet, now before us, is a reasoned reply to these declarations, and a warning to French workers that the members of their delegation had been the dupes of Soviet officials; and this reply and warning Tchokaieff gives, not by having recourse to invectives against the Bolshevists in Turkistan, but by a calm exposure of their own admissions, resolutions, and decrees: socialism, he believes, should rid itself of mistakes already made, rather than sleep on falsehoods which in the long run will be able to deceive no one.

Then, going on to refute the various declarations of the delegates, Tchokaieff points out—as regards the supposed self-government of the Muhammadan republics—that one of the very first acts of the Soviet in Turkistan was to take away from the Muhammadan population the right to participate in their own country's administration. In a Resolution of November 19, 1917, the third Congress of the Soviets of Turkistan declared clearly and decisively: "The incorporation of Muhammadans in the higher revolutionary organs is unacceptable." Where then can the native population have any self-government?

And what of the happiness which made so profound an impression on the Syrian, Ali Mirza, of his co-religionists in the Sovietic States? By way of portraying that happiness, Tchokaieff quotes a passage from a book, entitled "The Revolution and the Native Population of Turkistan," the author of which is Tourar Ryskoulov, the actual Vice-President of the Council of Commissars in the Federation of Russia. In this book Ryskoulov mentions the reading out of the following

* "Chez les Soviets en Asie Centrale." By Moustapha Tchokaieff. Preface by Pierre Renaudel. Paris: Messageries Hachette. 1928.

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declaration by a poor Muhammadan, in the course of the proceedings of the third Regional Congress of the Communist Party of Turkistan, held at Tashkent on June 6, 1919:

"We, poor Muhammadans, were only cattle under Nicholas, the Bloody. We are equally that now, under the proletarian régime. And perhaps our condition is worse, in spite of the fact that we never opposed the Sovietic power. The representatives of that power declared that their fight was with the capitalists; and under that pretext, they have pillaged and filled their pockets. . . . . A poor proletarian, owning a horse and a cart, used to do transport work, and thereby to supply the needs of his family. But a Red Guard appears and takes away his horse, without payment. And the unhappy man is left with his family, despoiled of his all. Under the pretext of plundering the rich, everybody has been plundered—the whole population of Namangan, 84,000 souls. There, all goods have been confiscated, even door locks."

But if the native Muhammadans are treated thus by the Russians, how do the Russians treat each other? The same declaration explains:

"The representatives of the Sovietic power protect only the Russians. These are given good footwear, and these decorate their houses with silks and precious textiles—stolen from the others (Muhammadans). And what is done for us Muhammadans? Are we fed? Is footgear distributed to us? No, were it so, our poor would not be going about with naked feet. If we had been given food, thousands, ten thousands of us would not have died of starvation. What remains in our houses? There remains only old pieces of bedcovers. Nothing else."

Apart from the confiscation of goods, largely for the benefit of the Russian portion of the population, native agriculturists have also been victimized; and Tchokaieff shows how the Sovietic land policy in Turkistan is all directed to two objects: one, to help on the Russian mujik colonization of the country; and the other, to bring the entire agriculture of Turkistan under economic subjection to Moscow, and this regardless of local interests. The agrarian reform was carried out about three years ago. It transferred the lands of the big proprietors to small owners and poor peasants. The rich gave up willingly enough, but the strange thing was that the poor man was not equally willing to receive; so that the trouble the Sovietic authorities had was not in forcing the rich to give, but in preventing the poor, once having received land, from restoring it to its former owners.

"The reason," says Tchokaieff, "for this phenomenon, which may appear to some rather strange, consists, not in the strength of some 1,500 landowners and big merchants, who have no arms other than their kitchen knives, but in the fact that the Sovietic authorities have transformed this agrarian reform into a terrible instrument of their

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economic policy, one which is anti-national to Turkistan. In the first place, one should realize that in the majority of cases the small landowner possesses very little, hardly even the agricultural materials necessary for the working of his land. Consequently, it is all the easier to bring him under the yoke of the cotton policy of the Soviets. By means of pecuniary advances on future crops, the Sovietic Government obliges the small landowner, who is deprived of all initiative, to cultivate on his land nothing but cotton. Already in 1927 the area under cotton exceeded the pre-war level, though cattle-breeding, which, with cotton growing, constitutes one of the chief productions of the country, is still far from having reached its former level. Hence this inconceivable dependence of Central Asia, principally of its Muhammadan portion, on Russian imported corn. The non-execution by the Soviet Government of the scheme of corn importation—and this non-execution has become permanent—causes a great rise in corn prices. And the peasant cultivator does not get the lawful equivalent for his cotton."

Some other points, equally interesting, are discussed by Tchokaieff, such as the intensive colonization of Turkistan by mujiks from Russia, a measure strongly resented by the native population, and the scandal in connection with the irrigation of the Kara-Kum desert, which, practically for no work done, made the fortune of numerous Russian engineers. But space precludes details.

The pamphlet is a reasoned and an undoubtedly forcible reply to the effusions of the French Labour Delegation. That makes us all the more curious to know something concerning the pamphleteer himself. But apart from the fact that he is a native of Turkistan and is now an émigré, we have no information about him; though, judging from his writings, we are inclined to believe him to be a Turkistani Muhammadan of democratic views, who, like most of his co-religionists, would have been quite prepared to accept with good grace the Bolshevist *coup d'état*, had it given to his country freedom and democracy.

In reading over Tchokaieff's pamphlet, the reviewer, who in 1918 had an opportunity of seeing something of Bolshevism as it was then at Tashkent, is struck with one fact rather suggested by the pamphlet, that is, the smallness of the difference between the policy of the Bolshevists, as now pursued in Turkistan, and the policy as lately pursued by the Tzarist régime: the aim of the one was, and of the other is, the intensive exploitation of Turkistan for the benefit of Moscow, and this without overmuch regard for local native interests and feelings.

One of the unpopular measures of the Tzarist régime was certainly the colonization of the country by mujiks, who came in train-loads from Europe, and by forceful means acquired large stretches of land, mostly on the north-east portion of Russian Turkistan. This land belonged

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once to the Kirghiz, and such was the resentment against the Russian settlers that it resulted in a terrible tragedy in the summer of 1916. Taking advantage of the depletion, owing to the War, of the Vernoie garrison, hordes of Kirghiz, led by four chiefs, the Shabadan brothers, all men with a certain amount of Russian education, made a surprise attack on the Russians dwelling on the border, or in the vicinity, of the Issik-kul lake. They plundered the Russian houses, and butchered every Russian man they saw; and carrying off the Russian women and children, they swarmed in thousands over the passes leading into Chinese territory, and then, with lightning speed, dispersed and lost themselves and their captives among the Chinese Kirghiz of the Tien-shan. Well does the reviewer remember how later on a few Russian women, in rags and with shoes worn through, came into Kashgar, weary, emaciated, and diseased; they had been discarded by their captors, and had trudged on foot all the way from the mountains round about Uch Turfan, at last to find shelter in the Russian Consulate.

This Kirghiz rising had been brought about undoubtedly by Russian land hunger. And what have the Soviet authorities done to stop the appetite? Let Tchokaieff answer. He tells us that, after the agrarian reform, all the land did not pass to indigent Muhammadans. An important part was kept back by the State, and then allotted to Russian Red soldiers, and "the percentage," adds Tchokaieff, "of Red soldiers who are natives of the country is almost nil. . . . In this way the Sovietic agrarian reform continues the odious immigration policy of the fallen régime."

In the matter of the use of Turkistan as a raw-cotton-producing country, we see that a no less parallel course is being pursued. If there be any difference of procedure between the old and the new régime, it is in the greater relentlessness of the latter; whereas formerly the native cultivator could grow cotton or not, just as it suited him, now he is given no choice under the new economic conditions. As he is made to depend on European Russia for the very wheat with which his bread is made, how will he fare if there be a famine in Russia, he who lives in a country which, under normal conditions, flows with milk and honey?

A pamphlet dealing with matters such as the above is certainly worthy of the attention of everyone interested in the political condition of Russian Central Asia. On the reviewer's mind, Tchokaieff's writings leave a curious doubt—whether there be any *bona fide* Bolshevists in Turkistan at all, or whether the country is simply being held up by a gang who, parading as Bolshevists, are appropriating the wealth of the community, not so much to any common good as to the enlargement of individual fortunes.

G. MACARTNEY.

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REVIEWS

"LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON"

By Sir Ian Malcolm, K.C.M.G.

"When one realizes that Lord Curzon's spirit of penetration was confined neither to Western India nor to India as a whole, but had run over a large part of Central Asia beside, one is amazed that anything of that energy was left to carry on the great Imperial tasks that have fallen on his shoulders in the hazardous days that span the close of his great Viceroyalty and the present day."
—Sir George Lloyd on Lord Curzon, Central Asian Society Dinner, July 3, 1924.

O si sic omnes! Would that all biographies, whether great or small, had been written with the knowledge, judgment, and unerring taste that characterize the Earl of Ronaldshay's Life of Lord Curzon (Ernest Benn, 3 vols.). Here is a presentment where sanity is never obscured by sympathy, where detail is kept scrupulously subordinate to main outlines, where light and shade fall upon the picture as from an artist's brush; where all will say as they look upon the portrait, "This was a Man." When the preliminary notices of this work first appeared, it was not uncommon to hear the criticism that three volumes would be excessive for the Life of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and that his biographer would have done well to exercise the rare gift of compression. We greatly doubt whether any competent critic would hold that opinion today; for he will have realized that, with unusual skill, Lord Ronaldshay has not only given to the public a full-length portrait of a great man, but has combined with it a new and real contribution to the Indian, foreign, and domestic political history of our own times. Such a setting was entirely appropriate to such a figure; no less becoming than to paint Lord Nelson on the deck of the *Victory*, the philosopher in his library, or the Pope upon his throne. For, from his earliest days, Lord Curzon lived and moved and thought in an atmosphere of political activity and interest; seldom stirring out of it except to refresh himself, during his rare intervals of leisure, in the Garden of the Muses or in the classic shades of University life and learning. And how conveniently this trilogy is presented to us: the dawn, the noon-day, and the evening of a great career; illustrated by his passage from the House of Commons to the Viceroyalty, and then to the posts of Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords: three distinct acts in the drama of his life, yet threaded together upon the twin cords of Imperial instinct and of almost perpetual pain.

Are we, who knew him well from his parliamentary days, to select from these twelve hundred pages of biography those traits and episodes which most truly reveal Lord Curzon to a generation which only knew him in his last phase, and to their successors who will assuredly read of him as a great name in the history of the past thirty years? If so,

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we would have the world ponder first of all upon his untiring industry and upon his unbending courage in the face of physical disability (and sometimes torture) which would have given sufficient reason and excuse for lesser men to have flinched from the obligations and responsibilities of public life. His biographer has made it plain that it was the first of these qualities—his own feverish and encyclopædic industry—that made him impatient with those who failed him in this respect, or who were prepared to assume charges for which they had not been adequately trained. He could not easily, says Lord Ronaldshay with great truth, put himself into another man's skin; and that is why, first in one office and then in another, he was unpopular with subordinates: he was genuinely disappointed in people who approached their work insufficiently equipped for its performance, and when he displayed his irritation it not infrequently left a scar. It is probable that this was among the reasons why, temperamentally, Lord Curzon was constantly in opposition to Mr. Lloyd George, whose method of approach to problems that had to be solved was so utterly different from his own. The Foreign Secretary did not pause to reflect that, on occasion, another way might be the better way; it was sufficient that it was not *his* way, and must, therefore, and of necessity be dangerous or wrong.

So with his physical endurance under pain from which he was seldom free; he bore it patiently and without complaint, except to his nearest friends. Herein lies the secret of his loneliness, which was generally mistaken for pomposity, and of an aloofness that savoured of arrogance. Anyone who has suffered as Curzon suffered knows the necessity of self-restraint to a degree undreamed of by a healthy man. That reticence deepens into shy reserve and self-dependence, until it becomes a conscious effort to share thoughts freely or to trust others to the fullest extent. Such was Curzon's case: where things mattered, he was dogmatic and confident, seldom persuasive; whilst, as for his power of delegating work, it was non-existent; so innate was his mistrust of other people's capabilities, and his fear lest they should be inadequate and ultimately leave him to do the work that he had assigned to them. *Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner.* Which of us who had the privilege of working with him does not remember constantly seeing him, whether in India or in London, after an exhausting Durbar or a debate in the Lords, sitting in shirt-sleeves at his desk until the early hours of the morning, and writing with his own hand either begging letters for some great scheme, or memoranda, or private correspondence which a man otherwise constituted would have dictated at a more convenient season and in a quarter of the time. That way lay overwork and consequent sleeplessness, and all the nervous disorders that follow upon it. Let the man who, all unknowing, is inclined to dismiss Curzon as an unpopular relic of a pompous age read Lord Ronaldshay's volumes in the light of the foregoing comments and his opinion will be greatly shaken. He will no longer stress these personal and physical defects (for defects

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they were) as essentials; rather will he marvel at the resolution and the output of a man whose life was passed in the fiercest light of publicity for more than a generation.

The foundations of that output were well and truly laid at Eton and Oxford, in wide Oriental travel and in the House of Commons; and we can imagine no wiser book to put in the hands of a young man who wishes to fit himself for public life than Vol. I. of the Life under review. It demonstrates plainly how far and how fast a man may go who decides upon his career early in life and never wastes a moment of time in preparing for it. It is a monument of conscious and precocious method fully justified by results; it is a romance of the dream of ambitious youth realized beyond ordinary expectation; it is the opening act of a drama of promise and of great fulfilment. But it is not until we reach Vol. II. and India that we begin to see the fruit from the seed so laboriously sown during the first forty years of Lord Curzon's life. In those seven memorable years, memorable even in the long life of India, the output of lasting reform attributable to the energy and devotion of a single man has never been surpassed either before or since the spacious days of Akbar. A generation has already elapsed since Lord Curzon left the East; yet of all his far-reaching reforms for the benefit of India, some fifteen in number, only one has failed to stand the test of public opinion or of successive Administrations; but others have gathered the harvest that he sowed. By his work in India he was content that his life-work should be judged: "My heart is in poor old India," was the burthen of his song until the end of his days. And we would confidently wager that, when the later history of that great Dependency comes to be written in the fulness of knowledge, the historian will brush aside Lord Curzon's frequent controversies with the Home Government and his battle-royal with Lord Kitchener, and he will judge that great Viceroyalty by the landmarks that remain to show the constructive statesmanship of a master mind. Hard, indeed, it is that, with so much of inestimable value to his credit, Lord Curzon should have left India with a broken heart which none of his succeeding high offices nor glittering rewards sufficed to heal. This was the second of the three chief disappointments of his manhood; the earlier one was his failure to get a "first" at Oxford; the last and the bitterest was still to come. And here we leave Vol. II., which contains a great deal that is new, and admirably weighed by an expert, in the history of India between the years 1898-1906; and we return with Curzon to England where he spent the last, the saddest and the fullest twenty years of his life. It is not difficult to imagine that Vol. III. must have been the most difficult of the trilogy to write and to keep a just balance to the very end. Yet Lord Ronaldshay has undoubtedly succeeded in this exacting task, and the Epilogue which closes the book is a masterly *critique* of the portrait by the same hand that painted the picture.

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The opening chapters are shrouded in black clouds of personal affliction and of public chagrin. The Viceroy lands in England to find the days of his beloved numbered, and within six months she had passed beyond his ken. Here, perhaps, is the place to record that the delicacy of Lord Ronaldshay's work is nowhere more apparent than in his narrative of the passionate devotion and unswerving trust that existed between these two from the earliest days of their courtship. Let us not mar it by comment or quotation, but be content to exhibit it to all future biographers as the perfect pattern of style for dealing with such intimate relations. For the time, the death of Lady Curzon shattered all the ex-Viceroy's remaining desire to re-enter public life; and the gloom was deepened by the estrangement of old friends, the refusal of the Conservative Prime Minister to give him the usual reward of a British peerage, and the overwhelming of his party in the Liberal flood at the General Election of 1906. Yet there was something in Curzon's moral constitution—was it zeal for the common good, was it ambition, was it that form of nervous prostration which ever hungers for more work; what was it?—which bore him over the tide of disaster and landed him upon the shores of extra-parliamentary life. In 1907 he was elected above Lord Rosebery to be Chancellor of the University of Oxford, a post that he occupied until his death and filled with an energy and efficiency that were wholly characteristic of him. This long period, of supreme importance to modern Oxford, is admirably examined by Sir Herbert Warren (his Vice-Chancellor) in a wisely interpolated chapter. Then followed his election to the House of Lords as a representative peer of Ireland, and thus he returned into the political arena which he adorned until he died.

We cannot help being grateful to Lord Ronaldshay for the remaining chapters of this book, filled as they are with carefully read and brilliantly written history of the last twenty years. The events of those years, in which Lord Curzon took a leading part from the constitutional crisis in 1911 to the General Election of 1924, were not only important in themselves; they supplied, incidentally, a number of examples of Lord Curzon's mentality and method of dealing with them during his declining years. His power of administration seems to have been as great as ever, judging by his efficiency in a variety of offices during the Great War; his lucidity of exposition was undimmed, as all will agree who read his statements to the Cabinet on Foreign Office Policy, and his post-war speeches to the Imperial Conference. But something was lacking; his gift of "drive" seems to have left him when he no longer wore the robes of a Viceroy; and with it disappeared his earlier power of irrevocable decision at important crises in his country's history—notably in the cases of the Parliament Bill, the Government of India Bill, the Woman's Suffrage division, the Egyptian question, the necessity for a General Election in 1922, and on the innumerable occasions when

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the policy of the Foreign Office was overridden by the decisions of the Prime Minister. With these manifestations of a mind that was bending rather than breaking under the force of circumstances, Lord Ronaldshay deals faithfully but in a sympathetic spirit; as he does also with the days of final catastrophe when Mr. Baldwin was preferred to Lord Curzon for the post of Prime Minister. In all of these cases we are presented with a wealth of new documentary evidence and information upon which to form our own opinions of Lord Curzon's character and of the delicate situations with which he was confronted.

Such, then, is the book and such the portrait of a remarkable statesman who served in high place under three British Sovereigns, and wielded great power in the East and West for the best part of thirty years. We have dealt in this review principally with the political aspects of Lord Ronaldshay's biography, which, however, has much that is interesting and pleasant to tell us of Lord Curzon's literary work, academic activities, public generosity, artistic tastes, and social graces. Not the least of these was his supreme talent as a host, when his irrepressible gaiety of spirit (if in good health) was the joy of all his friends, though quite unknown to and unsuspected by the public at large. But for fuller information upon all these subjects we would refer the reader to the book itself, promising him that he will be well repaid by its perusal. Throughout his life, or the greater part of it, Lord Curzon was what most of us would account a fortunate man; in death he is thrice happy in his biographer.

IAN MALCOLM.

FOREIGN DIPLOMACY IN CHINA, 1894-1900. A Study in Political and Economic Relations with China. By Philip Joseph, LL.B. (McGill), Ph.D. (London). With an Introduction by Sir A. Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., LL.D. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6$. 458 pp. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 16s.

This book makes its appearance at an opportune moment. The cessation of civil war in China and the setting up of a Nationalist Government, which in outward appearance and aspiration controls the state, have been regarded by the world at large as the beginning of a new chapter in the history of China's international relations. To many this year 1928 marks one more of those clearly defined stages in China's progress towards the goal of a modern state since the year when Japan forced the China question on the world with such startling effect. Whether in the present state of Chinese politics, with no real solution of the conflict between military and civil authority in sight, this may not be too sanguine a view is perhaps open to question, but the breathing time afforded undoubtedly makes a retrospect, such as Dr. Joseph's book supplies, peculiarly appropriate. He will certainly be read with interest

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by a great many people who have no special acquaintance with far eastern affairs: he will be read with greater interest by all those who were residents in Peking during those eventful years; but it may be safely affirmed that he will be read by the Chinese themselves, either in original or in translation, with something more than interest. The history of the so-called Battle of the Concessions, as it is unfolded by Dr. Joseph with so much painstaking research into post war documents, constitutes a case for China against the Foreign Powers that no amount of casuistical argument can defend. Resentment which has hitherto made the unequal treaties a slogan for attack will here find a surer and a safer target. It is a tale which has scarcely one redeeming feature. Never in the history of foreign diplomacy has there been exposure so complete.

The book has many merits and few blemishes. The arrangement is orderly, and it is written in a lucid and narrative form which guides the reader through all the mazes of negotiation, carried on simultaneously, not alone at Peking, but in London and in every capital of Europe. The task of the reviewer has to a great extent been forestalled by the admirable introduction written for the author by Sir Frederick Whyte. He lays emphasis on what, indeed, is the main thread of Dr. Joseph's argument—his apology for the British Government. Although in his preface he does not say so, the author has evidently been impressed by the attempts of various American publicists to represent the United States as the one white lamb in a diplomatic flock of the deepest black. All honour must, of course, be paid to Mr. Hay for his somewhat belated attempt to establish the principle of the Open Door. And, until he intervened, search may be made in vain in all the writings and speeches of contemporary foreign statesmen, from the marginal notes of the ex-Kaiser to electioneering utterances from British party platforms, for any suggestion that the welfare and interest of the Chinese people might properly be made the subject of debate. Nevertheless, Dr. Joseph shows very clearly that the Open Door did not originate with Mr. Hay. Great Britain, true to her policy of keeping channels and opportunities for her trade open throughout China's dominions, had from the outset endeavoured to assert the policy of the Open Door. And it was only when her isolation and preoccupation elsewhere made it impossible for her to prevail in the teeth of Russian, French, and German opposition, that, with reluctance, she adopted the modified policy of spheres of interest and was forced, step by step, to her final acquisition of territory. While this is made abundantly clear by Dr. Joseph, British subjects have no reason to contemplate with any special complacency or pride the achievements of British diplomacy during the orgy of claim and counter-claim at Peking with which the bewildered Ministers of the Tsung-li-

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Yamên were bombarded. The British Minister of the day did his share of "table thumping," and if his bag of concessions was hardly so spectacular as that of neighbouring Legations, it was accepted as making an adequate showing in the profit and loss account of British prestige in China. Of these concessions, two were acclaimed with very general satisfaction by the public, though they were regarded with misgiving by the late Sir Robert Hart. The stipulation concerning the Inspector-Generalship of Customs was obviously double-edged, and this did not escape the cautious mind of the late Lord Salisbury. Those who were in China at the time were somewhat surprised by the interpolation of a demand for which there did not appear to be any special urgency. But the British Government's insistence is sufficiently explained by the fact that the Russians had put forward a demand not only for Sir Robert's dismissal but for the reversion of his official post. Although there was internal evidence pointing to the existence of this demand, and even to the personality of the successor whom the Russian Government had in view, it was not generally known. The Inland Waters Concession was a demand of quite another category. It was conceived on the broadest lines for the furtherance of British trade on the principle that trade will follow the flag. To the man in the street it seemed but a logical extension of the policy which had successfully battered down the doors of Chinese exclusiveness. At a moment when the break-up of China loomed largely in the imagination of the uninformed, a case could perhaps be made out for it as a means of preserving the integrity of China. But, in effect, it was one of the most serious encroachments on Chinese sovereignty that has ever been perpetrated, and it may be claimed that the appearance of the foreign flag on the inland waterways, providing ocular demonstration to intelligent but illiterate masses of foreign penetration over a widespread area, was one of the most potent causes of that stiffening opinion which, as Dr. Joseph shows, had for its first result determined opposition to any more foreign demands, and later exploded in the Boxer outbreak of 1900. With this demand to the credit of the British Government, it has always seemed strange that, in these later times and changed circumstances, eagerness to throw out ballast should have taken the form of relinquishing rights and interests secured by treaty, in preference to relinquishing a concession extorted as make-weight for loss of prestige, due to no arrogance of China, but merely to her weakness in the grip of powerful neighbours. And it is one of those little ironies, of which China alone seems capable of affording examples, that while Great Britain has been making almost pathetic attempts to rid herself of her only territorial acquisition from the Battle of the Concessions, a concession of no territorial significance,

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granted willingly by China for a particular purpose and secured by treaty of long standing, has been wrested from her in every circumstance damaging to her prestige.

A word may be said on the subject of the bibliography listed by Dr. Joseph. The first thought that will strike the reader is the wealth of the material gathered and the laborious research which examination of so large a number of documents must have demanded. Indeed, the author seems to suffer sometimes from an embarrassment of riches. This is not a reticent age, and it may well be that considerable light may be thrown on any given period by the self-revelation of contemporary memoirs and by State documents which but for post-war conditions would never have been accessible, but it is permissible to wonder whether too much importance may not sometimes be attached to opinions and inferences in documents of this kind.

Dr. Joseph has alluded in his preface to the absence of Japanese and Chinese state papers from his list. It is not to be supposed that the Japanese Government, with its almost meticulous care in the matter of documentation, has not preserved in secret archives a very complete record of these pregnant years. Perusal of those documents would provide an amazing commentary on contemporary international politics. But public opinion in Japan was, and is still, guided by very closely held leading strings, and the Japanese Government is wont to confront the people with accomplished facts rather than with the explanation of them. It will probably be many years before such illuminating documents as the British Command Papers of 1897 and 1898 will be laid before the Japanese public. Japanese statesmen, too, display in their public utterances a reticence which would be impossible in this country.

In the case of China, records of a kind may possibly exist in the archives handed down from the Tsung-li-Yamên, although elaborate note-taking was never a feature of important diplomatic interviews. Chinese ministers under the dynasty were never eager to place themselves on record in matters connected with foreign diplomacy. The result of Yamên interviews was generally reported by word of mouth at Imperial audiences, and it was only when negotiations had reached conclusion that they were submitted in memorial form. One of the most curious effects in the art of face saving was to be seen in the Government's habitual attitude towards foreign questions. The Tsung-li-Yamên was a very cinderella among the Boards, and it was not until near the close of the Imperial régime that it was given full status. Its ministers derived their chief importance from their position in one or other of the six Boards. Allusion to foreign affairs was extremely rare in the pages of the *Peking Gazette*, which at that time was practically the only medium for public

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enlightenment. State papers in the modern sense were entirely unknown.

Matter for serious criticism of the contents of Dr. Joseph's work, of which the merits are so obvious, is singularly wanting. In the light, however, of present-day knowledge of Chinese finance, it is difficult to follow him in the conclusion recorded in the opening chapter, headed, "Commercial Privileges," even when apparently fortified by an authority so eminent as Dr. H. B. Morse, that fiscal arrangements introduced by the Treaties restricted the growth of Chinese revenue, and that the new fiscal machinery imposed by foreign governments disorganised the internal fiscal organisation of China. By introducing order, method, and strict impartiality in the conduct of China's foreign trade the treaties were instrumental in promoting growth of revenue. A Maritime Customs collection, which doubled itself in little more than two decades, is no evidence of restriction, and it is incontestable that in purely Chinese hands this growth would have been unattainable. It is true that the advent of the Maritime Customs, taking its place in the Chinese system as essentially a state institution, was regarded with misgiving by the higher provincial authorities, but this was rather from its implications than from any adverse effect it had upon provincial finance. In those days when state revenue was to be a considerable extent receivable in kind, and when provincial exchequers, subject to the remittance of inconsiderable sums in bullion for Court purposes, were practically autonomous, the creation of a department, which recorded receipts in cash instead of conventional estimates, naturally gave food for thought of a disquieting nature. But, in finance. In those days when state revenue was to a considerable and not into a state treasury, and the funds, remaining in provincial hands, afforded a sure and steadily rising income. It was their liability to be called that raised doubts in provincial minds. Until 1895 China's financial machinery was adequate for the task it had to perform. It was the indemnities imposed by Japan and Foreign Governments in the period 1895-1901, with their accompaniment of loan services and fixed period payments, that caused disorganisation.

One slight error may be noticed in conclusion. In a list of railways, cited as having been constructed, Dr. Joseph mentions the section Ichang to Wanhsien (p. 331). In anyone who has recently trodden the grass-grown, derelict platform of the Ichang terminus this statement will provoke a smile.

Dr. Joseph has promised the public a work to which this book under review is merely the introduction. If this foretaste be any criterion, the larger work will be awaited with eagerness and read with interest by all to whom the Chinese question is one of the most serious problems of the time.

FRANCIS A. AGLEN.

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INDIA: THE NEW PHASE. By Stanley Reed, K.B.E., and P. R. Cadell, C.S.I., C.I.E. 7½ × 5. 175 pp. Westminster Library (Allan). 3s. 6d.

This little volume of 170 pages is admirably fitted to achieve the object the authors have in view—viz., "to present the main elements of the Indian problem in its simplest form, so that it may guide the British democracy in its influence on Parliament."

One hopes that it will have the very wide circulation that it deserves—for the British public can generally be trusted to do the right thing when they know the facts; and this volume outlines the various Indian problems with brevity and a clarity which should effectively dispel the ignorance of anyone of ordinary intelligence who is prepared to devote a few hours to its careful perusal. The presentation of the facts is, on the whole, well balanced and impartial; for the joint authors have not only a unique knowledge, official and unofficial, of Bombay conditions, but they also have been in personal touch with the working of the Reforms, and the various administrative problems relating to agriculture, industry, the native States, defence against external aggression and internal disorders. In India, to the man in the street and the man behind the plough, that is, to 99 per cent. of the population, these are of infinitely more moment than the constitutional forms which so many Indian politicians regard as the aim and end of government.

There are, however, a few generalizations which appear open to challenge.

While admitting that it would be an exaggeration to say that the cause of social reform has been won, they assert that "it is correct to say that the non-Brahman and the outcaste has each been given the power to work out his own salvation from within."

That may be correct as regards the non-Brahmans in Madras and Bombay, where they have been organized to stand up against Brahman domination, though their spokesmen before the Simon Commission vigorously asserted the necessity of further safeguards. It is certainly not correct as regards the outcastes, few of whom have the vote, and who are often unable to assert their elementary rights as human beings even with the protection of British Law. Rabindra Nath Tagore, an authority which no Hindu can challenge, in an article published in the *Faugi Akhbār* of November 3, has courageously asserted that India's problem is social, not political; that the cult of Nationalism has been a curse, and that nothing but a miracle could build an edifice of self-government "on the shifting sands of social slavery."

Again, knowing the spiritual and intellectual power and the secular ambitions of the Brahmans, one hesitates to accept the conclusion that, "whatever else may happen in India, the people cannot be

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placed under a Brahman oligarchy." That is just what the various minorities fear, and their fears are not groundless.

The chapter on agriculture contains the statement that "practically every holder of land now has his vote; when he has learned how to use it his preponderance in numbers must enable him to command the polls." The first proposition is certainly not correct; probably not one in twenty of the existing landholders has a vote, for in British India (excluding Burma) the provincial electorate is only one in forty of the population, and 71 per cent. of that population is agricultural. The second proposition is qualified by the words, "when he has learned how to use it." That will come, if then, only when primary education becomes general and the peasant has been freed from the economic domination of the moneylender and the political supremacy of the lawyer.

Who can forecast that this happy consummation will be achieved? Meantime, as Al Carthill points out in the "Garden of Adonis," whether the future Indian Government is good or bad, the peasant will have little to say to it. Even if he has the franchise he will never make a good and prudent elector. He will vote at the dictation of his landlord, or priest, or moneylender, or, failing these, of the agitator with the most attractive slogan, and having thus given the semblance of a mandate to those in authority, will receive in return only contemptuous neglect.

In their rather optimistic review of the working of the Montagu Reforms the authors are, perhaps, inclined to generalize from Bombay conditions. Bombay and the Punjab are certainly the two Provinces which show the best results. This is due, doubtless, in Bombay to the wider outlook of a Presidency which is highly industrialized and more advanced in the assimilation of Western ideas; in the Punjab, to the practical character of virile races, who, owing to Muslim and Sikh influences, have shaken off many of the fetters of caste, and in war and peace have realized that the greatest success is achieved by close co-operation with British leaders or British colleagues.

If the authors had been behind the scenes in Bengal, or even in the Central or United Provinces, their picture would have darker shades. But they themselves are quite alive to this, for they very aptly say: "We are all inclined to speak in terms of India whilst we think in the language of the Province where we have served; *few, if any, are really qualified to speak of India as a whole.*"

This wise sentence furnishes the key to the main difficulty in comprehending the Indian problem. Our latter-day Indian politicians (and their well-intentioned but ill-informed sympathizers here) are never tired of claiming to speak for India *as a whole*, though few of them have any thorough knowledge of the social and economic conditions

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of even their own Province; and an Indian student in the London School of Economics, who is pathetically ignorant of the most elementary facts of Indian history or even of the Indian land-revenue system of his home district, will talk glibly of India being bled white or drained dry by grinding taxation.

How much smoother the course of Indian politics would be, and how much more rapid the development of a sane political sense, if Indian politicians as a body would confine themselves to what they know something about—the social and economic problems of their own Province or sub-Province—instead of framing impossible paper constitutions like the so-called All-Parties' Scheme (which all parties but a section of the Congress now repudiate), for a sub-Continent with a population as large as, and races and religions infinitely more diverse than, those of Europe.

In Europe who would dare to claim to speak for Europe *as a whole*? He would be laughed to scorn within a week. But Indian leaders do not recognize their limitations, and the saving grace of humour is not strong. So we have "all-India" leaders by the score. But even in India the absurdity is beginning to be realized. Mr. Gandhi, whose flashes of sincerity are becoming more frequent, said publicly on November 10 (see *The Statesman* of November 15): "There is not a man in India to-day whom I could name as leader. Many names may be prominent, but they are not national leaders." All this reinforces the conclusions in the final chapter that India is so vast, its peoples so numerous, the differences between Province and Province so marked, that a unitary, self-governing State (apart from British control) cannot be created or function; that any attempt in that direction must lead to stagnation and the binding of the advanced and progressive Provinces, such as Bombay and the Punjab, to the chariot-wheels of the most backward.

That was the fundamental mistake in the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme, the rock on which the present Reforms have split. The creation of that narrow oligarchy, the all-India Legislature, based on an electorate of one in two hundred and fifty of the population, with wide powers over the all-India Executive, has been the main cause of all the troubles, including the sinister cloud of Communal antagonisms, which overshadow India to-day. If India is to advance socially, economically, and constitutionally, it is essential in the words of the joint authors that "the Central Government must be in the fullest sense of the terms strong in its executive authority, able at all times and without hesitation to make its will respected, in internal as well as external affairs. . . . So long as there was only one authority in India, and that British, the sleeping dog (of Communal hatreds) was little disturbed; so soon as the transference of authority from British to Indian hands com-

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menced, great minorities inevitably demanded their share in the new powers, and pressed for Communal electorates in order to guarantee them."

That is an absolutely accurate statement of the position. The writers, however, believe that Communalism is a passing phase. One hopes their optimism will be justified by events; but a long and laborious training is needed before a sense of common and equal citizenship or of national unity is evolved. That training can only be given in the Provinces, and, if it is to be effective, the power and pretensions of the all-India Legislature, which is now the greatest obstacle to the orderly development of self-governing institutions in Provinces which may prove their fitness to work them, must be drastically curtailed. The constitution of such a Legislature as is necessary for all-India legislation—the field for which becomes much smaller as the provincial legislatures grow in strength—must be radically recast, for, as the authors remark, a central executive dependent on the chance vote of a capricious and anti-British Assembly, as it is to-day, could not be strong, and an Assembly dependent on the direct vote of an electorate largely illiterate cannot be authoritative or representative. Their suggestions for making the future Assembly more representative by a return to the system of secondary election, which the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme hastily scrapped, will commend themselves to everyone conversant with Indian conditions. The village community, the caste *panchayat*, the tribal Council, the Municipal and District Boards (and, perhaps, the Trades Union, where it exists, though it is of recent and exotic origin), are the natural organizations through which Indian opinion expresses itself. What folly to ignore the indigenous system and to force the ballot-box on people accustomed to think and act not as isolated individuals but as members of well-defined and long-established organizations.

M. F. O'DWYER.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW OF 'IRAQ. By C. A. Hooper. Baghdad: Mackenzie and Mackenzie, The Bookshop.

To most readers of Mr. Hooper's treatise, the first three chapters will prove the most interesting; and though there is no ground for criticizing the limits which the author has set for his examination of the Iraq Constitution, they may well wish that the history of its inception and inauguration could have been dealt with at greater length. Nor, indeed, is the historical aspect of the matter wholly irrelevant in considering from the legal point of view the form and effect of the Law of the Constitution. Much that might justly be criticized as abnormal or inconsistent can be explained and justified if due weight is given to the facts of the situation for which provision

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had to be made, and the circumstances in which the terms of the Constitution had to be negotiated.

The fundamental problem was this: how to secure in a sovereign independent state with parliamentary institutions the performance of those obligations for which Great Britain remained responsible to the League of Nations. These obligations involved not merely the restriction of certain executive acts and certain legislation (that is to say, not merely the right of veto), but the actual passing of certain laws and the actual doing of certain executive acts, all or any of which might be highly distasteful to the majority in the elected Legislature. How, then, could the powers of an independent Parliament be so restricted or coerced by the machinery of the Constitution itself and without the abrogation of the whole principle of that Constitution?

To understand the position, it is necessary to appreciate all that was involved in the substitution of the Treaty of Alliance for the Mandate. This the author details in a few lines on page 8 of his introductory chapter. It was the basis of the whole structure and accounts alike for the difficulties and for their solution. While maintaining Great Britain's responsibilities as Mandatory to the League, the Treaty altered the status of the Iraq Government from that of a mandated territory over which Great Britain exercised control to that of an independent state bound only by treaty obligations. Great Britain relied solely on these treaty obligations to enable her to fulfil her responsibilities for the good government and correct behaviour of Iraq. The political effect of this arrangement was wholly beneficial. Dislike of the Mandatory relations had obscured, even in the minds of the pro-British party, the vital necessity of Great Britain's support and assistance. On the other hand, such support and assistance could not be rendered unless Great Britain retained a substantial measure of control. Control by a Mandatory Power was repudiated by Press and politicians alike, and was genuinely disliked by the most moderate elements. But treaty obligations to a friendly Power, voluntarily undertaken by the smaller state in return for material advantages, stood on a different footing altogether. The Treaty represented the negotiation of a free bargain. It was no longer the imposition of the will of a conquering or " colonizing " Power. If the terms involved some sacrifice of complete independence, this could be accepted with dignity as a *quid pro quo* for support and assistance so long as the latter remained necessary. From the moment when His Majesty's Government declared for the Treaty relationship and obtained the sanction of the League, the subsequent negotiations, heated though they often became, were no more than the prolonged bargaining so dear to the Oriental mind, by which the Arabs struggled to secure the maximum of assistance with the minimum of control.

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The full terms of the bargain ultimately struck are not contained in the original Treaty of Alliance signed at Baghdad on October 10, 1922. In the first place, the period of the Treaty was fixed at twenty years. Such a long period of control was represented by the Nationalists as derogatory to any real independence. The Hashimite party still nursed the ambition of a wider Arab Empire or Confederation, and chafed under restrictions which might tie their hands in the event of future developments. An agitation was therefore started to reopen the bargain on this point. Its success was due to a contemporary agitation in certain sections of the British Press for "the bag and baggage policy" in Iraq. Even the British Cabinet was divided; and a compromise was effected by reducing the British control and British responsibility prescribed by the Treaty to a period of four years. But no sooner was the Protocol signed on April 30, 1923, than the very parties who had clamoured for the reduction in the period of control were constrained to press for undertakings of a more prolonged period of support and assistance. Finally, the Turkish threat to Mosul and the report of the League's Commission necessitated a further revision of the Treaty by which its duration was extended to twenty-five years. This, however, may be curtailed by the admission of Iraq to the League of Nations in 1932, or at some subsequent date, before the expiration of the full twenty-five years. In the second place, the Treaty of 1922 left the practical side of the bargain still undetermined. The real extent of British control remained to be defined in the Subsidiary Agreements which were to provide for the financial arrangements, the status of the British forces in Iraq, the employment of British officials, and other matters of essential importance. The machinery by which the King's Government could be placed in a position to implement his treaty obligations remained to be prescribed in the Constitution.

It is not a wise proceeding to hand over property to a tenant and leave the rent and other conditions of his tenure to be settled by subsequent agreement. You have given away your side of the bargain, and what might have seemed a reasonable demand as a *quid pro quo* for possession becomes an oppressive imposition when you have nothing left to offer in exchange. Iraq had secured by the Treaty her status as an independent state and the undertaking of Great Britain to support and assist her. She had received the jam and must now be induced to swallow the powder. The negotiation of the Subsidiary Agreements was a long and tedious business. A strong party, not confined to the extreme Nationalists, stood for their rejection unless the British stipulations were modified. Even the more moderate were tempted to play with fire in the hope of striking a better bargain. It is doubtful whether the good sense of King Faisal and his Ministers would have prevailed if it had not been

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for the Turkish threat in the North and the Press campaign at home for the abandonment of Iraq. It is an interesting paradox that the Iraq Constitution might not have been established at all but for the ineptitude of the two movements directed at its annihilation.

The difficulties arising from the reservation of crucial points for negotiation subsequent to the Treaty were thus faced and disposed of. The mistake which has proved fatal to the Egyptian Constitution was not made in Iraq. The Constitution was not granted until a complete agreement on all points, pleasant and unpleasant, had been reached. It was only after the Constituent Assembly had accepted and passed the Treaty and Subsidiary Agreements without amendment that, on June 14, 1924, it proceeded to discuss the Law of the Constitution. The nation which it represented was therefore bound to accept the constitutional machinery by which its treaty obligations to its great ally could be implemented.

The Assembly itself deserves a word of comment. The Electoral Law was far from perfect, and grave doubts were felt whether it would be possible to secure the election of a body in any true sense representative of the people of Iraq. It was feared that the tribesmen might hold aloof and that the Assembly would be swayed by the *intelligentsia* of the towns. These doubts and fears proved groundless. The tribesmen were, if anything, over-represented. Several of the leading Sheikhs attended as Deputies. Those best qualified to judge were satisfied that a surprisingly fair representation was secured for every race, creed and class in the land. The fact that such an Assembly, after prolonged discussion in which was manifest not the faintest trace of subservience either to the King's Ministers or to the British authorities, ratified the Treaty and passed Article 19 of the Constitution, confiding the sovereignty to King Faisal and his heirs, must satisfy any intelligence not blinded by prejudice that the policy of His Majesty's Government and the personality of King Faisal were alike acceptable to the nation as a whole. The original election of King Faisal may or may not have been a farce. Any estimate of the general attitude of the people towards him and the British policy since 1921 is necessarily a matter of opinion tempered by prejudice. But the ratification of that policy and of King Faisal's monarchy by a representative Assembly of the nation is a fact sufficiently weighty to nail more than one myth to the counter.

To turn again to the Law itself, how then was the performance of the treaty obligations secured in the Constitution? The short answer is, in the powers given to the King. Whatever views an elected Parliament might hold as to the force or the interpretation of its treaty obligations, the King was bound both by his honour and his interest. Power, therefore, was reserved to the King to enforce them

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over the head of Parliament by constitutional means and not by a *coup d'état*. In the first place, he appoints the Ministers and the members of the Upper House, and is therefore secure in their support. In the second place, he exercises the power of veto. Thirdly, he can prorogue or dissolve Parliament and legislate by Ordinance in the interim, such Ordinances having the force of law and not requiring the confirmation of Parliament, if they implement treaty obligations (Article 26). This fundamental safeguard is further extended, by Article 102, to provide for the financing of essential services in the event of a constitutional struggle between King and Parliament on the issues contemplated above.

If Mr. Hooper's book is read in the light of these historical circumstances and considerations, it may interest the layman as well as the lawyer. Many of his criticisms of the text may also be discounted. In some he has been definitely led astray by eagerness to criticize the language of the English translation. For example, Subsection 2 of Article 62 provides that should one of "the Chambers decide that any draft law is of an urgent nature," certain consequences follow. It is surely hypercritical to say that "the Article is silent on the procedure to be adopted when one Chamber decides that a draft law is urgent and the other decides that it is not." The meaning is abundantly clear that either Chamber can declare the law urgent, and what the other thinks is immaterial. Similarly, in Article 63, the whole of the criticism on page 106 is based on a failure to apprehend the translation of the first three lines of the Article. There is rather a clumsy inversion, but the obvious meaning is: "In the event of one of the Chambers rejecting a draft law twice *which has come from the other Chamber* and the latter Chamber insisting upon its acceptance," etc. This is an obvious interpretation, and removes all difficulties.

But the author's lengthy criticism of Article 119 may almost be described as perverse. The Article reads: "Subject to the provisions of the preceding Article, no amendment whatsoever may be made in the Constitution for a period of five years from the date of the coming into force thereof, nor after the expiration of that period, except in the following manner." The meaning is transparent: no amendment at all for five years; after that no amendment "except in the following manner." Yet the critic insists on making the words "except in the following manner" refer back to the five years' period as well as to the subsequent period. Why, then, mention the five years' period at all, if the conditions are exactly the same before and after its expiration? The introduction of the words from "for a period of five years" down to "expiration of that period" (about half the paragraph) would be sheer nonsense. A critic of Mr. Hooper's learning must be well aware that no tribunal could possibly put such

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an interpretation on a clause bearing an alternative meaning which makes good sense.

The author's judicial detachment from political issues has led him into a curious mistake on page 132, when he states: "The principal sect in 'Iraq is the *Sunni* or orthodox sect, though there are numerous adherents of the *Jaferiyah* sect, a dissident sect widespread in Persia." The numerical superiority of the Shiahs over the Sunnis is perhaps the most difficult problem with which the politicians of Iraq are faced.

It would be unfair to close this review on a note of criticism. The author is to be congratulated on a work which will interest and enlighten all students of recent Arab history, and will be of definite value to those whose task it will be to guide and develop the new state.

N. G. D.

THE PEOPLE OF TIBET. By Sir Charles Bell, K.C.I.E., C.M.G. 6 × 9¼. Pp. xix + 317. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press. 21s. net.

Despite the multiplicity of books on Tibet during recent years very little of a reliable nature has been written on the manners and customs of the Tibetan people by European authors. The occasional travellers in Tibet have usually paid but passing visits, often to an outlying portion of the country; they have had, as a rule, but a slender knowledge of the language; and they have often had to limit intercourse with the natives as much as possible in order to maintain the *incognito* which was essential to the attainment of their several objectives. It is clear therefore that, for the most part, they had little opportunity of studying the intimate side of Tibetan life.

Mrs. Louis King (Rin-chen Lha-mo), in her book, "We Tibetans," published in 1926, gave a very charming and interesting account of Tibetan life from a Tibetan viewpoint, but it still remained for an outsider to write on the subject with authority and intimate knowledge.

Sir Charles Bell has now given us the book under review, and behind it is his unequalled knowledge of the Tibetan people, from the Dalai Lama downwards, carefully and systematically gleaned during an official association with the country of close on twenty years. As one who shared the author's ten months in Lhasa, the reviewer can speak as to the meticulous care with which Sir Charles collected his facts. The result is a fascinating volume which will be equally appreciated by the general public and the comparative anthropologist. For the former the mass of detail is freely relieved by anecdote, whilst for the latter there is a vast store of thoroughly reliable information on the manners and customs of this ancient and interesting people—apart from their religion, with which the author proposes to deal in a subsequent volume. The book is splendidly illustrated with well chosen and excellently

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reproduced photographs; and the very full list of contents, index, and bibliography will greatly facilitate its use as a book of reference. The author's rendering of the various Tibetan songs and sayings in English verse is particularly happy.

On p. 12 we are told that Tibet derived her religion mainly from India, and her material culture from China; but that she had quite an advanced culture of her own before either of these influences made itself felt is evidenced, one thinks, by the style of architecture which is unique, though somewhat similar to that of ancient Egypt and the Maya culture. Perhaps Sir Charles will have something to say of this when he deals with monastery buildings in his next volume.

On p. 209, in an extract from a work on geography written about the middle of last century, we read:

"About twenty years ago there was a commander called Nepoliya (Napoleon). He conquered most of Europe, but was caught by the Russian King, Alexander, and imprisoned."

The political historian will probably wonder whence came this interesting piece of information!

Where there is so much of interest it is not easy to select subjects for mention in a necessarily brief review, but one feels certain that readers will find special interest in the story of King Muni Tsempo's experiment in practical socialism (p. 13); in the arrangement whereby a daughter inherits property in the absence of a son (p. 88); in the manner in which some Tibetan officials administer their posts by proxy (p. 106); and in the many instances of the people's belief in the miraculous, born of their wonderful faith.

The danger of drawing conclusions from limited experience in a strange country is illustrated by what the author has to tell us of polygamy and polyandry. The marriage customs of the Tibetans are peculiarly involved and vary from district to district. The marriage tie would appear to be less binding than with us; yet their family life is happy and their children are well cared for. The reviewer recalls the case of a very high Government official in Lhasa who had two wives, one of whom presided over his town house and the other in his country residence. The former was childless, but the latter had borne him a son. Under these circumstances one might have expected to find that the childless wife was jealous of the other, but, if she were, it was not apparent; and when the child was ill she seemed to be just as anxious for its recovery as the mother. One has met both these wives together at parties, and they always appeared to be the best of friends.

On perusing this book, the reader cannot fail to be struck by the general similarity of life in distant Tibet with that in the rural parts of our own country. The many points of contrast merely serve to focus the likeness. The love of picnics, the exchanges of hospitality, the fondness of a joke, and such little points as the penalty of a drink all

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round (p. 283), are some of the many instances of human kinship. Again, there is a striking parallelism between the Reformation of Tibetan Buddhism by Tsong-ka-pa in the fourteenth century A.D. and the Reformation in Europe.

Everyone with even a peripatetic interest in the East should have this book on his bookcase; and one hopes that the author will give us his further, promised, volume as soon as possible. R. K.

THE COMMERCE BETWEEN THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND INDIA. By E. H. Warmington. 5 × 7½. Pp. xx + 417. Illustrations. Cambridge University Press. Price 15s.

The extent and volume of the commercial relations between Europe and India in the first centuries of the Christian era, examined in great detail in this volume, will probably be a revelation even to students of the period. Trade in the Indian Ocean increased greatly after Augustus had established peace throughout the Empire, and had taken active steps to foster the commerce of Egypt and the Red Sea. It was, however, the discovery by Hippalos of the secret of the monsoon winds to and from India that revolutionized the trade; and, whatever his exact date and the extent of his own achievement, he deserves to be remembered as one of the greatest of the world's navigators. The secret had, indeed, long been known to the Arabs and the inhabitants of the Somali coast: but it was Hippalos who revealed it to the Western world. The value of the discovery was increased by the comparative insecurity of the land routes, most of which were under the domination of the Parthian power. The sea trade with India increased till it had spread to the Ganges and to the Far East; it reached its apex point under Hadrian, and did not collapse till the Western Empire had itself fallen. Great as the volume of trade was, it had from the outset obvious elements of weakness. It was essentially a luxury trade; it consisted in the main of spices, unguents, furs, and precious stones, all of them commodities for the use and consumption of the rich, with the solitary exception of pepper, which rapidly became a necessity for all classes of the Roman world both as a condiment and as a febrifuge. Even the muslin and cotton piece-goods of India were available only for the richer classes. The Roman traders had no commodity of luxury to give in exchange, with the exception of coral, an article of comparatively small intrinsic value; nor had they any manufactured article which would be in demand in India. The result was that the traders had to pay for their purchases in gold and silver; and, however great the trader's own profit, the drain on the bullion resources of the Empire was a source of constant complaint to the Roman economists and moralists. The drain was increased, as the author well points out, by a deliberate attempt to establish a Roman currency in order to facilitate

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trade in Southern India, where no coined currency existed. And yet, as the author indicates, the financial collapse of the Roman Empire was not due to this drain, but was in any case inevitable. The wealth of that Empire was based largely on the spoils of conquest. When such conquest ceased, no solid system of manufactures was established to create fresh wealth. The wealth of the Western Empire thus had already decreased almost to vanishing point before it was extinguished by the invasion of the barbarians; while the trade of Rome with the East had already suffered through the competition of such centres as Palmyra and Byzantium. There is something of irony in the fact that Roman trade with India was extinguished just when it had been established on a sounder basis as regards the exchange of commodities than had existed during the earlier periods.

The author well brings out the romance of the trade, and, indeed, the continuity of its composition throughout the ages is striking. We find the English factors of the early days of the East India Company purchasing the same articles in Guzerat and Sind as the Greek and Roman traders had done, and equally obliged to pay for them in solid bullion. The list of articles exported from Barbaricon on the Indus is singularly like that given by Pottinger for the same region seventeen centuries later. Many articles of trade continue to this day: for example, ghi was imported to East Africa from Western India as it is today. In some cases the course of trade has strangely changed: sugar, for example, was first introduced to the Western world from India, and the exports of manufactured cotton and muslin goods were considerable: today, the balance of trade as regards both sugar and piece-goods is heavily against India. On the whole, however, the reader must be struck with the points of resemblance that have existed throughout the ages. The difference of mentality between the East and West is, as the author states, shown by the fact that the Indians made little use of the discovery of the system of the monsoon winds. It may be of interest to members of the Indian Legislative Assembly, who believe that a mercantile marine can be created by legislative enactment, to observe that the maritime trade was almost entirely in the hands of foreign nations, bred to the sea. It is probably not the case, as some believe, that Roman troops were, in the time of Trajan, stationed at Muziris, the modern Cranganore. But it is at least certain that the Indian seas were to some extent policed by Roman ships, and that Western mercenary soldiers were freely employed by Indian rulers. Perhaps another parallel between ancient and modern times may be suggested. When one reads that Roman trade in India was chiefly in the hands of Greeks and Jews, one may be reminded of the operations of the houses of Ralli, Sassoon, and Dreyfus in modern India.

Such doubtful statements as appear in the book seem due to lack

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of personal familiarity with Eastern conditions. For example, it seems wrong to compare the lack of respect in which the Indian trading class was held by its own countrymen with the heavy penalty imposed in modern times on Brahmans who cross the sea. During the period with which the book deals there was large emigration from Western India both to East Africa and to Java: and it is obvious that no loss of repute was attached to such sea journeys. The small respect paid to Indian traders was surely due to the fact that, whether Indo-Scythians or Dravidians, they were Non-Aryans and did not belong to the ruling priestly and warrior classes. Similarly the fact that the supplies of skins came chiefly from the countries north of India was not due to the low status of the hunting and trapping classes of India, but to purely climatic reasons, as anyone can appreciate who knows the difference between the pelts collected in India itself in the cold weather and the hot weather respectively. Similar inexperience must be responsible for the surely remarkable statement that the pack-camel does not require water in the winter season for twenty-five days or more. The author seems, moreover, too ready with his place identifications. To take one region alone, that of the Indus valley, the identification of Patala with Hyderabad is unfortunate—firstly, because it is almost certainly incorrect; and, secondly, because it necessitates an explanation as to which Hyderabad is meant whenever either of the cities of that name is mentioned. It is impossible to guess the site of Barbaricon or Barbara, the port on the Indus. The author boldly identifies it with the modern village of Bahádipur; but there is nothing in the circumstances of the latter to justify the identification. The abandonment of Barbaricon was clearly due to silting, as in the case of so many other ports on the Delta, and not, as the author suggests, to upheaval of the coast. The port of Monoglosson, which, according to Ptolemy, had taken its place, cannot be identified: it certainly could not have been, as the author supposes, Mangrol, some hundreds of miles from the Delta. Similarly the name Minnagara is translated by the author as "city of the invaders." As he correctly states that the same name was given to several places, it seems more likely to be the City of the Meds or Minds, the modern representatives of which may be the Mohanas of Sind, and possibly the Mianas of other parts of Western India. Certainly the villages of the former people are to this day called "Miani" in Sind, and it is, perhaps, not fanciful to trace a connection between Miani and Minnagara.

Such small errors, however, if indeed they be such, constitute a very slight blemish in comparison with the solid interest of the book, which is well worthy of the study of all interested in the interrelation of India and Europe. P. R. C.

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A SPANISH ARABIST

DISERTACIONES Y OPUSCULOS, EDICIÓN COLECTIVA, QUE EN SU JUBILACIÓN DEL PROFESORADO LE OFRECEN SUS DISCÍPULOS Y AMIGOS (1887-1927). Por Julián Ribera y Tarrago. Con una Introducción de Miguel Asín Palacios. Two volumes. Madrid: Imprenta de Estanislao Maestre, 1928.

The mode whereby Professor Ribera's disciples and friends have celebrated his retirement from his office is a decided improvement on the form of *Festschrift* which is familiar on the Continent and not unknown in this country, and consists in a volume or more of miscellaneous essays, often improvised for the occasion, and even if they attract attention at the time, afterwards difficult to find. They have reprinted in two stately volumes a number of his lectures, pamphlets, essays, and articles, several of which could not easily be procured outside the Peninsula or possibly within it. It is clear that such a monument to his services is both more appropriate and of more permanent value than miscellanies composed by other people. To these volumes his distinguished disciple, M. Asín Palacios, better known in this country than his master, has prefixed an introduction of a hundred pages, which as a literary biography is reminiscent of Disraeli's political biography of Lord George Bentinck; it tells us much about Ribera's works, but comparatively little about Ribera himself. From a note on p. xxiv we learn his birthplace and birthdate, and a few details of his career. This introduction is of considerable utility in enucleating the main ideas of Ribera's essays, though it might have been more prudent to devote less space to panegyric. Such is human perversity that a hundred pages of admiration, however well deserved, are likely to arouse some scepticism, and justify the superstition which in Moslem countries associates danger with admiration.

The subjects of which Professor Ribera treats are for the most part connected directly or indirectly with Moslem Spain, though in some cases—*e.g.*, the essays on science in history, and the problem of Morocco—the connection is not close. Where he is dealing directly with the subject mentioned his mastery of the material is conspicuous. The biographical and bibliographical collections which make up the ten volumes of the "Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana," edited by himself and Codera, are mines of information which few besides himself have worked. From these he has drawn material for a long and valuable paper on education among the Spanish Moslems, the study of which seems to have affected his own views on education, schemes for the reform of which in Spain occupied much of his time and thought. His biographer complains rather bitterly that these were not accepted by the Government.

His studies in history resulted in his regarding the "psychological

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phenomenon of imitation " as the dominant principle therein. " Seeing this phenomenon realized in a large part of human institutions, it appeared to me that all history was illuminated before my eyes, transforming itself in its entirety into a science." And, indeed, the essays included in the first of these volumes are largely endeavours to trace institutions to their forerunners, such as the literature of Romance to a hypothetical literature of the sort in the vernacular of Moslem Spain, which according to him was a form of Spanish; the mysticism of Raymond Lull to the works of a Spanish Mohammedan mystic; the Nizami College of Baghdad to similar establishments which had previously existed in Nisapur, which were imitations of Karramite Madrasas, going back ultimately to Christian models, etc. To these results, he tells us, he adheres; but he had since come to the conclusion that history cannot be regarded as a science.

The essay in which this change of opinion is recorded occupies no fewer than a hundred pages, and is reprinted from a magazine, *Revista de Aragón*, which the author helped to found and run. Since he commits himself to the proposition that not only such a word as *Dios* (God), but even such words as *silla* (chair) mean different things to the different persons who employ them, the question whether history is science would seem to be ill-suited for such elaborate treatment. The essay certainly refutes some eccentric opinions that have been published on the subject, and arrives at the sensible view that history is chiefly observation; but it is not clear that this result is worthy of the lengthy discussion which culminates therein.

More than a hundred pages of the second volume are occupied with a monograph on " The Problem of Morocco," of which the last chapter was published in 1902; much has happened both in Spain and Morocco since then, whence this treatise has chiefly historical interest, and the conditions under which it was written are hard at this time to visualize. The author held that Spain must side in the question of Morocco with either England or France, and decided in favour of the latter; " without any intention of offending the English, I am of opinion that France is of a more liberal and generous character than England." The plain speaking illustrated by this sentence is to be found in the Professor's judgments of his own countrymen also: to the question whether the Spanish diplomatic staff is qualified to be of use in the Moroccan problem he gives a decided negative; there follows a serious arraignment of the Government of his time for the class of persons admitted to the diplomatic service. He dilates on the inefficiency of the interpreters and the complete ignorance of everything to do with Morocco displayed by those who manage the relations of Spain with that country. Let us hope that this is all ancient history.

The chapter on Moorish superstitions (vol. i., pp. 493-527) is popular in character, being an epitome of some MSS. in a private

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collection. The astrological and other practices described are so familiar, and the whole subject has been treated so exhaustively by M. Doutté in his "Magie et Religion dans l'Afrique du Nord," that this essay seems scarcely deserving of a reprint.

Close on two hundred pages of vol. ii. are filled with a series of papers grouped under the title "Historia Araba Valenciana," being collected from various journals. They are mainly of local interest, being lists of tribes settled in Valencia, or notices of personages who acquired fame during the Moslem occupation; some are corrections of errors perpetuated by Spanish historians. One Arabic text is reproduced, claiming apparently to be a dirge on the fall of Valencia by one Abu'l-Walid Hisham al-Waqashi (whose name was felicitously restored by Ribera), but which Ribera perceived to be a translation in vulgar Arabic from the Spanish; the dialect is of some interest, and it is unlikely that anyone will dispute his view. Ribera, having in 1925 been appointed *Director Honoris causa* of the *Centro de Cultura Valenciana*, pronounced a discourse, reprinted at the end of this section, with the title "Examen Retrospectivo," wherein he apologizes for having failed to follow up these early studies with a detailed history of Valencia. He alleges in excuse the number and magnitude of the preliminary studies required, some of which he was able to put into the hands of pupils, whereas others are represented by his own published works or await allocation. Since these include editions of poets and philosophers, as well as palæographical tables, the task contemplated is clearly one for which a lifetime would scarcely suffice. The lecture or "talk" (as he calls it) is of interest for the autobiographical matter which it contains, and for the information which it affords about the works contemplated by Spanish Arabists.

The volume contains besides an elaborate treatise on the history of mediæval music, whose origin is traced through Spain to that of Oriental Islam; the conclusions are similar (in at least some matters) to those which Mr. Farmer has put forward in this country. The editor tells us that Professor Ribera is himself a skilled performer on many instruments, and so qualified to deal with this rather abstruse subject. The author states that it has been the occupation of his later years; to an earlier period of his career belongs a lengthy study on education, including a treatise on examinations in China. The volume ends with a miscellaneous collection of papers.

It is easily intelligible that in Spain, where there is so much to remind the people of the Moslem occupation, Islamic and Arabic studies should be concentrated on the material which that country furnishes. Students of these subjects elsewhere are apt to look at Spanish Islam from the point of view of the Eastern Caliphate, whence it appears as a distant province, comparable to a backwater; and this explains to some extent the neglect which, as the editor complains, is often suffered

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by the works of Spanish Arabists. And, indeed, where Professor Ribera's essays go outside the boundaries of the Peninsula, they are more closely connected with Romance than with Oriental studies. The absence of indices is a rather serious defect, which, however, can still be remedied.

THE HOLY CITIES OF ARABIA. By Eldon Rutter. 9½×6¼. Vol. I.: xv+302 pp. Vol. II.: vii+287 pp. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. 42s.

In "The Holy Cities of Arabia" Mr. Rutter contributes a notable addition to the travel-literature of Arabia, a well-written, straightforward, and exceedingly interesting account of a pilgrimage to Mecca and Madina performed by him in 1925-6, the first year of the present Wahhabi domination of the Hijaz. Of his learning in the lore of Islam and of his capacity to assimilate the idiosyncrasies of a peculiar society as well as to glean accurate knowledge of his surroundings, personal and impersonal, his two volumes leave us in no doubt whatever. The reader of these pages inevitably echoes the verdict of the Aleppine Husni (i. 232): "Muslim! This is one of the learned!" . . . "Naturally—a Muslim," says the author. And at that he leaves his readers to the end with the addition (ii. 149) of "the supreme fact that I was a bigoted believer in the doctrine of the *touchid* (Unity of God)" and a mild confession (ii. 71) of esoteric tendencies. He is thus rather in the succession of Burckhardt and Snouck Hurgronje, who were accepted as honest and distinguished members of the Muslim profession, regardless of their nationality, than of Burton, Wavell, and others who literally went in daily danger of their life from the chance discovery of their disguise. Mr. Rutter perhaps leaves us too long in ignorance of the encounter (though it is duly related in the proper sequence of his story) which unveiled his identity not only without any untoward consequences to himself, but without interrupting his sojourn and studies. King Husain would scarcely have handled the matter so mildly, and the author misses an obvious opportunity of paying tribute to the simple broadmindedness of the Wahhabi monarch, though he seldom fails to show impatience at the Wahhabi bigotry in matters of dogma.

This is one of the few blemishes in a great work, and it may interest both Mr. Rutter and his readers to know that his presence in Mecca was no secret outside the limits of that city. The following entry occurs in my diary under the date of November 14, 1925, when I was at Rabigh *en route* to meet Ibn Sa'ud at Shumaisi in Wadi Fatima: ". . . (they) tell me that there is an English Muslim now at Mecca, who has been a Muslim three years and speaks Arabic . . . which he has been studying for fifteen months. He is making a serious study

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of the religion and has asked Ibn Sa'ud to send him to 'Artawiya or Riyadh to study in the purest school. He is rather under forty, with fair complexion and reddish beard, and studied Arabic in Egypt. Ibn Sa'ud is said to have said to him that he would be very glad to employ him if he knew anything about surveying, engineering, etc., but he is not qualified in that way." A further entry occurs under date of November 29 at Shumaisi, where I duly met the Wahhabi Sultan, and where the same aeroplane which Mr. Rutter records (i. 288) as bombing the suburbs of Mecca passed over our heads, as follows: "(they) confirm the presence of an English Muslim at Mecca. He is thought to be a soldier by profession, was in Government employ in the Malay States, then worked at rubber at Singapore . . . returned to England and came thence to Egypt where he . . . declared himself a Muslim. He is now studying the faith and Arabic at Mecca." Thus at least one of his fellow-countrymen has awaited the publication of this work with lively interest, and the author can scarcely have suspected that a future reviewer of his book was so near at hand.

The above criticism is by no means intended to imply that the author failed to appreciate the political advantages of the new dispensation. He is indeed but little curious or interested in matters political, and his attitude generally reflects that of the Meccan citizen, little enough enamoured of the discipline which insists on a fair deal for the *Hajjis*; but even the Meccan admits some of the benefits of the Sa'udi's rule. To quote the schoolmaster (i. 300): "But security! Was there, in the days of the Turks or in the days of El Husayn, protection such as this?" And Mr. Rutter comments (i. 301): "He (Ibn Sa'ud) is probably the best ruler that Arabia proper has known since the days of the four Khalifas; and if he keeps his balance, in spite of success, he may do her much good." Mr. Rutter was actually present in the Haram on January 8, 1926, when Ibn Sa'ud was acclaimed as King of the Hijaz, yet he neither records the date nor shows himself aware of the peculiar importance of the occasion. While the hub of Islam was literally buzzing with excitement he sat gossiping with his friends. And thus he leaves to others the task, for which one instinctively feels his peculiar competence, of assessing the true implications of a revolution, for whose parallel in Arabian history we have to go back to the birth of Islam.

Geography interests Mr. Rutter as little as politics, and, though some of his descriptions of scenery—notably that of the scene from the summit of Jabal Kara (ii. 48)—are altogether admirable, he does not help us to elucidate the defective maps, which are all we have, of the country between El Gahm (? Wasm) and Mecca, which he is the only European to have traversed in its entirety. He had, it is true, lost his compass at sea, but he might have remedied that by

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greater detail of description, which we are denied by the fact that he did most of his travelling by night both on this route and on the road from Mecca to Madina and Yanbu'. His description of Kara is, however, worth quotation: "Now we were approaching the imminent edge of the lofty plateau. The ground rose gently, as though to accentuate the utter immensity of its impending descent. In another moment I stood wonder-struck on a flat-topped projecting buttress, as it were upon the very prow-point of some great ship at sea, and looked down upon the yellow-scarred petrified ocean of the Tihama, a thousand fathoms beneath my feet . . . to westward, a torn and broken white ribbon hung from crest to foot of the mountain—caught among the stark rocks which projected from its side. This was a flowing stream of cascades and waterfalls. . . . The tawny side of that great mountain-wall was scarred with a hundred black ravines of a terrible grimness. Neither in the Alps nor in the ranked volcanoes of Java had I seen such grim and monstrous majesty as this."

Mr. Rutter arrived at El Gahm on the 'Asir coast by *Sanbuk* (Arab sailing-boat) from the Eritrean port of Massawa on June 7, 1925, and finally departed from Yanbu' towards the end of June, 1926. During this time he found himself for the most part in the society of the townsfolk of the two holy cities, and though he gives us occasionally reason to regret that he did not see more of the Badawin elements of the Hijaz—the few he met made a lively impression on his responsive nature—it is naturally for his account of the life and people of those cities that he takes rank among the greatest of his predecessors. Like everything in the "unchanging East," Mecca and Madina change from year to year and almost from month to month, and there is a definite historical importance in catching their fleeting phases from time to time. Burckhardt has left a picture of the Hijaz at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it had tasted the bitter and sweet of a decade of Wahhabi rule; Burton and Hurgronje took up the tale in the heyday of Ottoman rule; and Wavell described the "cradle of Islam" at the dawn of Arab nationalism. And now we have from a pen not less worthy a full and exact account, as lively as it is detailed, of the same cities suddenly awakened from their agelong torpor by the dawn of a new epoch in the history of Arabia.

Mr. Rutter writes entirely from personal observation and study of his subject, and he writes as an expert on all that he touches. His description of the Haram and the Ka'ba; the buildings, streets and eminences of Mecca; its daily life, its men, women, children, slaves and eunuchs; its manners, customs, laws and ritual; and similarly of the corresponding features of the sister-city of the Prophet —is unreservedly admirable and convincing both in general and in detail. The first pilgrimage conducted under Wahhabi auspices is

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depicted with a faithful simplicity which will give the lay reader a clearer impression of the pilgrim's progress than the more scholarly pages of Burton. The tradition of Meccan immorality is somewhat lightly dismissed on the evidence of conditions largely created by the Wahhabi régime, which receives no credit for a remarkable achievement and of whose chief personages we hear surprisingly little—just a name here and a name there and no more, except in the case of the leading ecclesiastical luminary, a very human person who has latterly scandalized Najd itself by touring his diocese in a Ford car. And, finally, as space forbids any attempt at an exhaustive analysis of what is, after all, the best part of an excellent work, we have a masterly touch of real drama in the description of a fever which so nearly proved fatal that the author's host and *Mutawwif*, otherwise an admirable person, reverted momentarily to type and possessed himself of the keys of the dying *Hajji*, as he had doubtless done in scores of cases before. In this case he had to return them, and he did so with a graceful flourish which almost disarmed criticism.

At Madina we read much of the recent decay of a once populous town which had been the victim of two wars in less than a decade. The author does not, however, mention one of the causes of its pre-war prosperity and post-war weakness, and seems to have been as little interested in the Hijaz Railway as in politics and geography. Yet no single factor looms so large in the mind of the Medinite as the prospects of the rehabilitation of the line to Damascus; and those prospects depend entirely on the will of Great Britain and France to " render unto God the things that are God's." The 6,000 inhabitants of 1926 have swelled to three times that number in two years, but nothing but the railway will restore to the Prophet the 70,000 souls who were his neighbours of yore. Mr. Rutter leaves the reader under the impression that the Wahhabi is careless of the honour of the Prophet, but in this he is surely mistaken. It is true that he resolutely declines to associate him with his Creator in worship for the simple reason that he believes bigotedly in the unity of God, but belief in the apostleship of Muhammad is an essential feature of the Wahhabi code; and the author must surely be aware that the banner of the Ikhwan, which is also the flag of the Wahhabi state, is inscribed with the legend, " There is no God but God; and Muhammad is the Messenger of God." Mr. Rutter has imbibed from Meccan sources a dislike of the uncompromising literalism which is the inevitable corollary of the acceptance of the Quran as the word of God, and which, after all, has made Mecca what it is today and what it is likely to remain for all time. And now, with the fifth Wahhabi pilgrimage at hand, he would probably admit without reservation that the Holy Land of Islam has suffered neither in material prosperity nor in spiritual status by reason of its Puritan keepers. Ibn Sa'ud

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has not failed to temper the chill winds of his upland deserts to the shorn lambs of the miasmic lowlands; and for one thing both Hijazi and pilgrim have every reason to be profoundly thankful to the Wahhabi fanatics, whom both unthinkingly condemn—Security!

H. StJ. B. Philby.

Buried Treasures of Chinese Turkistan. By Alvert von Le Coq. Translated by Anna Barwell. London: George Allen and Unwin. 1928.

It was probably the Bower Manuscript, found at the town of Kucha in 1889, that first directed attention to Eastern Turkistan as a promising field for archæological research. Certain it is that, after the discovery of that fifth-century Sanskrit document, hardly any scientific expedition for Central Asia, whether from Europe or America or Japan, ever went there without bringing back some relics of antiquarian interest; and such was the abundance of objects found in sand-buried ruins in the Takla-makan desert that it was soon realized that Eastern Turkistan must have been a regular dumping-ground for bygone alien civilizations.

With the exception of Sir Aurel Stein, no one has brought this fact home to us more clearly than the author of the present volume, who, by his arduous excavations in the course of the various expeditions he had led to Turfan between 1904 and 1914, and by his no less arduous work in the study and in the museum, work devoted to the interpretation and to the display of the Turfan archæological proceeds, has succeeded in placing before us—before our mind as well as our eyes—a picture of a high civilization which flourished in Central Asia at a period when probably our ancestors in Britain, tattooed with woad, were still performing the horrid rite of human sacrifice in the gloom of primeval forests.

In "Buried Treasures of Chinese Turkistan" Professor von Le Coq gives us a popular account of his activities and adventures, and this he does in so scholarly, and at the same time in so humoristic a vein, that his book should appeal to the archæologist and to the general reader alike. He has a vivid style. His joys and hardships in the deserts and oases of that desiccated Tertiary sea-bed now known as Eastern Turkistan; his thrills as he and his faithful companion, Mr. Theodor Bartus, unearth a treasure of Buddhist art in some sand-buried temple round about Turfan; his friendly intercourse with the natives, a people of composite race, some with Eastern Asiatic traits, others Persian in type, and others again having with their light or even blue eyes, so striking a European touch that "many of the men, if dressed in European clothes, would not be conspicuous in any European city"; his adventurous journey over the Karakoram Pass to Ladakh, in the course of which, at great personal peril, he saves the

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life of a British officer—all combine to make a tale of unusual interest.

None the less, the essential object of the book is not there, but in the exposition of the finds of the expeditions, and in the indication of the new vista in history to which they give a glimpse.

Anyone interested in those finds can get a fair idea of them by glancing at the illustrations in "Buried Treasures"; but, better still, by paying a visit to the Ethnological Museum in Berlin, where the Turfan archæological results are exhibited to the very best advantage. There are manuscripts in some seventeen languages, most of them extinct, but in the process of being unriddled. As there had been Nestorians at Turfan, it is perhaps not so strange as one might at first think that the professor got "a marvellous booty of Christian manuscripts. Amongst these a complete psalter in Pahlavi inscription script of the fifth century, also middle-Turkish translations of the Georgios legend, as well as of a Christian Apocrypha dealing with the visit of the Three Kings to the infant Christ. But special value attached to great numbers of manuscripts in a variant of the Nestorian Estrangelo script, and in a language which was afterwards found out by F. C. Andreas and F. W. K. Müller in Berlin to be Sogdian. There were also fragments of the Nicene Creed, portions of St. Matthew's Gospel, the legend of the finding of the Holy Cross by the Empress Helena, and other Christian texts."

What would, however, arrest the attention of the average visitor, even more than the manuscripts, is the splendid collection of objects of plastic and of pictorial art, which had been dug out, and in many cases actually sawn out of the walls, of sand-buried cave-temples. These consist of mural paintings and of floors in fresco style, many of great beauty, with their colour scheme mostly in dull brown, green and blue; and they depict various subjects—Indian monks, Syrians, Persians, Tokharis, etc., all persons represented with features more European than Mongoloid; scenes in the life of Buddha—his preaching, his temptation by Mara's daughters, his cremation; a painting of Manes; a Christian fresco alluding probably to Palm Sunday, etc. Some of these compositions betray the influence of Greek art. Similarly, some plaster casts of Hellenistic heads—images of Buddha, for instance, which must have been modelled after the type of Apollo or Dionysus.

If we understand Professor von Le Coq rightly, the Turfan finds should point to the following facts:

In former times the inhabitants of the country now called Chinese Turkistan were not Turks at all, but Indo-Europeans or Iranians, with a culture not eastern, but western; and even now, in spite of the waves of Turkish and Mongol invasions that had swept over Turkistan, there are fairly pure survivals of the aboriginal stock. Before the

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arrival of Islamism in about the tenth century, Turkistan came under the influence of diverse alien cultures of a western character. There were Manichæans from Babylon, and they brought to the country their own religion and art. Nestorians from Asia Minor similarly came, and introduced Christianity. But earliest of all to arrive were Buddhist missionaries from Bactria (North-East Afghanistan). By them was propagated Buddhism and Buddhist art of the type prevalent in Bactria—that is, Hellenistic. This art (Greco-Buddhist), with Turkistan as a stepping-stone, passed on into Inner China, and there communicated a touch of Hellenism to the native Chinese plastic and pictorial art.

There have been successively four German archæological expeditions to Turfan. As the book now reviewed brings the story down to the end of the third only, may we hope that Professor von Le Coq will complete the series by giving us an account in English of the last or fourth expedition?

G. MACARTNEY.

NEPAL. By Perceval Landon. Two vols. 10¼ × 7½. Vol. I., xxiii + 358 pp. Vol. II., vii + 363 pp. Illustrations and Maps. Constable. 1928. 63s. Edition limited to 1,000 copies for sale.

It is probably no exaggeration to state that of all Eastern countries Nepal is easily the least known. That this is so is all the more remarkable when one realizes that the country is by no means inaccessible, for its frontiers on east, west, and south are bounded by provinces of British India. A policy of strict seclusion, however, has closed the country to foreigners, and beyond those favoured few—as Mr. Landon points out, fewer in number even than those who have visited Lhasa—who have been permitted, from time to time, to visit the capital at Katmandu, practically no European has been allowed to travel in the country since Dr. Hooker visited Eastern Nepal in 1848.

Apart from the attraction which is inevitably associated with a forbidden land, the antiquarian remains in Nepal are such as to constitute the country one of the most important fields for historical research on the whole continent of India. Greatly as the policy of seclusion is to be regretted from many points of view, it must not be forgotten that this very policy is, indirectly, responsible for the present fine state of preservation in which we find many of the wonderful old buildings and historic remains. His Highness the Maharaja fully realizes the importance of these treasures, and it is gratifying to note that he has agreed that such further excavations and examinations as may be necessary shall be carried out with the assistance of the highest antiquarian authorities in India.

The first volume of the work under review opens with a sketch of early Buddhism, and Mr. Landon gives us a detailed account of the sacred remains at Rummindei, and the visit of Asoka to Nepal. Succeeding chapters deal with the early history of the country, which, to anyone not well acquainted with early Indian history, are exceedingly difficult to follow. The author cannot be blamed for this, however, for the only available record, the *Vamshavali*, or chronicle of the country, contains so much apocryphal matter that it is almost impossible to distinguish between fact and fiction.

With the rise to power of Maharaja Jang Bahadur, Mr. Landon is on surer ground, and he gives us an interesting and accurate picture of Nepalese history from 1845 onwards. His chapters dealing with this and subsequent periods do

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not, perhaps, add greatly to our knowledge of the facts; but it should be remembered that with the exception of Professor Sylvain Lévi—whose monumental treatise on the antiquities of the country will always remain the chief authority for scholars—nearly, if not quite, all previous writers on Nepal have been servants of the Government of India, and as such their work has often been subject to heavy censorship. In this respect Oldfield may be instanced. Although employed as Residency surgeon during the time of Jang Bahadur, he omits all reference to that Prime Minister's visit to England, and is also silent on the subject of the Anglo-Nepalese Campaign of 1814-16. As Mr. Landon notes, "he seems to enter a protest by a line of asterisks."

The author had at his disposal all the available records dealing with past events in Nepal, and, being under no obligation to submit his work to the censor, we get for the first time a complete and unbiased account of the political history of Nepal and her rise as an independent Sovereign State. It is for this reason that Mr. Landon's work is especially valuable.

The first volume is brought to a close with a detailed and scholarly account of the many historical places and antiquarian remains in the Valley of Nepal—that curious elevated plain, surrounded by hills, which was once a lake—in which the capital, Katmandu, is situated.

The opening chapters of Vol. II. are devoted to a brief description of the towns and routes in outer Nepal, which, taking into consideration the fact that they had of necessity to be compiled from the oral accounts of native travellers, give a good general, if not intimate, account of the country outside the main valley.

The remainder of the second volume deals with the state of the country since the rise to power of the present Maharaja, Sir Chandra Sham Sher, undoubtedly one of the greatest administrators and reformers the East has known.

These last four chapters are the best in the book, and we are given an intimate and accurate account of the history of Nepal from 1901 to the present day. Sir Chandra Sham Sher occupies the centre of the stage, and occupies it rightly, for surely no one man has done more for his country than has this able statesman. When Sir Chandra first assumed office in 1901 his country had barely emerged from a state of mediævalism; but we now find such modern benefits as electric light, piped water supplies, hospitals, and modern schools and colleges, and, most remarkable reform of all, the abolition of slavery. The list might be extended indefinitely, and it is no exaggeration to state that all these improvements are due to the determination and ability of this one man. It should be added that all this has been brought about without intervention, or even help, from the outside world, an additional tribute to the Maharaja's skill as an administrator.

But in spite of all that Sir Chandra has done for his country, it is in connection with the help he rendered to the Empire during the dark days of the Great War that his name will be remembered best. Mr. Landon gives us the bare facts; and he is wise thus to confine himself, for it would indeed be difficult adequately to praise this unique war effort.

A few words must now be added in criticism.

The arrangement of this book is somewhat unusual. The appendices, of which there are no less than twenty-five, and which form nearly one-half of the whole work, are distributed between the two volumes. Both reading and reference would be facilitated were these to be collected in one place; in fact, they might well have comprised the whole of the second volume.

Mr. Landon commences his book with a long preface and some preliminary

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notes on early Buddhism. These are followed by chapters on history, the continuity of which is somewhat broken by chapters of purely geographical description. The book gives one the impression of having been written as a series of independent essays, and would have been improved by more careful arrangement. A brief geographical description of the country and its situation might with advantage have been inserted in Chapter I. As it is, a reader not well acquainted with the geography of India might well be in some doubt as to the exact position of the country until he had read some considerable part of the book.

The author has adopted a curious system of his own for the transliteration of vernacular words and place-names. The present writer had considerable difficulty in recognizing some of the words and places referred to in the text, and in a scholarly work of this description some recognized system of transliteration, such as that advocated by the Royal Asiatic Society, or the Royal Geographical Society, should have been adopted.

The general reader will perhaps be somewhat disappointed that, in this history of a country whose fame, to the outside world at all events, rests largely on the fact that it is the home of the Gurkhas, but eight pages of Appendix XVII. are devoted to a description of the people. This is the weakest part of the book, for Mr. Landon's details are inaccurate and based on out-of-date material. It is particularly to be regretted that he refers to the Chetri tribe as the Khas, and to the *lingua franca* of the country as Khaskura, rather than as Nepali. The present Maharaja has made strenuous efforts to eliminate this use of the word Khas, with its implied significance of degradation, which, as the recent researches of Professor R. L. Turner have proved, was probably an invention on the part of the Brahmans and is without foundation.

In a book so lavishly provided with appendices a full and accurate bibliography should have been added. Mr. Landon mentions but few of the better known works dealing with the country.

The book is provided with four beautifully reproduced maps. In that of Eastern Nepal, however, the writer has detected several errors in the north-east corner of the map, a part of the country with which he happens to be familiar. This leads one to suppose that the remaining maps may not be free from errors, but it is only just to add that they more than fulfil the requirements of the general reader.

In his closing pages Mr. Landon writes: "It has been my hope that a hitherto almost unknown territory and almost unrecorded history should be illustrated; that a gallant race which has long assumed the kinship of blood-brotherhood with ourselves on a score of fields of war should become better understood and better appreciated wherever the English language is spoken; and that our debt to the master mind of Nepal should be paid before an already lengthy term of service and responsibility yields, as all things must yield, to the march of time."

In this he has been entirely successful, and it is melancholy to think that he did not live to see his work in its final form. I would wish it to be understood that what I have written in criticism is in no way meant to detract from this really admirable and scholarly account of a very gallant kingdom. This book, which is Mr. Landon's most important contribution to the literature of the East, will now take its place as the standard authority on the history of Nepal, for it replaces everything that has previously been written on the subject. It remains only to add that the book is beautifully produced and, even in these days of almost universally good photographs, magnificently illustrated.

C. J. MORRIS.

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SPORT AND WILD LIFE IN THE DECCAN. By Brigadier-General R. G. Burton. 8¼ × 5¾. Pp. 282. Illustrations and map. London: Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. 1928. 21s.

This is a book which cannot fail to interest anyone who has served in India, if he has felt the charm of its jungles and the curious simple ways of its peasantry and jungle folk.

General Burton recalls his many interesting trips made during some forty years' service in India, and writes very pleasantly of his experiences with the animals he hunted and of the natives who helped him in the Shikar.

As we follow him in his wanderings in the Deccan, he takes us past places with names famous in the history of our early campaigns in India, such as Assaye and Argaum and other scenes of battle, of which he gives interesting sketches. He tells of old robber forts now crumbling into ruin, once strongholds of rapine and oppression, until British rule and British troops laid them low. At another time it is some long-abandoned cantonments he passes through, possible storehouses of romance, he suggests, if their old records could be unearthed. These long dead cantonments do indeed strike the imagination as one thinks of the men and women of our race who once lived there—their gaieties, flirtations, loves and hates, all long ago dead and forgotten. The old bungalows fallen into ruins suggest ghosts; the compounds, once gardens, have become jungles where peafowl and small game dwell. Here once stood the mess house evidently, for there are remains of what was once a bandstand. A babul jungle has reclaimed the parade ground. You pass silently along grass-grown roads until you come to the little cemetery beyond, where you can read on their graves what a sad toll the Indian climate took of the young lives of our countrywomen in those far-off times.

Especially interesting are the chapters on tigers. General Burton takes his adventures with much modesty, but it is evident he is both an intrepid and skilled hunter and a fine shot. He shoots his tigers and takes risks as a true sportsman should.

In one chapter General Burton gives a fine collection of bloodcurdling stories about man-eating tigers and panthers. In another chapter he is very interesting on the subject of migration of the tiger into India from the north. He discusses the probabilities and the period of time since it happened. "It would be interesting to know," he writes, "as tigers are not found in Ceylon, what period of time has elapsed since the separation of Ceylon from the mainland." Tigers are found in Java and Sumatra, which, General Burton tells us, were more recently joined to the mainland than Ceylon. He refers to the curious fact that there is no word for tiger in Sanscrit, "although the language dates back some 3,000 years and 1,000 years less as a fixed language." But General Burton says, "All things considered it can scarcely be supposed that the migration of the tiger into India is as recent as the introduction of Sanscrit." General Burton also discusses the disappearance of the lion from India, and suggests that the tiger drove the lesser (?) animal from the jungles of India to his last refuge in the Gir forests. The query is mine. Is it not more probable that this disappearance of the lion is due to his bolder habits? The lion will come out into the open by day to hunt and so would be more easily exterminated, whereas the tiger rarely, or never, does: but I am open to correction on this point. Deforestation, I should imagine, was mainly the reason for the lion's diappearance. General Burton tells us that Babar hunted lions on the banks of the Indus, where the land is now bare of jungle. In Persia and Mesopotamia lion-hunting was once the royal sport of Assyrian kings. Where are the lions and jungles now in those countries?

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General Burton is a great admirer of the tiger, and it would seem the more tigers he shoots, the more he loves them—or the other way about. But in his admiration for the tiger he decries the lion, not from his own experience but by quoting the opinions of others.

The reviewer of his book happens to be equally devoted to the lion and is ready to cross swords with General Burton in defence of the lion's honour. Livingstone and others may call him "cowardly and mean." I can quote Selous against him, a far greater authority than Livingstone on big game, who considers the lion the most dangerous animal in Africa to hunt. Out of my own experience, which is not inconsiderable, I can vouch for the lion's courage. I have seen a lioness charge a half-dozen men on horseback and put them to flight because they followed her. A similar thing happened to myself when coming up to a lioness. I have never known a lion or lioness, if not *hors de combat*, fail to charge, and I have had more charges than I cared for. I have seen where lions have clambered over some ten to twelve feet of thorn fence to seize sheep out of a zareba crowded with natives. There are scores of incidents where the hunter has been mauled or killed which go to show that the lion is very ready to attack if molested. Of course, amongst all animals there are cases where the animal shows no pluck. I have often met boar, when pig-sticking, who showed no pluck at all, and I have run up unexpectedly against a tigress whose cub had been shot by a companion the day before and she ran from me like a cat. No, General Burton must allow the lion to be as courageous and noble an animal as the tiger and we won't quarrel. He may be right in claiming superior strength for the tiger, but lions differ in size and weight according to the country they are found in. I believe the lion in South Africa is a very heavy animal. I agree with General Burton that the magnificent colouring of the tiger puts the lion into the shade, but I claim for the lion, mane or no mane, a nobler air.

There is much else of interest in the book which I have not touched on. There is one thing I would like to ask General Burton. When he looks at that pile of tigers' skulls, of which he gives a photograph in his book, does he ever wish that he had taken living photos of his tigers—at least, some of them—and let them go and enjoy life? More satisfactory it seems now to be able to look at such pictures than at skins and heads. Such thoughts have been mine, and my conscience has rather accused me of being a slaughterer of noble game. But, if I were young again, could I resist the thrill at the sight of the noble brute, be it lion or tiger! The aim, the shot, the excitement of a possible follow up of a wounded animal, and all the rest of it! I wonder?

All the same, I consider the new idea of taking pictures of the living animals and not shooting them is an admirable one. Lions and tigers especially should be preserved and not exterminated. They are the noblest brutes of the animal world.

C. J. MELLISS.

THE LURE OF MONGOLIA

THE DESERT ROAD TO TURKESTAN. By Owen Lattimore. 9×5. Pp. xiv+331. 48 illustrations and 2 maps. Methuen. 21s.

This book is two things: a record of travel that adds greatly to our knowledge of Mongolia, and a literary achievement of conspicuous merit. To be valuable it had, obviously, to be one or other. Its special merit is that it is both. The risk of trying to make it both was considerable, and in sitting down to write it Mr. Lattimore was fully aware of this, as his preface shows. He saw the risk, indeed, quite as clearly as he recognized the dangers attending the journey. But he took it, as he took them, and he has succeeded.

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From the standpoint of the Central Asian Society the book is chiefly important as an extremely interesting account of a big journey through unknown land. Prjevalsky, Younghusband, Kozloff, Sir Aurel Stein and Langdon Warner, all, at some point or other, touched or crossed the route which Mr. Lattimore followed; but he is the first to travel along the full extent of the Jao Lu or Winding Road, a very ancient highway but only recently re-discovered, running across Alashan, over the Khara, or Black, Gobi Desert, and north-west to a point north-east of Harmi, where, after going due north for a little, it bends gradually round to Ku Ch'engtzu on the edge of Chinese Turkestan, the total distance being approximately 1,467 miles from Pai-ling Miao, the Temple of the Larks, its starting-point, about 120 miles from Kuei-hua, where Mr. Lattimore set forth.

The re-discovery of this road is one of the results of events which were taking place in Outer Mongolia when I was in Urga in 1913, when, with Russian encouragement and support, Outer Mongolia declared itself independent of Chinese rule. Soviet Russia is just as ambitious in this part of the world as Tsarist Russia was, and far cleverer. "Soviet influence," says Mr. Lattimore, "effected a real change of front towards China. In order to bind Mongolia economically to Russia, all Mongol debts to Chinese traders (amounting to very great sums, for many of the debts had run at high compound interest for scores of years) were cancelled, and a prohibitive discrimination against Chinese trade was enforced."

This affected all and dislocated some of the trade routes. A new route to Turkestan, free both from Chinese rapacity and independent Mongols, became necessary, and by the light partly of legend and tradition, partly, perhaps, of chance, the caravans found the one which probably formed a highway in the time of Jenghis Khan. They called it the Winding Road.

Morhgujing, the point at which this road leaves the Small Road—which, running north-west, becomes the Great Mongolian Road to Turkestan—is interesting geographically. Mr. Lattimore says:

> "After going about ten miles through hummocky country with a downward trend . . . we camped with a range of mountains across our front. These were the Laohu Shan or Tiger Mountains. . . . According to the Chinese it links up on the south with the Lang Shan, a western extension of the Ta Ch'ing Shan, overlooking the Yellow River; but of its southern continuation they are not certain. It would appear, however, from a comparison of the accounts of Prjevalsky and Younghusband that the Laohu Shan are an offshoot of the Lang Shan (the Khara-narin of Prjevalsky), and that they connect with the Hurku range of these two travellers, thus completing a rough arc from south-east to north-west or west-north-west."

At Shandan Miao, standing between the part of Inner Mongolia administered from Kueihua and Pao-t'ou (on the Yellow River) and Alashan, where the relations of Chinese and Mongols are controlled from Kansu, Mr. Lattimore entered country which had never before been crossed by a European from east to west. It is a land of dunes and deserts, of silence and emptiness, as arid as any to be seen in Mongolia. In the region of Khara-jagang even the tamarisk disappears, though later, in that of Kuai-tzu Hu, a long, narrow, marshy tract, extending roughly east and west for about 60 miles, there is more fertility. Mr. Lattimore found the range of temperature in this region astonishing. It was so warm during the day that—early in October—he could go naked to the waist, requiring, by eight o'clock in the evening, however, a heavy sheepskin coat even while walking.

North-west of Kuai-tzu Hu lies the Edsin Gol, a river deriving its name from Etsina, the Black City, translated by the Mongols as Khara Khoto, the ruins of

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which, to his great regret, the author did not see. "I never knew," he says, "how near I might have been to Etsina owing to my lack of maps. None of the caravan men had ever heard of any dead city. I must have passed somewhat to the south. . . . It seemed to me a little hard that I should have had, only this once, chance of seeing one of the remotest places of the earth. . . . It made me wonder," he adds a trifle sardonically, "how much more I might have seen and learned had I been but a competent traveller, with all the assistance of lavish funds and the cordial regard of the Legations."

It is at the Edsin Gol that Inner Mongolia's western boundary really lies, though the map boundary is usually projected further, the river itself being, to quote Mr. Lattimore, an aberrant from the Pacific drainage of the Nan Shan, and flowing northwards to an obscure end in the hedged-off inland desert of Mongolia. It comes from two sources, in the Kan Chou and Hsü Chou oases at the foot of the Nan Shan, and forms the lakes or meres of Gashun Nor and Sokho Nor.

West of these lies the Khara Gobi, "a desert of black gravel in which the confused ranges of the Pei Shan stand up like barren islands in a desolate sea." Here again Mr. Lattimore journeyed through a region before unknown. It seemed to him at the time more magnificent than fearful, but looking back he understands the Chinese horror of it. "The weariness of those marches across that black gap between water and water," he says, "was cumulative, and I remember that I was heartily tired and heavy-footed in the last night hours." In a section of it—the Three Dry Stages— "the character of the desert changes gradually to a grittier kind of sand, overlaid, not with unbroken glossy black of the Four Dry Stages, but with what seemed fragments of quartz, red, brown, and white (though the black stone was also present), melting at a distance into a grey tinge."

Against this background Mr. Lattimore sketches the story of the False Lama, whose deserted citadel forms the strangest ruins he ever saw. The story is too long for reproduction here, but it makes an extremely interesting chapter of the book. Who, really, was this mysterious adventurer, who "during those years when Mongolia echoed again for a while with the drums and tramplings of its mediæval turbulence proved himself a valiant heir in his day to all Asiatic soldiers of fortune from Jenghis Khan to Yakub Beg of Kashgar"? Some say he was a Russian; others that he was a Mongol; others, again—and this, apparently, is the most likely theory—that he was a Chinese from Manchuria, who had served in Mongolia as a herder of ponies for the firm of Ta Sheng K'uei.

Whatever his origin, he rose to power about 1920-21, proclaimed himself a Lama, made a tremendous reputation as being immune from fire and invulnerable to bullets, and received, so it is said, from the Urga Khutukhtu (whom I saw worshipped by enthusiastic crowds in Urga in 1913) large territories in Western Mongolia, where he ruled boldly and successfully, surrounded by a harem of *hao k'ou-k'ou-tze*—"the Mongol term for the lights o' love that the men pick up about Ku Ch'engtzu."

"When I awoke next morning," writes Mr. Lattimore of a point beyond this picturesque adventurer's home—west of Ming Shui—"there soared above the ground-mist, as faintly but as surely and serenely drawn as a Japanese print, the outline of the Snow Mountains, the T'ien Shan, the Heavenly Mountains, the Ten-thousand li East-by-South Mountains, the ramparts of Chinese Turkestan and the goal of the desert road. I do not know how often I may have pondered over pictures of these mountains, seeing my visions and dreaming my dreams until the sudden sight of them was like a prophecy fulfilled." Here began the real hardships of the journey, as may well be imagined from the excellent photographs that illustrate it: Dead Mongol Pass, with snow in deep drifts,

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where camels and men both suffered—that wonderful servant "Moses" with a sprained ankle; arrest by a Chinese border patrol at San-t'ang Hu, where, however, the irksomeness of captivity was relieved by the humour of becoming (through Moses' imagination) the nephew of the American Ambassador, and then the nephew of an American prince, who was of the blood of the American Emperor; eight days' hard going from San-t'ang Hu to a Chinese frontier post, Tse-fang, which has an evil name for winds, where the author's camel man broke down like a craven and moaned and whimpered all night; and finally three or four stages where "men and camels were pushed to the last possible effort" to reach Ku Ch'engtze, the end of a journey which, beginning on August 26, had taken 137 days.

One has sketched it as rapidly as possible in order to give an impression both of sweep and lilt, two of the chief characteristics of the book. To the author the journey was a joyous adventure, and he makes the reader who is fond of travel feel its joyousness. Some of the descriptions are excellent writing, for example:

> "Those were high days for dreaming, before the cold began and the really arduous marches. Part of the magic of Mongolia is in the satisfying physical joy of immersion in the life of monotonous fatigue and simple laziness; the shifting landscapes, the feeling of bodily exaltation in the proud distances and swinging marches. . . . Part of it was in the luminous, dissevered hours when patches of dream and memory hung like a light, unreal veil between me and the more urgent potency of the desert world."

Other passages could be quoted to make good the point with which this review began, that in "The Desert Road to Turkestan" we have not only an account of travel full of new and valuable information about Mongolia and its peoples and ways, but a work of art as well.

One statement in Mr. Lattimore's book requires a note. He says that the Panch'an Lama is "nearer to God than the Dalai Lama, though not so high above men." Some Tibetans do take this view, which is based on the fact that the Panch'an Lama is an incarnation of Ö-pa-me (Buddha Amitabha), while the Dalai Lama is an incarnation of Chen-re-zi (Buddha Avalokitesvara), the former being the spiritual father of the latter. On the other hand, according to Sir Charles Bell, the people of Lhasa maintain that the Panch'an Lamas were first appointed by one of the Dalai Lamas, and are a little lower spiritually. In temporal power the Panch'an Lama is subordinate to the Dalai Lama.

Another statement Mr. Lattimore did not, perhaps, mean to be taken too seriously. He says: "One of the clues of the psychology of history is that men who come in ships to trade affect the life and customs of a country far less than men who come on camels, or with mule-trains, or even donkeys." That might be deleted in the next edition.

E. M. GULL.

THE NATIONALIST CRUSADE IN SYRIA. By Elizabeth P. MacCallum. 5¼ × 7½. Pp. xiii + 299. Map. The Foreign Policy Association. New York, 1928.

The frustration that has been the keynote of Syrian history for the past fifteen years is writ large across these pages. It does not, indeed, require much knowledge of events in that quarter of the Levant to show that mistakes have been made by both sides. The French have followed a policy of which the main lines were dictated by sentiment and religious zeal and the details too often left to ignorance, cynicism, or fear. The Syrians have likewise pursued aims subject to no national or considered plan. When they should have moved warily, as in 1920, they acted precipitately. Thus the Syrian Congress by proclaiming Emir Feisal King of Syria, without having previously obtained the blessing of the

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Allies, made an agreement impossible between that potentate and the French. And when in 1925 the Druses had risen and French authority throughout Syria had been reduced to the sea coast, part of Lebanon and a few towns in the interior, there was no general concerted movement amongst the rest of the population to throw off the foreign yoke. France is a great Power, and possibly no insurrection in Syria, however widespread or skilfully directed, could permanently have prevented the French people from asserting its will in that region. On the other hand, it is doubtful how far French public opinion, never much in sympathy with the Syrian mandate, would have countenanced another colonial war on the Moroccan scale, and if the Syrians had struck with all their might in the summer of 1925, the mandate would possibly have been voluntarily revoked.

To assume this, however, is to beg the question. For in the main, though there is much that everyone, the French included, must deplore in their handling of the Syrian question, their French thesis is justified. The Syrians have proved by their own conduct that their national spirit does not yet override sectarian and communal interests, and not even their anger at French blunders has been able to make them forget their differences.

It would be a good thing if those simple-minded socialists who regard all imperialism as a species of capitalist exploitation could read this book. For they would then find that the truth is often far different from what it seems. Thus the reason for the rising in Jebel Druse was not the mere hatred of its hillmen for foreign administration. Captain Carbillet, the Governor of the Jebel, round whom the movement centred, was himself an idealist who refused to accept a salary, and professed with obvious sincerity that his love for the mountain was second only to that of France itself. Unfortunately for Captain Carbillet, his schemes of land reform aroused the hostility of the chieftains. It seemed to them that, if the Frenchman continued his policy, their authority would vanish. And the peasants themselves, though they appreciated his efforts to secure their rights to the land, objected to working on the roads, disliked the Greek Catholic schoolmasters who had been brought to teach in the new schools, and were offended by the captain's authoritarian methods of government. Hence the chiefs were able to play upon these prejudices and, thanks to further mishandling of the question by General Sarrail, to raise the whole Druse country in revolt.

The sense of frustration runs through the whole book, even to the chapter on the work of the League Permanent Mandates Commission, and it is evident that the French are far from a solution of their troubles. Yet one may doubt whether the author's belief in the virtue of democratic government is justified on the evidence. The divine right that resides in 51 per cent. of the Demos is capable of follies as great and tyrannies as unjust as any that ever followed from the exercise of the divine right of kings. Though Miss MacCallum often refers with appreciation to Iraq, where our record is certainly much happier than that of the French in Syria, the evidence shows only too plainly that the attempt to introduce the elements of a parliamentary régime has been a failure. The result has been to subsidize critics of government who speak with the authority of deputies, with the ignorance of vanity and too often with the venom of the disappointed place-hunter. Representative institutions, the fruit of the Anglo-Saxon genius, have so far shown themselves quite unable to strike root in the Near East, and all the signs today indicate that despotism, benevolent or otherwise, is still the only form of government which can ensure the respect and obedience of the governed.

How this fact is ever to be reconciled with the ideals that inspired the mandatory system remains a problem for the future. It lies, of course, beyond the

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scope of Miss MacCallum's book. And in any case her naïve optimism on this matter does not detract from the value of her contribution to an enigma for which time alone holds the key. H. E. W.

THE TURKISH ORDEAL: FURTHER MEMOIRS OF HALIDÉ EDIB. Illustrated. London: Thornton Butterworth. 21s. net.

Halidé Edib's first volume of Memoirs met with a considerable success. There were many reasons why it should be so. To begin with, the Western world was, it must be admitted, somewhat surprised that even one Turkish lady had progressed so far along cultural and independent lines. There are those of us who may still be slow in realizing that the emancipation of women in the Middle East has gone such a long way, or who do not altogether realize how rapid that progress has been. For example, only two years ago there was a Persian lady in Shiraz, that saintly spot, who drove her own car! Then Madame Edib, by virtue of her political activities, saw the development of modern Turkey from the inside. And, thirdly, there remained the sense that in her book, in some measure, the veil of mystery and secrecy which hides the *haremlik* had been lifted.

In her first venture Halidé Edib showed herself to be a woman entirely out of the common, and there was little doubt that her intellectual attainments were far beyond those of the majority of the pioneers of the new Turkish ideal. It is, therefore, logical that she should continue her story in the shape of her further biography and bring it down to the point where Turkey, under Mustapha Kemal, has formally established herself as a political entity and has definitely entered the comity of nations. In the result, however, one is justified in asking whether Madame Edib is entitled or equipped to act as spokesman, historian, or general recorder of such gigantic events in the history of her country. After reading the second volume of her Memoirs the answer should be —no! She has the spiritual mind, it is true; she has the revolutionary sense; but she fails, in presenting the events she records, in being either logical or concise. There is a lack of mental orderliness about it all which is confusing to the most sympathetic reader. Only in the matter of uttering indiscretions has the mantle of Colonel Repington descended on her shoulders. She fails as an artist. She has been unable adequately to compose her picture. Things that matter, figures that count, are all higgledy-piggledy and mixed up with detail and nonentities. The stage is so crowded, so packed, that the limelight man has little chance of picking out the principals, with few exceptions. Again, in a political autobiography of this description we would have looked for a closer study of the fundamentals of the Nationalist Movement. As it is, we may read the book to its last page, but we remain not very considerably enlightened. We can, however, form some sort of definite impression of the principal actor—patriot, nationalist, statesman and successful commander in war. To put it quite mildly, the accompanying character study is drawn in light and shade. The impression one derives from it is, that the impulse behind it all in the end was nothing but personal ambition. And yet there was a time when one had only to look at the Ghazi's face to be sure that more than that lay behind those fine, strong features.

Then again it may be that Madame Edib wishes her readers to remember, as we read the story of this short but exciting period of her life, that before all things she is a woman. That, though she had been helping to some degree in the making of history, although she gave up everything for her convictions, although she could face hardship, the fear of death even, although she had to

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abandon her home and her children, and fly for her very safety, yet, in spite of all this, she could still be woman enough to be interested in the small details of daily life, and, what is more, find the time to make notes about them.

That is all very well, but there is a science as well as an art in the writing of biography. It is suggested here that Madame Edib has had little or no instruction in the former. The result is that one reads on, at times, bored almost to the point of putting the book down finally, but yet persisting in the hope that there may recur some little passage in the record of some incident which will make up for pages of uninteresting detail.

She starts off with one of those delightful extracts from Saadi (whose tomb rests at Shiraz) that will keep you in some mystery as to its meaning. Its vagueness the Hanum leaves to her readers to think over. She, who believes in no war guilt, recites the events preparatory to the Nationalist outbreak with much bitterness of mind and expression. But she does not see the treachery (it is the only word) that marked Turkey's participation in the world-war. That entry was a concerted movement made by a responsible Government, not an adventure prompted by an autocrat or a dictator. There existed no reason for the entry of Turkey into the war. She had no quarrel with the main combatants, France and Britain. Her interest rather lay in the propitiation of Russia. She had little enough to gain from the Central Powers in the event of their success. It was a treacherous movement against good friends and old allies, and, as she lost the war, she deserved the treatment she got.

About 1919 various organizations were started in Istamboul, with every sort of malcontent and would-be leader as a member. The most important was *Karakol*. It was this society that, in a way, was the germ of the Nationalist Movement. The Allies, of course fully occupied elsewhere, badly mismanaged the Turkish situation. There was the long delay before the treaty and the encouragement of the wild Greek adventure, beginning with the occupation of Smyrna in May, 1919. The atrocities committed by the Greeks in the occupation fanned the embers into flame. Halidé fell under the spell. She it was who was selected to present the protest to the Sultan. She tasted power and popularity with the masses. She was soon in the thick of it. All this part of her story is of tremendous interest and is vividly told. And then she puts this sort of stuff in:

> ". . . and on the way she had seen the entire Turkish staff of the War Ministry standing in the square . . . while the English searched the War Office. But what moved her most terribly was the murder of six soldiers at the headquarters of the 10th Division. . . . The raiding forces had first killed the guard at the door, had entered, and finding five soldiers asleep, had shot them in their beds. . . . At Guedik Pasha the English soldiers were now searching houses and digging out the old tombs in search of bombs and arms. . . ."

This story must be one of those "random events" she refers to. By March 18, 1919, Istamboul had become too hot for this little revolutionary and flight became imperative. She crossed the Bosphorus in disguise and escaped into Anatolia, leaving her children in American care. After sundry adventures she reached Angora, and from now on we have the story of the intimate life led by the band of revolutionaries (as they were then) who had collected there, headed by Kemal. This section of the book might be headed "Elementary Lessons in Revolutions." One learns of the hardships of the communal life led by Kemal and his friends. The finance of the movement would have been interesting to hear about, but not a word is said on this subject. They seemed

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to have lived on air, and anticipations perhaps. Halidé gives us pen-pictures of her associates to the verge of confusion. But over all hangs the shadow of the Ghazi. At first we are introduced to his virtues, and then to the detail of his private life, which is not the same thing; nor is the necessity apparent of bringing forward such matter as concerns the intimate affairs of the head of a State. At Angora, Halidé meets Fikrié Hanum, Kemal's cousin, who was keeping house for him:

> ". . . Although her attachment to Mustapha Kemal Pasha was obvious, it was of such a nature that it made you respect her and sympathize with her. It was the one thing in her life, and she was perhaps the only human being, other than his mother, who loved him as a man regardless of his position and genius. Unfortunately, she was not the sort of woman who had the necessary shrewdness to make him marry her."

Poor Fikrié! She was consumptive and was sent to a sanatorium at Munich. Meantime Kemal met Latifé Hanum and married her. This is what happened to Fikrié:

> ". . . The little Turkish world in Munich, which had received her in state on her arrival, deserted her when the news of the marriage came and they knew that she had no future any longer. . . . I heard the last of her from an official communiqué from Angora in 1923. A woman called Fikrié Hanum, a distant relative of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, after trying in vain to gain admittance to the Pasha, had shot herself not far from his house."

Of the lady whom Mustapha later was to marry, Halidé Edib gives us another miniature:

> ". . . Her graceful salaam had both dignity and old-world charm. No movement of hers recalled the cinema-star gestures of the young girl in society. . . . The face was round and plump, so was the little body Although the tight and thin lips indicated an unusual force and will-power not very feminine, her eyes were most beautiful, grave and lustrous and dominated by intelligence. I can think of her colour now, a fascinating brown and gray mixed, scintillating with a curious light."

This graciousness of manner is not confirmed by Clare Sheridan in the latter's writings.

If Kemal had done nothing else, his share in throwing the Greeks out of Asia Minor would be sufficient to bring him lasting fame; Kemal, as G.O.C. of the 19th Division at Anafarta, had already shown himself as a military commander of outstanding merit. It is, however, not within the power of Madame Edib to emphasize to any degree his military genius in connection with the Greek debacle on the Sakaria front. Nevertheless, Halidé accompanied the army and took an active part in the campaign. As befits a revolutionary, she was given the rank of corporal and was attached to G.H.Q. Her section dealt with the Greek atrocities, on which subject, naturally, she became an authority. She spares us little in this connection.

The surrender of Generals Tricopis and Dionis she graphically describes. No trained journalist could have done it better.

> ". . . To me the scene (of the surrender) was first-rate military drama and I watched it with intense interest. The simple uniform of our generals, as simple as that of the private, their immovably set faces contrasted with the nervous, discomposed faces and the extraordinarily gilded and adorned uniforms of the Greeks. . . . Now that his (Kemal's) military opponent was on the ground, he showed that military art and courtesy he possessed to his fingers' ends. He gripped General Tricopis' hand heartily, and held it imperceptibly longer than for an ordinary handshake.
>
> "'Sit down, General,' he said. 'You must be tired.'
>
> "Then he offered his cigarette case and ordered coffee. . . ."

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Not even Roberts receiving Cronje could have conceived a finer gesture.

On September 9, 1921, the Nationalist Army was in Smyrna, and Turkey had practically freed herself from foreign dominion. An illustration unfortunately shows the "water-front" after the great fire and massacre, etc. Does Halidé know that so late as August, 1927, conditions had not altered appreciably? Is that any advertisement for the new Turkish power of initiative and enterprise?

Wisely she has nothing to say of the scenes that took place on that quay-side. Instead of which she very gently introduces us to Latifé Hanum and Mustapha's idyll. "Her house," she says, "was the most sheltered and remote from the fire." And we can well believe it.

Halidé left Smyrna as a sergeant-major, and it was Latifé who sewed the chevrons on her sleeve. The Armistice was signed at Mudania on September 29, 1922, and the Sultanate was abolished on October 1. Halidé Edib's work actually was finished.

Had she grown more tolerant in success, more balanced, saner? It looks like it. She has in the end a tremendous admiration for M. Franklin-Bouillon, and she thinks that General Harington was not only a great commander in the field, but a large-hearted, far-seeing man, working in the cause of peace. She thinks he had a realistic grasp over the new situation. When she wrote that note in her diary perhaps she little knew how right she was about it.

And so Madame Edib rather suddenly leaves us to our thoughts and perhaps casts our minds back to the verse from Saadi the Shirazi, which she quotes at the beginning of her book. But those of us, again, who have known Turkey for all these years, from the days of that Aziz, falsely named the "well-beloved," through the days of the Young Turks to the early times of its present Nationalism, cannot but welcome these naïve, though often somewhat unconnected, notes. We cannot fail to wonder, when we consider how indiscreet at times they are, what will be the future of this courageous little lady and to what degree of comfort or even of bare security she can look forward, should she return to her little home at Bebek, near the Robert College on the shores of the Bosphorus.

Perhaps one of these days she would honour the Society by coming personally and telling it what she thinks about it all now. Has the Ordeal she tells us of been succeeded by an Ideal of any sort? D. S.

TURKEY TODAY. By Grace Ellison. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$. Pp. 288. Hutchinson. 1928. 18s.

Since the war the world has seen many changes—social, material, and political—but probably none of them are quite as remarkable as those for which the Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha has been responsible in Turkey. His reforms are wide and all-embracing. In the larger towns at least they are well under way—in the smaller villages of Anatolia they are only just beginning to be felt, and some time has yet to pass before the full effect can be felt over the whole country. So rapid has been the change that books written only a few years ago are in many respects out of date today. Miss Ellison's book is thus welcome, for it fills a gap, bringing the chronicle of events up to the present day. She is an enthusiastic admirer of Mustapha Kemal, as must be one who has seen what he has accomplished in Turkey in so short a period, whether he approve of his policy or not. And like all women who have come in contact with the Ghazi, Miss Ellison is perhaps as much captivated by his personality as by his reforms and his work.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is the point of view from

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which Miss Ellison makes her survey. She is a sincere and ardent feminist, apparently of a rather militant turn of mind, and she looks at the reforms of the last few years from the point of view of a woman who has spent much of her life shut up in a harem. She gives a vivid picture of the old enclosed life, which she knew well, and shows how great was the wall that woman had to cross in Turkey before she could receive anything in the nature of freedom. She shows, too, how even the oldest and most conservative women are trying to cross it under the guidance and leadership of the Ghazi, and emphasizes the new mentality which is springing up in the new generation, who attend co-educational schools. But there is still a long road to be traversed both by women and by the whole of Turkey before the goal can be achieved. "What you have done is good, but you must do better," said Ismet Pasha. This is what young Turkey must remember, and in places one feels that Miss Ellison's enthusiasm has carried her rather too far. She gives us to believe that in many cases the proposed reforms and ideals are already *faits accomplis*. But this is not the case. Work has been begun on a sound basis, but it has only been begun, not completed.

The traveller who visits Turkey is greeted by two very different ideas as to the state of affairs today, which may be described as the Constantinople and the Angora points of view. The one, coming from traders who had benefited under the old capitulation system, sees nothing good in the new régime. Under Abdul Hamid they had been favoured as regards their business, for they were not Turks to be spied upon and oppressed as so many were. Now that they make only a very modest profit they are discontented and grumble at laws which hamper them on every side. And their complaints are probably justified, for they are no longer *personæ gratæ* in Turkey.* From Turks, especially those associated with the Government, on the other hand, the visitor hears nothing but praise of the new régime and for everything that it stands for. To the number of these belongs Miss Ellison, and one wonders if her point of view would have been quite the same and her enthusiasm quite as great had she associated less with those immediately connected with the Government and had she seen more of the average inhabitants of Anatolia. But then the descriptions of the lunches and dinners with those of importance would not have been there to fill the pages of about one-third of the book.

She brings forward one or two points of special interest. Her account of travel in Anatolia shows that anyone and everyone can wander where he or she will, hampered only by passport formalities. The description of Angora, the new capital, a cut between a Turkish hill village of the old style and an American "gold-rush" city, shows the material changes that have taken place there in the last six years. Her account of Ismet Pasha, the Prime Minister, shows how much of her success in the "peace period" Turkey owes to him. Finally, Miss Ellison stresses the importance that is being attached to education and shows how it is the younger generation on whom the final success of the movement will depend. The people are working at fever heat. Will they be able to keep it up?

"Turkey Today" is perhaps rather disconnected and contains much irrelevant matter, but it does show the high ideal at which the reforms aim, and

* The Levantines of the large ports, mostly business men or traders, should not be confused with the Greeks who formerly populated the country villages of Anatolia. These were agriculturists and were apparently happy enough until the exchange system and the horrors of 1921 and 1922 ruined their lives and soured the outlook of those who survived.

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one is filled with hope for the future, when Turkey will take her place as a state in a world founded on reason and fairness. The day when Turkey's ideals shall be accomplished should not be far off, for already the soul-binding ties of a narrow-minded religion have been cast aside, the struggle for deliverance is over and only that severe period of solidification on a new basis remains.

D. T. R.

WESTWARD TO MECCA. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, author of "Afghanistan and the Afghans." $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$. 224 pp. Illustrations. H. F and G. Witherby. 12s. 6d.

This book fully justifies the author's description of it as "a journey of adventure through Afghanistan, Bolshevik Asia, Persia, Irak and Hejaz, to the cradle of Islam."

The Sirdar started from Lahore, and spent some months in wandering over Kulu, Ladakh, Lahoul, the N.W.F. Province, and the borderland on both sides of the Khaibar before he reached the first stage of his journey, Kabul. Even then his progress westward to Mecca was slow and his route devious; when after many stirring adventures and hairbreadth escapes from the Bolshevists in Merv, Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand, Orenburg, Aralsk, ending in a wild but successful dash for freedom at Krasnovodsk on the Caspian, he reached Persia and Baghdad, he found that the surest way to get to Mecca was to return from Basrah to Bombay and take a pilgrim ship to Jeddah. One asks, Why didn't he take this obvious route from India at the start? He gives us the reason—viz., that if the faithful takes the longest route he has a higher spiritual reward. But over and above this there was the love of travel over the wild and little-known regions of Central Asia and the thirst of adventure. And, verily, of adventures he had his fill, and perhaps more than his fill. Wherever he went adventures as strange and thrilling as any fairy-tale came his way; he followed his "kismet" and it saw him through. The tale of these episodes, some of which are in the region of the marvellous, is perhaps the most fascinating part of the book.

The apprenticeship to the Brahman alchemist and coiner in the high Himalayas in search of the secret of transmuting copper into gold; the wild night scene at a transborder Jirga near the Khaibar, when the sword-maker was being tried for his life; the gruesome manifestations of the "Magic House" at Paghman, where the author and his Norwegian companion, Rask, almost fell victims—by fire—to the wrath of the Hindu goddess Durga; the repeated attempts of various Bolshevist Commissars, who suspected him of being a British spy, to tie him down to a life of servitude under their surveillance; the various stratagems by which, with the aid of friendly Muslims—an illustration of the brotherhood of Islam—he escaped from their toils; the reckless plunge into the Caspian at Krasnovodsk—all these are described with a vividness which the naïve simplicity of the style serves to heighten.

But the most gruesome adventure of all was to come among a barbarous tribe in Kurdistan, where he was kidnapped to be slowly done to death in order to provide a remedy for the ailments of a Kurdish bandit. To use a Hibernicism, he had the privilege of seeing his own funeral, and this is how he describes it: "'Here is a young man of sunburnt complexion' (barked the chief to the other old man). 'How dost thou propose to produce the cure from him for my ailments?' The Hakim, rising, approached the rope that hung from the beam, examined the tripod, clanged together two iron pegs, and looked me up and down, after which he addressed his patron in a brazen voice.

"'This man is to be hung by the feet to the beam, the iron pegs are to be driven through his skull, and what juice trickles down into the bowl must simmer

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over a slow fire to make thy medicine and cure thee for ever and ever, my holy master.'"

At this stage the victim fainted, and woke up to hear: "Thy life is safe. Thou hast moles on thy arms, and therefore the medicine-man finds thee unfit for making a cure."

The story sounds almost incredible, but one knows that the same superstition is strong in India, where the "medicine-man" is known as the "Momyai Sahib," and is often represented—political agitators are not above this calumny—as an agent of the British Government seeking a cure for some high-placed sufferer.

Doubtless it is only his modesty that prevents the Sirdar from comparing the mole on his arm with the mole on the cheek of the fair lady immortalized by his favourite Sheikh Sadi. Her mole was worth only Khorasan and Samarkand; the Sirdar's was, to him, worth his life.

Apart from these adventures, the author throws fresh light on current politics in the various countries he passed through two years ago. Naturally he, as an Afghan, is proud of the progress Afghanistan is making under the forceful personality of its present King. But the Shinwari rebellion, which for the last month has cut off nearly all road communication between Peshawar and Kabul, is an apt illustration of the dangers of attempting to force Western ideas on sturdy hill tribes who regard their time-honoured customs as part of Islam, and resent any interference with them as an attack on their religion.

The Ghazi from Angora may be able to dragoon Turkish peasants, on whom Islam has always sat lightly, and who have been broken to obedience by conscription and continuous military discipline. The Afghan tribesman in his native hills is a stiffer proposition, and King Amanullah is not the Ghazi.

The Sirdar gives us many interesting sidelights on the Bolshevists and their methods in Central Asia. Their rule appears to be a grinding tyranny tempered only by the fear of tribal rebellions, where the Soviet military force is not strong enough to enforce tyranny. Of Samarkand, once the golden city and the glory of Asia, he writes: "The people in the streets looked dejected. They were, I learned, little less than slaves, and were forced to go down the coal-mines. If they objected to doing that they were forced into the army."

The Sirdar, who enjoyed taking risks, secured admittance as a translator to the Bolshevist Institute for training propagandists to preach the liberation of Asia by the adoption of Soviet methods! This was apparently in May, 1926. He writes: "The bureau was one of the most efficient falsehood factories in any of the five continents. The wildest yarns arrived regarding the condition of affairs in Great Britain. The coal strike had precipitated a widespread revolution. The trade unions had formed a Government, and Mr. H. G. Wells had been nominated the first President of the British Soviet, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as Minister for Foreign Affairs. Irish torpedo-boats had blown up the entrance to Liverpool Docks, and Mr. Lloyd-George had fled to France. The majority of my colleagues implicitly believed in these reports."

And no wonder, for men are ready to believe what they wish to be true, and if the general strike of 1926 failed, it was not for want of moral (!) and material support from the Bolshevists.

The Sirdar, with his knowledge of the Central Asian peoples and their languages and religious beliefs, was able in the rôle of pilgrim, mullah, or trader, according as circumstances suited, to gain access to places where no European traveller could in these days penetrate, and to information which would be withheld from a European enquirer.

His book, though written lightly, is also written brightly; it is, let us hope,

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but the precursor of others which will give to the world a further instalment of the facts and ideas accumulated in his memorable journeyings. For instance, one would be glad to hear more of Mecca under Wahàbi rule.

M. F. O'Dwyer.

Persian Days. By Copley Amory, Jr. 8 × 5¾. Pp. xviii + 230; 51 illustrations. Map. London: Methuen and Co. Price 21s. net.

Mr. Amory is well qualified to present us with a knowledgeable book of Persian travel, for he has resided in the country for several years and has occupied the position of American Chargé d'Affaires at Teheran. He has a keen sense of humour and possesses the knack of tacking on little pieces of history just at the right places throughout the narrative.

Apparently, he once decided to take a holiday in the country to which he had been accredited and in the process completed a motor tour of some four weeks' duration through Central and South Persia. The line of his route followed the well-worn road, now so much motor-frequented, from Teheran to Shiraz via Kum and Isfahan. His return journey he made by Kerman and Yezd. His book, compiled from notes made on the journey, and very well illustrated with photographs, makes no pretensions at being comprehensive. Being also a diplomatist, he discusses none of the problems that at the present time are well-nigh engulfing the country. Even the opium question, which he is bound to mention, as so much of the drug comes from the Kerman area, he discusses with an open mind. He even lets off lightly *The Society of Busybodies* and its precious Commission, sent to Persia to enquire into this problem. In short, he has written a book of descriptive travel, which any visitor, intending to tour the country, will find of great interest, whilst those of us who have moved along that same old road cannot fail to welcome old memories, perhaps dormant too long.

"Isfahan is half the world," says the Persian, and Mr. Amory does his best to support the truth of the proverb, at least so far as the past is concerned. But Isfahan today is, and looks, provincial. If Isfahan were in England, it would have a cathedral, instead of its beautiful Musjid-i-Shah, and round the Meidan, where once, before Abbas, polo was played with stone goal-posts, there would be The Close, and it would be just as sleepy and dead-alive.

The chapter on Persepolis is good. It is not easy to describe that City on a Plinth, but, with the aid of some good photographs, Mr. Amory has gone far towards succeeding. We should have liked, however, to find a paragraph throwing doubt on Alexander's guilt for having burnt it to the ground. That story is merely a Greek tradition and appears only to be supported by Zoroastrian evidence, both, as Professor Herzfeld says, equally unreliable. Had Thaïs her beautiful hand in the burning of this city? We do not know: all we do know is, that it was the scene of a tremendous fire, and as the Professor says, "Persepolis is the last and highest expression of the artistic genius of the ancient East. A world perished in its flames . . . and never did a world perish with greater splendour."

It has been remarked how well known is that old-time road from Shiraz to Isfahan to many of us Britishers. Out there, the tide of the Great War ebbed and flowed too. The South Persia Rifles under Sir Percy Sykes marched and countermarched over those dreary flats, man-handled their carts over the high-arched Alexandrine bridge (a replica of that at Zahko in North Iraq) across the River Kur, camped at the foot of the royal stairway and carved their names, some of them, on the great propylons, finding themselves in company with Malcolm, Morier, and Stanley. Lord Curzon (it is incredible almost) found no harm in this practice.

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Shiraz, it seems, made but small impression on the author. He took the tomb of Hafiz in faith and to it did not pay personal tribute, but, to make up for that, he retells the tale: "'Art thou he who was so bold as to offer my two great cities of Samarkand and Bokhara for the black mole on thy mistress' cheek?' demanded Timurlane. 'Yes, Sire,' replied the poet, 'and it is by such acts of generosity that I have brought myself to such a state of destitution, that I must solicit your bounty.'"

Here is another example of how Mr. Amory interpolates a little history into his text:

"Agha Mohamed Khan for instance, the eunuch who became the first Kajar monarch, came hither (to Kerman) about the time our capital was at Philadelphia to do what the books call consolidate his dynasty. Not till he had given the Kerman women to his soldiers and gloated upon a pile of twenty thousand human eyes did he feel Kerman properly subdued. A nice man this Agha Mahomed!"

Newcomers to the country may well take heed of what he has to say about carpets. He tells how on occasion, when the clip has proved a poor one, that the wool must come from India or Bradford. "These new fabrics," he says, "that cover the floors of those who know not the difference between old wine and new are a negation of art . . . they can't take the place of a 'Kerman' of sixty years ago any more than a 1927 copy can take the place of an original Corot. He calls this carpet section of his book "A Digression." We can forgive him for it.

And so he goes home to Teheran through Yezd and Isfahan again. As the author says of Persian scenery, "It is truly a land of wide, waste spaces; a romantic super-world, lonely, vast and naked, but bright with sunlight and entrancing colours."

This book of "Persian Days" is a pleasant book and one to have on one's bookshelf. D. S.

UNDER PERSIAN SKIES. By Hermann Norden. A record of travel by the old caravan routes of Persia. 9×5¾. Pp. 256. Illustrations and maps. Witherby. 1928. 16s.

This is a superficial account of a journey made in 1927: first to Baghdad, Najaf, and Kerbala; to Abadan, and up the Karun to Ahwaz and Shushtar, then to Basra and to Bushire. At the latter place the writer had a chance meeting with Wassmuss. From Bushire he made a digression to visit Kharg Island, Bandar Rig, and Ganaveh. He next travelled by motor-car to Shiraz, where his expectations suffered disillusionment, only partly compensated by meetings with the Khawam-ul-mulk and other cultured Persians.

From Shiraz, with the plausible object of getting into close touch with Persian life, the writer took to the slower mode of travel, riding stage by stage with pack transport as far as Isfahan. The resultant discomforts (the journey was made in winter) seem to have outweighed all other impressions. He arrived in Isfahan in time for the Nau Roz celebrations; and when recovered from the effects of the caravan journey, proceeded by car to Teheran. A brief chapter, descriptive of the capital, tells of "mediæval Persia lamely struggling towards modernism," under the progressive leadership of Riza Shah Pahlavi. The writer left Persia by aeroplane from Teheran to Baku. The concluding chapter tells of the dominating Russian influence in Northern Persia and active Soviet propaganda. The author is handicapped by his admitted ignorance of the language and of Muhammadan ways. The list of previous books of travel by the

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same writer leads one to expect something less shallow. The route followed is so full of opportunities for observation that it should not have been necessary to pad out the record with so many personal trivialities.

In comparing British influence in the south with Russian influence in the north, the writer ignores past history, and refers to the discovery of oil as the one reason for which "Great Britain settled herself as determinedly and irrevocably in the south as Russia had long before done in the north."

Statements are made with the ill-founded confidence of the globe-trotter, as, for instance, "Ramazan the strictest of Muhammadan feast-days," "the sound of F is impossible to the Arab tongue." Transliteration, too, is crude, and obviously from foreign sources, that make it misleading to an English reader—*e.g.*, Dil Gosha for Dil Khusha, Tchehel for Chahal, and one does not at first recognize the familiar 'Id greeting in the words "Aide schemo mu barak."

The illustrations are poor, and the book altogether is too frothy to recommend to members of the Society who wish for accurate information about Persia.

J. K. T.

PALESTINE OLD AND NEW. By Albert M. Hyamson. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$. Pp. xii + 287. Illustrations and Map. Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d.

Hilaire Belloc in one of his essays suggests that a guide-book of foreign travel should be written which should make the whole road a piece of history.

In "Palestine Old and New" Mr. Hyamson has gone some way towards carrying out this suggestion. In his preface he tells the reader that his book is intended for those who visit Palestine and for those who lack the opportunity but not the desire to do so.

The visitor to Palestine will certainly find this book a helpful historical guide, and an interesting book of reference after his or her return home.

The author has attempted a big task, for in the confines of this volume he has dealt with history which extends for 3,500 years. In the limited space allowed him, Mr. Hyamson has chosen with discrimination from his vast store of knowledge of the history and of the modern conditions of Palestine.

In the first few chapters he takes the reader into Palestine by way of the different gates, calling attention *en route* to the chief places of interest. The gates in the order taken are: Kantara, Jaffa, Haifa, and four minor gates of entry: Rasalel Nakoura, Metullah. Jisr Bnat Jacob, and Samakh.

In Chapter IV. the author writes: "If those who come to Palestine as tourists may be counted as tens, those who come as pilgrims may be counted as thousands," and to this latter category of visitors the chapter called "Modern Palestine and the Bible" should especially appeal.

New Palestine must obviously chiefly mean Jewish Palestine as developed since the British Mandate, but the work of the Government is also mentioned in the chapter which deals with present conditions.

The intending visitor to Palestine will learn here amongst other facts that brigandage is practically stamped out, that he will be able to travel by car from one end of Palestine to the other, and that the railway system is one which other countries of its size can envy.

An account is given of the Zionist Settlements and the agricultural and industrial developments, and the Jewish intellectual and cultural revival, of which, as the author truly says, one of the most remarkable manifestations is the revival of the Hebrew language, which, from being practically a dead language, has now become the means of communication and the bond between Jews coming from every part of the world.

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All Jewish children growing up in Palestine know Hebrew as their mother tongue, and in some cases those parents who have not already acquired the language, learn to speak it from their children.

Mr. Hyamson describes the Zionist schools as Hebrew-Hebrew in contrast to the schools founded in earlier years, which were Anglo-Jewish, Franco-Jewish, German-Jewish.

The book succeeds in being an impartial guide to Jewish, Christian, and Moslem Palestine. It ends with a chapter on Transjordania, and has a useful railway map and twenty-eight illustrations.

In a book dealing so largely with history, chronological tables would have been helpful, and many readers will be anxious for more details regarding the work of the British administration in Palestine, but in spite of these omissions "Palestine Old and New" is undoubtedly a book to have—and to keep.

M. Sylvester Samuel.

A Crusader in Kashmir. By Ernest F. Neve. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$. Pp. 218. Illustrations. Seeley, Service and Co. 1928. 6s.

There can be few people who have visited Kashmir without having seen the Mission Hospital on its little hill below the Takht-i-Suleiman, or heard of the two brothers who have devoted so great a part of their lives to its service.

Arthur Neve, the elder of the brothers, took his early training in the slums of Edinburgh, like so many other men who have made their names in mission hospitals abroad. Fired by the example of Livingstone, he offered himself for work in Africa, but, fortunately for the people of Kashmir, the urgent need for another worker under Dr. Downes, who was in charge of the hospital, led to Dr. Neve being sent to India instead, and he reached Kashmir early in 1882. From that time until his death in 1919, with the exception of three years of the war, all his work was done in Kashmir, and much of his leave was spent there as well. His younger brother, who is the author of this book, followed him first to Edinburgh and then to Kashmir, and it is very largely due to their efforts that the hospital has reached its present level of efficiency and usefulness.

Not content only with work in Srinagar itself, whenever possible the two brothers undertook long expeditions in order to reach the people of the outlying districts, both for medical and religious purposes. Few Europeans can have had such a thorough knowledge of the country as Arthur Neve, of its people and their customs, the footpaths and tracks, the passes, and even the actual peaks, for mountaineering was one of his recreations. Adventurous and practical, he combined exploration, medicine, and religion, and nearly all tourists find his little guide-book of Kashmir an invaluable mine of information of every description.

"A Crusader in Kashmir" deals not only with the life of Arthur Neve, but also with the hospital, from its foundation in 1864 as a small mission station, down to the present day when it boasts modern operating-theatres, large airy wards, and a beautiful chapel.

Descriptions of the conditions under which the work is carried on, of the patients who flock into the hospital, and of the country from which they come, are all contained in a book of only just over two hundred pages. Dr. Ernest Neve describes the many problems that confront the missionary and the doctor: the religious difficulties to be overcome, the insanitary conditions, leprosy, lack of funds and equipment, and, above all, lack of staff to cope with the work that should be done. His accounts of expeditions into the surrounding valleys bring out the strong contrast between the beauty of the country and the dirt and disease of its inhabitants.

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Those who are unacquainted with Kashmir or with the East, and are interested in the conditions under which medical and missionary work are being carried on, will find this book pleasant reading, with plenty of interesting information of an untechnical character; for those who knew Arthur Neve and his work, and have themselves travelled in Kashmir, it is somewhat disappointing. Barely a quarter of the book is devoted to the life of one whose many activities and interests might easily fill one double the size. The references to his various mountaineering and exploring expeditions are of the briefest when one considers their extent and importance, and consist largely of quotations from his own book, "Thirty Years in Kashmir."

However, it must be remembered that this is a book written from a purely missionary point of view; it is not intended to be a serious account of conditions in Kashmir either medically, socially, or with regard to travel. Its primary reason is to record for those who do not know of it the missionary work being done, and waiting to be done, in one of the most lovely countries of the world, and only secondarily is it the memorial of a great man who gave his life to a great work. M. M. M.

THE PALESTINE MANDATE

THE MANDATE FOR PALESTINE. By J. Stoyanovsky. Longmans, Green and Co. 25s.

The mandate for Palestine, a mandate which is usually classified as belonging to the "A" category, but which from certain points of view could more fitly be classified in the "B" category, is incomparably the most difficult to understand. The main difficulty arises, of course, from the policy of the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine which has to be pursued side by side with, or, as it may appear to some minds, in antagonism towards, the larger, if later, policy of guiding Palestine towards self-government and implied independence. That Palestine since the Armistice has been extraordinarily well administered is a commonplace: but there is less general agreement when the questions are asked: by what immediate methods, and to what ultimate end?

Now as far as these questions can be answered juristically, they are answered in this amply documented, well set out, and extremely fair book of Dr. Stoyanovsky. Whether the juristic can be made synonymous with the real, or even with the actual, is a question to which different people may find different response. It is perhaps worth noting that on the few occasions when the author of this learned survey does depart from the purely juristic aspect of modern Palestine, he lapses into generalizations which, however theoretically sound, are apt to be at the mercy of facts. At this very moment, for example, the incident which is known as "the Wailing Wall incident" must at least have modified the comforting supposition that all was going well between Arab and Jew in Palestine, or, as Dr. Stoyanovsky puts it, that the Mandatory Power has undoubtedly succeeded "in bringing the various communities in Palestine nearer to each other and making future co-operation between them much more probable than could at one time have been reasonably expected." For it must have been reluctantly, despite appearances, that the hands of time were ticking on in the Holy Land, as it needed, seemingly, but an incident between Arab and Jew such as occurred on the last Day of Atonement, to set back the clock in Palestine.

Yet such criticism in no way destroys the very considerable value of this book, which sets out practically all the available documentary evidence upon the origin and the working of the Palestine Mandate. In this volume, which will probably become a standard work of reference, the subject is naturally divided

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up into two sections: the Jewish National Home, and the Mandate Proper. These are each treated with admirable balance and discretion. There is in these pages no mere propaganda. Dr. Stoyanovsky reveals himself as a stout exponent and defender of the actions of the Palestine Administration, even when they might superficially be thought to clash with the legitimate desires of the Jewish people. Nor does he, in treating of the obligations of the Mandatory Power towards the League of Nations and its members, stint his admiration of the Permanent Mandates Commission.

But the truth does not always find its way into documents. Inevitably the student of affairs in Palestine will feel a certain unreality in a book devoted wholly to the juristic aspect of the Palestine Mandate. He may, for instance, think it naïve of Dr. Stoyanovsky to quote, without qualification, Mr. Ormsby-Gore as having said, "It was, after all, the Balfour Declaration which was the reason why the British Government were now administering Palestine." This is true, of course, for the substitution of the proposed international régime for Palestine by a British régime; but were strategic reasons not worth mentioning? He may, again, think it strange that Dr. Stoyanovsky can approvingly quote the reply of the Colonial Office to the Arab Delegation in 1922 to the effect that H.M.G. could not allow a constitutional position to develop in Palestine which might make impracticable the fulfilment of the Balfour Declaration—a pledge antecedent to the Covenant of the League of Nations—and yet remain (in concert with other experts, admittedly) of the opinion that there is nothing inconsistent in the Palestine Mandate with Article XXII. of the Covenant. Such thoughts, however, will assail him rarely, for the thoroughness, honesty, and disinterestedness of Dr. Stoyanovsky's analysis are obvious. This book deserves to be widely studied.

K. W.

The Council wish to thank Captain Monckton for copies of his books, "Last Days in New Guinea" and "Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate," which they are very glad to have for the library.

The following books have been received for review:

"The Holy Cities of Arabia," by Eldon Rutter. 6¼″ × 9½″. Vol. I. xv + 302 pp. Maps and plans. (London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Ltd. 1928. 42s.)

"India—The New Phase," by Sir Stanley Reed and P. R. Cadell. 7½″ × 5″. 175 pp. (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 1928. 3s. 6d.)

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"Persian Days," by Copley Amory, jun. 8″ × 5¾″. xviii + 230 pp. 51 illustrations and map. (London: Methuen and Co., Ltd. 1928. 10s. 6d.)

"The People of Tibet," by Sir Charles Bell. 6″ × 9¼″. xix + 317 pp. Illustrations and map. (London: Humphrey Milford; Oxford: University Press. 1928. 21s.)

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"The Nationalists' Crusade in Syria," by Elizabeth P. MacCallum. 5¼″ × 7⅝″. xiii + 299 pp. Map. (New York: Foreign Policy Association.)

"Arabia of the Wahhabis," by H. St. J. B. Philby. 5¼″ × 9″. ix + 422 pp. Illustrations, map, and plan. (London: Constable. 1928. 31s. 6d.)

"Twelve Days," by V. Sackville-West. 5¾″ × 8¾″. viii + 143 pp. Illustrations. (London: Hogarth Press. 1928. 10s. 6d.)

"Westward to Mecca," by Ikbal Ali Shah. A journey of adventure through Afghanistan, Bolshevik Asia, Persia, Iraq, and Hijaz to the cradle of Islam. 5¾″ × 8¾″. 224 pp. Illustrations. (London: H. F. and G. Witherby. 1928. 12s. 6d.)

"Northern Nέgd," by Alois Musil. American Geographical Society Oriental Explorations and Studies, No. 5. 10″ × 6½″. xiii + 368 pp. Illustrations and maps. (New York. 1928.)

"The Middle Euphrates," by Alois Musil. A topographical itinerary. 10″ × 6½″. xv + 436 pp. Illustrations and maps. (New York. 1927.)

"China, Where it is Today and Why," by Thomas F. Millard. 8″ × 5½″. vi + 350 pp. (London: Williams and Norgate. 1928. 10s. 6d.)

"Nepal," by Percival Landon. 10¼″ × 7½″. Vol. I., xxiii + 358 pp. Vol. II., vii + 363 pp. Illustrations and maps. (London: Constable. 1928. £3 3s.)

"Both Sides of the Jordan," by Norah Rowan-Hamilton. 8⅓″ × 5¼″. ix + 320 pp. Illustrations. (London: Herbert Jenkins. 1928. 12s. 6d.)

"Turks and Afghans," by Sir Wolseley Haig, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., C.B.E. Cambridge History of India. Vol. III. 6¾″ × 9½″. xxxii + 752 pp. 51 plates. (Cambridge: University Press. 1928. 42s.)

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"Desert Blades," by Estore. 5¼″ × 7½″. 254 pp. (London: Mathews and Marrots. 1928. 7s. 6d.)

"The Constitutional Law of Iraq," by C. A. Hooper. 9¾″ × 6″. 277 pp. (Baghdad: Mackenzie and Mackenzie, The Bookshop. 1928.)

"Sport and Wild Life in the Deccan," by Brigadier-General R. G. Burton. 5¾″ × 8¼″. 282 pp. Illustrations and Map. (London: Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. 1928. 21s.)

"The Life of Charles M. Doughty," by D. G. Hogarth. 7½″ × 10½″. 216 pp. Illustrations and map. (Oxford: University Press. 1928. 18s.)

"The Land Pirates of India," by W. J. Hatch. 6″ × 8¾″. 272 pp. Illustrations and map. (London: Seeley, Service and Co. 1928. 21s.)

"Travels in French Indo-China," by H. Hervey. 5¾″ × 8¾″. 286 pp. Illustrations and maps. (London: Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. 1928. 10s. 6d.)

"A Crusader in Kashmir," by Ernest F. Neve. 5¼″ × 7¾″. 218 pp. Illustrations. (London: Seeley, Service and Co. 1928. 6s.)

"Chinese Turkestan," by Albert von Le Coq. 6½″ × 9½″. 180 pp. Illustrations. (London: George Allen and Unwin. 1928. 18s.)

"The Desert Road to Turkestan," by Owen Lattimore. 5″ × 9″. xiv + 331 pp. 48 illustrations and 2 maps. (London: Methuen and Co., Ltd. 1928. 21s.)

"The Soul of China," by Richard Wilhelm. 5¾″ × 8¾″. 382 pp. (London: Jonathan Cape. 1928. 15s.)

"The Dragon Awakes," by A. Krarup-Nielsen. 6″ × 9″. 208 pp. 84 illustrations and map. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1928. 12s. 6d.)

"Foreign Diplomacy in China," by Philip Joseph. 6″ × 8¾″. 458 pp. (London: George Allen and Unwin. 1928. 16s.)

"The Foundations of Modern China," by Tang Leang-li. 5¾″ × 8″ x + 290 pp. (London: Noel Douglas. 1928. 12s. 6d.)

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"Under Persian Skies," by Hermann Norden. $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 9''$. 256 pp. Illustrations and maps. (London: H. F. and G. Witherby. 1928. 16s.)
"The Egyptian Enigma, 1890-1928," by J. E. Marshall. $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 8\frac{3}{4}''$. xiii + 342 pp. (London: John Murray. 1928. 10s. 6d.)

The following articles on Asiatic subjects have appeared in the quarterlies:

November:

Contemporary Review: "The Present Situation of the Indian Princes," by Major-General His Highness the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., A.D.C. "The Revolt of Asia: A Clash of Civilizations," by Prince A. Lobanov-Rostovsky.

Empire Review: "The Three Problems of India," by L. F. Rushbrook-Williams, C.B.E. (Foreign Minister of Patiala).

The National Geographic Magazine: "Life among the Lamas of Choni," "Demon Dancers and Butter Gods of Choni," by Joseph F. Rock.

North American Review: "Beyond the Black Gobi," by Owen Lattimore.

The English Review: "Burma's Relation to India," by Major C. M. Enriquez, F.R.G.S.

The Cornhill Magazine: "The Battle of Kirkee, November 5, 1817," by Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

December:

The Round Table: "The Return of the Commission to India."

The Nineteenth Century and After: "Education in India," by A. Yusuf Ali, C.B.E. "China Revives the Shantung Question," by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami.

The Contemporary Review: "Burma's Position in the Indian Empire," by Theophilus.

Blackwood: "A Great Indian Prince and Reformer," by Brigadier-General Cosmo Stewart, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

The Fortnightly Review: "The Future of Manchuria," by George Leslie Shaw.

FROM KHANIKIN TO DUZDAB BY CAR, OCTOBER, 1928

THE following report of a journey by car through Persia has been communicated very kindly for the benefit of the increasing number of members who return to India overland. It must be borne in mind that conditions change very quickly and that every attempt should be made to get recent information on the spot.

This journey was made in October, which is probably the time of year most favourable for road conditions; after rain, or in winter when the snow lies in the passes, going would be much more difficult.

The car was a large tourer, 29 h.p., and it and the driver were supplied by the Nairn Transport Co. For a private car, a big horse-power is advisable, and the bigger the tyres the better in the sand. The front springs of this car were raised on $1\frac{1}{2}$-inch wooden blocks, and higher blocks would have been better still.

The car carried fifty-six gallons of petrol and sixteen gallons of spare water, four people all told, and about 700 lbs. of kit including two chop boxes.

The journey was made via Kermanshah, Hammadan, Kazvin, Teheran, Isfahan, Yezd, Kirman, Duzdab. It was made in a leisurely way, and lasted from October 8 to November 5; this included a five days' halt in Teheran, two

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and a half days in Isfahan, one and a half days in Yezd, and six days in Kirman, and an aeroplane journey to Shiraz, and two days' stay there. Anyone in a hurry should be able to drive from Khanikin to Kirman in nine days, taking a day off at Kermanshah for licenses, a day at Teheran for greasing, etc., and another at Yezd.

As far as Kirman there was nothing much wrong with the road, considering what one expects in going through Persia ; the daily average of running miles per running hour was nearer twenty-five than twenty.

On the road from Teheran to Isfahan, there were about thirty miles' bad going after leaving Delidjun. Care should be taken to get on to the right road after leaving Isfahan ; the first village is Gulnabad.

From *Kirman* to *Duzdab* the running pace of the track is much slower, with only short stretches where any pace is possible. This section can be done easily in three days ; the best places to break the journey are *Bam* and the *foot of the first pass.* "The sand on the Duzdab side of Shurgaz is in places very heavy, though we only stuck once and were out in thirty minutes. That stoppage was due to a very sharp turn in the track between banks making it necessary to run the front outside wheel up the bank. On the flat the car went through the sand without ever looking like stopping. There is a winding pass between narrow rock walls to be negotiated at the beginning of the last day, but it was broad enough for our big car with a big load of kit protruding from the running-boards. The summit of the next pass has an awkward **S**-turn with a drop on one side."

Good detailed information of the road was obtainable from *bona fide* travellers at Kirman, and presumably always will be obtainable there and at Duzdab.

It should be noted that formalities of licenses, etc., have to be complied with at Kermanshah and that one should be prepared to give a day to this : it is advisable to get help on the spot from someone who knows the ropes.

With regard to her roads, Persia has gone ahead. The Khurramabad road has been formally opened by the Shah, the Mazanderan-Ghilan road is being rapidly made and the "Rowanduz" road is practically finished. The progress of the railway is less rapid.

An AIR-LINE is to run from early in 1929 between Krasnodar, Tiflis and Baku—the first permanent line running all the year round in the U.R.S.S.

The FEMINIST MOVEMENT in Central Asia is going ahead. Ninety thousand women in Uzbegstan are said to have cast aside their veils in 1927, women are taking teaching certificates and doing medical work, ten law students have lately passed their exams. in Samarkand and have been given posts in the courts ; but more interesting is the following account taken from the *Iran League* of the travelling van, the "Kibitka." In Kazakstan, in the Kalmuck region and elsewhere, there are now travelling education huts among the nomadic tribes, which join the whole nomadic village on its wanderings. The organizer of this work is usually a teacher, a midwife, or a medical practitioner, or it may contain several women of the professions mentioned who, on settling in a given spot, immediately begin to organize a medical point and classes for the nomadic women.

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PROGRESS OF SVEN HEDIN'S EXPEDITION

THIS expedition, under the leadership of Sven Hedin, set off from Europe in May, 1927, with Central Asia as its objective. The original party comprised no less than sixty experts in various branches of science, of whom a number were Germans. They were subsequently joined by several Chinese scientists, whose presence with the expedition proved of great value in negotiating with the Chinese authorities. These latter were at times inclined to be troublesome, in particular the Governor at Urumchi, who took exception to the activities of the expedition and ordered it to leave the province.

In a report to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Dr. Sven Hedin stated that the expedition had been working continuously throughout the past summer. Among other problems they had carried out a detailed examination of the new course of the Tarim River, which was now flowing to the north of Loulan, a buried city discovered by Dr. Sven Hedin on one of his previous expeditions. As a result of this change of course, the entire aspect of that part of the country had been altered, and a series of large lakes had been formed in the northern Lob Desert.

Writing recently in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Dr. Sven Hedin discussed the question of areas in Central Asia which still awaited the advent of the explorer. There were still, he declared, in Tibet, Western China, and in the desert and mountainous tracts of Inner Asia, countless blank spaces which the foot of modern man had never trodden. The most extensive of these spaces were in the north of Tibet, more especially in the area traversed by the Kuenlun. There were also very considerable tracts in Central Tibet which were likewise totally unknown, whilst Western Tibet provided a series of gigantic problems, among them the question as to the functions of the Alunggangri as an orographic off shoot between the Karakorum and Trans-Himalaya. There were also numerous and extensive areas still untouched in the Trans-Himalaya region. It would be particularly interesting to explore and map in detail the eastern continuation of the Trans-Himalaya system, the Nienchentangla, and its connection with the Indo-Chinese mountain system.

A glance at the map of Eastern Turkistan showed an area of some 90,000 square kilometres that had never been crossed, not to mention many portions of the desert of Taklamakan, which was still as much a closed book as was the major portion of Tibet. It would be quite impossible to enumerate all the regions in Asia which were still *terra incognita*, and the day was yet far distant when geographers might say that Asia had been completely explored. Indeed, the remote interior of the Asiatic continent was continuously changing. Dry river-beds were turning into lakes, and salt lakes were evaporating and disappearing. In the desert belts the sand was gaining ground, and civilizations which had flourished in the fourth century had long since been engulfed under the encroaching desert. Then there was the tendency of certain desert rivers to change their courses and, by creating fresh levels, change the geographical aspect of entire regions. Less than thirty years ago the ancient city of Loulan had been situated in the heart of a desert. Now it was watered by a tributary of the Tarim River.

Discussing the future of exploration work in Central Asia, Dr. Sven Hedin declared that much could be done by well organized international expeditions,

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but that the question must always remain one of economics. Provided money were forthcoming in sufficient quantities, it was not difficult to organize expeditions. The last few years had seen a series of them—for example, the Italian expedition to the Karakorum, the British Everest expedition, the Chapman Andrews expedition in Mongolia, and the Russo-German expedition to the Pamirs. The present mission under Dr. Sven Hedin was completely international in character. It comprised Swedes, Germans, and Chinese, who were all working together on terms of the greatest harmony. It was extremely unlikely that in future years any purely European or American expeditions would be permitted to work in Chinese territory. The Chinese of today were as jealous of their national rights as any other country. They insisted on being adequately represented on foreign expeditions, and refused to allow any archæological or other treasures to be removed from Chinese territory.

Regarding the question as to which branch of science stood to benefit most from future exploration, Dr. Sven Hedin considered that while there was scarcely a single branch of science that would not profit by it, one of the greatest archæological problems awaiting solution in Asia was that of establishing the connecting link between Europe and Asia in the palæolithic and neolithic ages. It was obvious, however, that the more branches of science that would be represented on future expeditions, the richer would be the results attained, and it was particularly desirable that future international expeditions should be organized on one common plan and with one common programme.

ELECTIONS

JOHN HUNTER ADAM, O.B.E., Indian Police; Mrs. F. Ayscough; Aziz Ahmed, I.C.S.; General Sir Edward Bulfin, K.C.B.; Frederick William Bewsher; A. T. Davies; Bawa Tarlocha Das; V. H. Glendening; Captain R. Glyn Griffith; Charles Louis de Grenier; the Earl of Hardwicke; General Sir Henry Hawkes, K.C.B.; B. Heilbron; Mrs. E. H. Hines; Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Hulbron; Lieut.-Colonel R. D. Inskip, D.S.O., M.C.; Lieut.-Colonel Kennion; Owen Lattimore; A. Latifi, I.C.S.; Henry G. D. Law, C.I.E., I.C.S.; Miss Sylvia Macartney; George Malcolm; Lady (John) Miller; Group-Captain McEwen, C.M.G.; Lieut.-Colonel N. M. McLeod; Major C. P. Napier Raikes; Mrs. H. V. de Satgé; Mrs. Bernard Shaw; Major A. C. Sykes; Colonel O. K. Tancock, C.M.G.; Saiyid Taha Effendi, Ministry of the Interior, Irak; Amin Tewfik, His Egyptian Majesty's Consul, Beirut.

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IMPRESSIONS OF INDO-CHINA.*

LORD ALLENBY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

The last time I had the privilege of addressing the members of this Society I spoke on matters dealing with a country on the extreme west of Asia—*i.e.*, Syria. While attached to the French in that country I had the privilege of having as my chief in Egypt our chairman of tonight. Today I have been asked to say something about another country, and this time in the extreme east of Asia—that is, Indo-China. What I should very much rather have taken as my subject for this evening is a part of the world to my mind much more in keeping with the title of this Society—namely, Turkistan—which is, properly speaking, more Central Asian than any other country.

In 1925, when my wife and I were bound with my regiment for North China, it occurred to us how much more pleasant it would be to do the return journey homeward by motor rather than again face the doubtful pleasures of a long journey in a troopship. Also, being keen members of the Central Asian Society, we might profitably seize the opportunity of returning home overland to visit Central Asia.

From mere idle dreaming this idea gradually grew into a concrete proposition, though it required over a year's continual hard work, entailing much correspondence, interviewing of high officials, and endless patience in dealing with the idiosyncrasies of Chinese officialdom, as affected by the various warring factions that have brought China to its present state of chaos. I am not going to say anything this evening of the China in which we lived for nearly two years, during which time my regiment had many arduous and uncomfortable tasks to perform when called upon from time to time to safeguard foreign interests against the activities of the contending Chinese armies. Suffice it to say that, after fourteen months' preparation, we had everything ready to start with our expedition for Mongolia, and from there through Central Asia to India. At this moment the recrudescence of anti-foreign activities on the part of the Chinese, which resulted in the affair of Hankow in January, 1927, compelled the authorities at home to cancel their sanction to our adventure into the interior. As we had already gone to considerable expense, and fitted up the expedition with all equipment, and even sent out our petrol "dumps" into the interior, we did not want to own ourselves completely defeated by this crushing

* Lecture given by Captain D. McCallum on December 12, 1928, Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in the chair.

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blow. Accordingly I asked for permission to try and make the overland journey from China to England by the only possible remaining route—*i.e.*, from South China, through Indo-China, Siam, Burma, India, etc.

Before I go any further I would ask you to look at the map and let me give you a brief summary of what I had planned to do, and of what we eventually did.

It was understood that the obvious way home overland by motor-car was via Siberia, but from the very beginning it was realized that as a serving British officer I should never obtain permission from the Soviet Government to travel through their territory. Hence, if the journey was to be done at all, it would have to be either through Central Asia to Kashgar and over the mountains into India and so home via Persia, or across the great Indo-China peninsula to Burma, and so into India.

As a result of considerable activity along the cable lines, War Office permission was eventually received to try this "southern route," though, through circumstances over which we had no control, we were obliged to start our journey at the wrong time of the year, thereby adding enormously to the time taken for the total trip, as well as to the heavy expenditure already incurred.

On this map the route we actually followed is shown in an unbroken red line. That part of the route we had planned to make, but were prevented from following at the last moment, is marked in a dotted red line. The trail we originally proposed to attempt, together with one or two alternative stretches, is shown as a dotted yellow line. The salient point about the last itinerary was that it lay first of all through Outer Mongolia and then later through Russian Turkistan, both territories under the control of the U.S.S.R., and therefore forbidden territory to me as a British soldier. The route that was finally planned, and along which our petrol dumps had already been prepared, was so directed that it would take us through the heart of the Gobi desert, where we hoped to push along without undue interference from the forces of the various Chinese War-Lords, or from the bandits who hung upon the fringes of those forces.

I am sure that some of you are saying to yourselves, "How did they propose to motor across the mountains from Kashgar into Kashmir?" So, before leaving the subject of this route, I will just say that the idea was, upon arrival at Kashgar, to take our cars to pieces, carry them across the Karakoram by pack-pony and yak, and put them together again in Srīnagar. The dismantling and reassembling of the cars was to be the work of Mr. Lovell and Mr. Rumsey-Williams, two expert motor engineers, who formed part of the personnel of the expedition.

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Time is advancing and we have not yet arrived in the country of which I am supposed to be talking to you this evening. Without more ado I will turn to the journey we actually carried out between Peking and London. From Peking we motored to Tientsin. As civil war was rife throughout all China at the time, it was impossible for us to travel overland between the North and the South. Very regretfully, therefore, we had to ship the expedition from Tientsin to South China, whence the strictly overland journey was continued.

The personnel of our expedition consisted of my wife, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Rumsey-Williams, and myself. At various times our numbers were added to, sometimes by native servants, sometimes by guides, interpreters, escorts, etc. In Indo-China our native personnel was restricted to one Annamite servant, who was also to act as interpreter for us. But we found that the natives of Indo-China could understand Mr. Rumsey-Williams's Chinese or my French much better than we could understand Mai's broken French when he was called upon to interpret for us! Of our numbers my wife and I had already had considerable experience in the Near and Middle East of what I call "cross-country" motoring. Mr. Lovell had also had considerable experience of rough motoring in Russian Central Asia before the War. During the War he served in the Royal Naval Air Service and Royal Air Force, and afterwards accompanied Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews's expeditions into Mongolia and the Gobi desert as assistant mechanical transport manager. Mr. Lovell speaks Russian, and we thought that we might very easily have occasion to use that language, not only in the interior of China, but also in the northern limits of Persia. Mr. Rumsey-Williams had very little previous experience of actual "cross-country" motoring, but as he had joined the technical side of the Royal Flying Corps long before the War, and had served throughout the War with the Royal Flying Corps and later with the Royal Air Force, it will readily be understood that there is not much about motors that he does not know. Further, at the end of the War Mr. Rumsey-Williams went to China for Messrs. Vickers, and remained with the Chinese Government Aviation Service for nearly seven years in charge of, and instructor in the maintenance of, their British aeroplanes. Many were the hours on the journey that he kept us interested and amused by stories of his seven years' experience with the Chinese Air Service. I am sure he could give you a far more interesting lecture on the subject of aviation in China than the one you are listening to now from me.

It may be of interest to explain that the cars used on the expedition were two Master Six Buicks. One, in which my wife and I travelled, was a two-seater, the other a four-seater. When fully loaded with spare parts, stores, baggage, etc., and with both of us on board, the two-seater weighed three tons. The other carried Messrs. Lovell

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and Williams, and in the back, in addition to much luggage, native servants and others were often stowed. The four-seater with all its load and crew weighed over three and a half tons.

Some slight acknowledgment is due to the service rendered by these two cars, though, in Indo-China, very little was asked of them compared with the arduous tests they went through later in Western Asia. Suffice it to say that both the cars carried these enormous weights, often for hours together at very high speeds, with the most astounding reliability. We carried practically a third car in spare parts, and, in order to simplify this question, the two cars were of exactly the same model as regards engine, chassis, etc., so that the working parts were interchangeable.

Except for an accident to the two-seater in trying to cross a flooded mountain stream where the water was too deep, both cars survived the terrible knocking about of the 15,000 mile journey with an almost unbelievable freedom from trouble. A large part of the credit for this record is due to the care and attention bestowed on them by Messrs. Lovell and Williams throughout the journey.

Upon our arrival in Indo-China at the port of Haiphong, we motored to the southern frontier of China (Kwangsi province) south of the town of Langchow on the Si-Kiang. Just north of the French frontier town of Dong-Dang we crossed into Chinese territory and halted at the "Porte de Chine," a massive stone gateway, which is the point at which the famous Mandarin Road from Canton to Siam enters Indo-China. Once more on Chinese territory, we had further evidence of the perils and unpleasantness of travelling in modern China. While halting at the "Porte de Chine," we wished to take some photographs of the gateway and some cinematograph film of the Chinese troops guarding it. Just as my wife and I had focussed our cameras, the Chinese officer commanding the guard, which was drawn from the Southern, or Nationalist, forces, became very excited, and finally, as she kept on focussing her camera in spite of his excited gibberings, made a rush at my wife as though to strike her. Seeing that trouble was likely to develop, Williams tried to engage the man in conversation, while some French non-commissioned officers who happened to be present interposed themselves between the Chinese officer and my wife. In the meantime I called to Lovell to start up the engine of one of the cars, and under cover of the noise made by the motor, and quite unknown to the Chinese, with a cinematograph camera held under my arm I took several feet of film depicting the incident. Unfortunately the light was not good enough, nor had I at the time sufficient experience of the cinematograph-camera for the resulting film to be of much use. It was not until after the row was over that we really tumbled to the principal cause of it. As you will see from one of the slides that I am going to show you,

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we were travelling with Chinese registration numbers upon the cars. These number-plates, painted in special colours, white on a green background, are of a particular series which are issued by the Chinese Government in Peking; and on them is written in Chinese the fact that the car belongs to a member of a Legation Staff in Peking. While the cars were standing at the "Porte de Chine," the Chinese soldiery had seen by the number-plates that they came from Peking, and therefore concluded that they must have something to do with Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the hated war-lord of the North — the arch-enemy of their Southern masters in Canton.

In Indo-China.

Before asking you to follow me along the course of our route through Indo-China, I must tell you something about its composition and history. Until quite recently Indo-China was practically an unknown country to the average man in the street, and I would not go so far as to say that even today much is known about it by people who have no direct dealings with it. Before we started from Peking information as to conditions in Indo-China was exceedingly difficult to obtain. I hope my French friends will not accuse me of giving away official information when I state that even the French Legation in Peking were ignorant of the fact that there were perfectly good motoring roads in Indo-China. Therefore, you will readily understand how little information was obtainable from less enlightened persons. Indo-China, as I understand it, and as I think most people do, is that country bounded by Siam on the south-west, Burma on the west, China on the north, the Gulf of Tonking and the China Sea on the east, and the China Sea on the south. Some people refer to this territory as French Indo-China, looking upon the whole of that great peninsula in south-eastern Asia as Indo-China. But, whichever of the two is right, the country to which I am referring now as Indo-China is that part of the peninsula under the control of the French.

The country of Indo-China comprises five different states or provinces, each having its separate administration, but controlled collectively by the French Government's representative, who is known as the Governor-General of Indo-China, and has his seat of government at Hanoi. The five states or provinces are (i) Tonking, (ii) Annam, (iii) Cochin-China, (iv) Cambodia, and (v) Laos.

Tonking, the most northerly of these states, with its capital Hanoi, is a protectorate administered direct by the French authorities. Besides being the principal town of Tonking, Hanoi is the administrative capital of the whole of French Indo-China. The country as a whole consists of a large plain forming the basin of a number of rivers, the principal of which is the Red River, on the banks of which stand Hanoi and its

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port, Haiphong. To the north this plain is divided from China by a mountainous zone some forty miles wide through which the French have built roads and railways. To the west lies the mountainous country of Northern Laos, still rather backward, but which the French are gradually developing as their programme of road construction expands. Already several hundred kilometres of first-class roads exist in this mountainous region. In Tonking the greater part of the plain is devoted to rice growing, which is the staple industry of the whole country.

The Empire of Annam lies to the south of Tonking, between the coast and the highlands of Laos. The present emperor, who has his capital at Hué—a miniature Peking—was still at school in Paris when we passed through last year. Although it is nominally a Native State with native administration, the French maintain a firm controlling hand. The principal French official, known as the "Résident Supérieur," acts as adviser to the emperor, as well as chief of the French control of the administration.

Northern Annam comprises practically all the low-lying ground south of Tonking, between the Laos highlands and the China Sea. Southern Annam includes not only the low-lying coastal strip, but also the mountainous region lying between Southern Laos, Cambodia, Cochin-China, and the China Sea. As in Tonking, the low-lying parts of Annam are devoted principally to rice growing, irrigation for which is greatly facilitated by the numerous streams rising in the mountains and flowing eastwards to the sea. In Southern Annam there is quite a large area of mountainous country which has not yet been brought fully under development, the primitive inhabitants being so wild that French control has still been unable to penetrate throughout. Here, as in Tonking, the French have developed a most excellent system of roads, and are also building a railway system which will eventually run right through from Saigon to Hanoi and China.

Cochin-China is the most southerly state of Indo-China, and is a long established French colony administered direct by the French. Saigon is the headquarters of the Government and the residence of the Governor (a Frenchman). It is also the commercial capital of the whole of Indo-China, being a very flourishing port some forty odd miles up river, approachable by even the largest ocean-going liners. Practically the whole country is one enormous flat plain, to the east covered by thick jungle, and to the west by large areas of inundated marsh. Saigon is one of the greatest rice exporting ports of the world. Side by side with it stands the large and purely Chinese town of Cholon, which is fast becoming part of the capital.

Cambodia is a native kingdom under a French protectorate. The Government is administered, as in Annam, by a king with native

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ministers supported by French advisers. Cambodia is one vast plain forming part of the basin of the Mekong River. The principal industries of the inhabitants are rice growing and fishing on the Great Lake. This lake is teeming with fish, and several thousands of tons of dried fish are exported from Cambodia annually in addition to what is required for local consumption. To the north-east of the Great Lake lie the wonderful Khmer ruins of Angkor, to which I will refer later. The present capital of Cambodia is Pnom-Penh, standing on the Mekong River.

Laos comprises that part of the mountainous hinterland of Indo-China lying to the west of Tonking and the country along the left bank of the Mekong west of Annam. The whole territory of Laos is a protectorate administered direct by the French. Vientiane, the capital of an ancient kingdom of Laos, is now regarded as the French administrative capital. The natives, however, look upon the town of Luang Prabang, the capital of the one-time kingdom of that name which succeeded in remaining nominally independent until fairly recent years, as the real seat of government. About one hundred years ago the southern part of Laos, the former of these kingdoms, with the town of Vientiane as its capital, became part of the Siamese Empire. Luang Prabang, however, remained nominally independent, although often in danger of being annexed either by the Siamese on the west or the Annamites on the east. In 1893, in order to save himself from becoming a vassal of Siam, the then King of Luang Prabang voluntarily put his country under the protection of the French, who by that time were more or less in control of Tonking and Annam. There is good cause to believe that the natives of Laos look to the French, not only to re-unite upper and lower Laos into one kingdom again, but also to recover from Siam those provinces lying on the right bank of the Mekong River which originally belonged to the old kingdom of Vientiane.

The inhabitants of the various states in Indo-China are a very mixed race, the aborigines of the country having suffered from constant invasions from the north-east and from the north-west, with the result that the present-day population of Indo-China shows two distinct influences upon what must have been the aboriginal type. In the north-east of Indo-China one notices how the Mongol influence predominates, whereas in the west and south the Aryan influence is most marked. The Annamites, who form the majority of the population of Tonking and Annam, are descended from a Mongol race, the "Giao-Chi," a name which means "the big-toed people," and it is interesting to note that the Annamites are today conspicuous for their big-toes, which many of them learn to manipulate as other races do their fingers. These Mongoloid Annamite people are also conspicuous for the fact that they nearly always remain in the low-lying country, and are scarcely

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ever to be found in the more mountainous regions. In the highlands of Southern Annam we encountered several of the aborigines. These people are very primitive, much darker in colour than the Annamites, though of much finer physique, and remind one more of the Central African negro type than of the Mongol. They are known to the rest of the inhabitants of Annam as the "Möis" (savage people), and are looked upon by the lowlanders as very inferior beings. Their clothing is exceedingly limited, and they still employ for the purpose of hunting and self-defence the old spear, bow and arrow, and blow-pipes, from which latter they project poisoned darts. The inhabitants of Laos, like these mountaineers of Southern Annam, are nearer to the aborigines than the people of the other states.

In Cochin-China the inhabitants show distinct traces of Malay influence in their origin, and are darker and of better physique than the Annamites.

In Cambodia the population has been affected by the constantly recurring Hindu invasions of earlier centuries. The Cambodians claim to be of Khmer origin and Hindu civilization. From time to time the Hindus have established themselves in colonies along the Mekong River, and even as far as the south-east of Indo-China.

The Chinese are comparatively few in numbers, though in spite of this it is noteworthy that practically all the native business and commercial undertakings in the country are in the hands of the Chinese.

In regard to the population, the thing which impressed itself upon us most was the general air of content and industry which seemed to prevail throughout the whole of Indo-China. In startling contrast to this was the sullen, oppressed demeanour of the peasants in China proper, where, owing to the depredations of the various war-lords, the population for years past have been living in terror of conscription into the military forces, or of the devastation brought about by military operations over their lands.

The French in Indo-China.

It is interesting to know how the French came to establish themselves in Indo-China. I shall now try to give you a brief outline of the historical development of Indo-China; and, as our journey took us from north to south through the country, I will take each state in that order.

To start with Tonking:

It was in 1870 that the French were first attracted to Tonking by the hope of participating in the development of certain coalfields in the Chinese province of Yunnan and the upper Mekong valley. Owing to the Franco-Prussian war, however, it was not until 1872 that French interest in Tonking was revived. Dupuis, a trader, was by then trying

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to penetrate into Yunnan, negotiating for a passage up the Red River for himself in order to take stores to the Chinese. At the same time a French officer was sent officially from Saigon to open up the Red River to French commerce. Both of these men, however, were turned down by the Tonkingese, and after an ineffectual attempt by Dupuis to force his way up the river, he was asked to leave the country. He refused. Garnier was then sent to Hanoi to investigate matters, but as a result of his enquiries he took the side of Dupuis, and strongly supported his ideas of penetration. The Tonkingese refused to treat with Garnier until the question of Dupuis had been settled. As a result of all these negotiations Garnier decided to resort to arms, and in 1873 he stormed and captured Hanoi. Once installed there he sent to Saigon for reinforcements, and gradually occupied a number of places all round Hanoi. About this time in the mountainous areas of South China there were roaming about a number of Chinese rebels, the relics of the unsuccessful Taiping rebellion. These men were known as the "Black Flags," and were held in great terror by the population of the whole countryside. Finding that they could not eject the French from Hanoi with their own forces, the Tonkingese called upon the leader of the "Black Flags" to assist them. In due course the "Black Flags" marched on Hanoi, burning villages en route. To relieve the situation Garnier attempted a sortie by the garrison of the city. During the ensuing engagement he was killed. At the news of this rebuff the French Governor became alarmed, and sent a representative to smooth matters over with the Tonkingese. The evacuation of Hanoi by the French was one of the terms of the settlement. In March, 1874, the first convention with Annam was signed, by which the French were to withdraw from the interior of Tonking and Annam, but were to be allowed to trade upon the Red River and at Hanoi and Haiphong. Annam, on the other hand, was to conform to the French external foreign policy and recognize the French occupation of Cochin-China. France was also to recognize the sovereignty of Annam vis à vis all foreign Powers.

For the ensuing seven or eight years, in spite of the above-mentioned convention, conditions remained unsettled. Although the French were supposed to be able to trade at various places, they were prevented from doing so by Chinese bandits, who, the French alleged, were strongly supported by the Chinese Government. In 1882 the French despatched Henri de Rivière from Cochin-China to open up the Red River again. He met with opposition, and, like Garnier, stormed Hanoi. Again the "Black Flags" mustered and threatened to attack Hanoi. History repeated itself; de Rivière decided upon a sortie to strengthen his position, but he, like Garnier, was killed during the ensuing engagement. General Bouet, however, managed to hold Hanoi against the "Black Flags." He marched to Sontay, strongly held by the Tonkingese, in

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order to break through the blockade, but had to fall back again on his former position at Hanoi.

In 1884 the Chinese came into the question officially. They declared that part of the garrison of Sontay were Chinese regular soldiers who had been subjected to an unprovoked attack from another Power, and therefore Peking officially declared war on the French, who, however, were not greatly perturbed by this declaration. The French eventually captured Sontay, justifying their operations by their claim that Tonking and Annam were French protectorates.

At the same time as the attack on Sontay, other French forces had captured Hué, the capital of Annam, and forced a second Treaty out of the Annamites. This new Treaty recognized absolutely the French protectorates of Tonking and Annam. Having thus made themselves masters of the low-lying basin of the Red River, the French proceeded in their task of protecting the population against what they claimed to be the invasion of Tonking by the Chinese. As a result of negotiations between Peking and Paris, the Chinese agreed to the *immediate* evacuation of all their forces in Tonking. In accordance with this agreement the French sent Colonel Dugenne to occupy Langson in 1884.

A local Chinese commander professed that he had no instructions to evacuate, and the misunderstanding resulted in a fresh outbreak of war.

The French expedition, however, was badly carried out, and involved them in a terrible disaster, their troops being completely routed at Langson by the Chinese. But revenge was not long in coming, as a few months later the Chinese in their turn suffered a severe defeat at the hands of the French, who in 1885 recaptured Langson. In all these operations luck was not very often with the French, and shortly after the recapture of Langson another disaster occurred, the French garrison of that town being once more routed by the Chinese.

In 1885 the Treaty of Tientsin was signed, whereby peace was restored between France and China. The terms of the Treaty recognized Tonking and Annam as French Protectorates and the island of Formosa as belonging to China.

In 1891 the French decided on a different policy of government for Indo-China; their previous policy of force was abandoned for one of co-operation with the inhabitants. The Annamite Empire was recognized as a Native State, to be administered by the Annamites themselves, supported by a French adviser. By 1893 law and order had been established throughout the length and breadth of the country, even the bandits and rebels having made their submission to the new authority. In 1898 the political and financial unity of Indo-China was finally established as a direct result of this complete change of policy of the Home Government.

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The French intervention in that country now officially known as the Annamite Empire dates from an even earlier period. Until about one hundred years ago the capital of Annam was Hanoi, as what is now known as Tonking was then part of the Annamite Empire. Hué, which is now the capital of the Empire, dates as such only from 1802. Until the end of the tenth century the Annamites had been entirely under Chinese domination; from that time native dynasties prevailed except for a short period about 1400, when the Chinese again exercised sovereignty. It was about this time (1400) that the Annamites succeeded in pushing forward into Central and Southern Annam, and in annihilating the ancient Champa Empire of Hindu origin. In the early days the Emperors of Annam were only puppets, and the real government of the country appears to have been concentrated in the hands of two princely families, one in Tonking and the other around Hué. The sphere of the latter's authority about 1600 definitely developed into the principality of Cochin-China. At the time of the French Revolution a prince of the ruling house of Hué was driven from power by a usurping family, and in his flight he appealed in vain for help from Siam. Just then there happened to be stationed in Annam a French missionary bishop by name Béhaine. This man proved himself to be a far-sighted statesman. He saw in this Hué dispute an opportunity for French colonial expansion to make up for the colonial possessions which they had recently lost in India. Béhaine intervened in the Hué quarrel and promised the fugitive prince the active support of France in his struggle to regain his throne as Emperor of a united Annam. About 1800 the French acquired a footing at Tourane, the port of Hué, and the island of Condor as a reward for their help. This is of great importance, as it marks the first concession of territory to the French in Indo-China.

The arrival of the French in Annam caused a great deal of resentment amongst the inhabitants, who vented their antipathy to foreigners on French and other European missionaries in the country. Because of the massacre of two bishops, one a Spaniard and the other a Frenchman, Napoleon III.'s Government resolved on strong measures. For the following fifty years demonstrations of force were made along the Indo-China coast, but as these demonstrations were purely naval operations they had little effect upon the inhabitants of the interior, who maintained the persecution of foreigners. Eventually, in 1858, Rigault de Genouilly besieged Saigon and took it in spite of great opposition from the Annamites. With the capture of Saigon as a beginning, the French very soon established themselves firmly in lower Cochin-China, which was annexed as a French colony.

Cambodia.—As regards the early history of the kingdom of Cambodia, all that is known of this is contained in Chinese records, which

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cover a period from 1200 B.C. to A.D. 500. Throughout those centuries Cambodia, which was called by the Chinese Funan, comprised approximately the basins of the Menam and the Mekong, two of the largest rivers of Asia.

The year 300 B.C. is the date of the earliest recorded Hindu invasion of Cambodia, the invaders sowing the seeds of Brahminism in the conquered country. According to a legend one of these invaders, by name Kaundinaya, a pious follower of Brahman ideals, conquered and captured a Cambodian queen. It was he who was said to have introduced the cult of Siva.

About A.D. 500 Cambodia is recorded as a powerful Khmer state. Three centuries later, after various other invaders had conquered the country, Jayavarman II. came from Java and established himself as ruler of the kingdom. He built various capitals at different places in the neighbourhood of what is now known as Angkor. This sovereign was the founder of the dynasty during which the Khmer kingdom was at its zenith. According to inscriptions, the second source of Cambodian history, the foundation of Angkor Thom as the capital of Jasovarman dates about A.D. 900. Under this rule the Khmer kingdom reached its high-water mark, having as its boundaries "Pegou, the Ocean, Champa, and China," in the words of his own inscription. In A.D. 1000 under Suryavarman I., a Malay usurper, Buddhism attained great importance, and it was under his orders that the Temple of Bayon was built at Angkor. Although a devout Buddhist, it is significant that he continued to pay homage to Siva.

The famous temple of Angkor Wat dates from 1100, being built about that time by Suryavarman II.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the state of Cambodia definitely established a protectorate over the ancient Champa kingdom, which had for centuries been the ruling power in what is now Cochin-China and Southern Annam. Of this old civilization many interesting ruins are still to be seen in Annam.

But Cambodia had reached the limit of its greatness and from this point goes downhill. It was during the thirteenth century that the Thai people, the present inhabitants of Siam, rose in revolt against their Khmer overlords and finally liberated themselves, after expelling the Khmers from the whole of the Menam valley. During the fifteenth century the capital of the Khmers underwent no less than seven different sieges, until finally, towards the end of the century, the capital was moved from Angkor to Lovek, further away from the dangerous proximity of the kingdom of Siam. Later the ancient Khmer kingdom of Cambodia appears to have lost all its old power and to have become so weak that during the seventeenth century it was obliged to appeal to one of its more powerful neighbours to protect it against

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others. In 1600 Lovek, in its turn, was sacked by the Siamese and not heard of again. A few years later the then King of Cambodia married a member of the princely family of Hué. A king of the next generation, however, alienated his subjects by his Mohammedan predilections and they rose in revolt against him. The Dowager Queen, as an Annamite princess, called upon Hué to send troops to save the country from this alien faith.

Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century the fate of Cambodia was intertwined with the history of the struggles between Siam and Annam for the mastery of the Indo-Chinese peninsula. In 1845 the struggle between Siam and Annam for the allegiance of Cambodia ended, and Ang Duong was crowned King of Cambodia by representatives of both his powerful neighbours. At the end of the nineteenth century what was left of Cambodia eventually became a French protectorate. Thanks to the French, early in the twentieth century she regained from Siam the three westerly provinces that she had previously ceded, but even so the old kingdom remains today but a shadow of its former self.

Angkor Wat.—To return for a moment to Angkor—the temple of Angkor Wat is the most beautifully preserved of all the ruins that have in recent years been brought to light by the French Archæological Service. Probably it is not quite true to say that it was rediscovered in recent years, as ever since the disappearance of the Khmer civilization Angkor Wat existed, and continues to exist, as a Buddhist temple with its dependent monastery. Owing to the fact that the monastery has been continuously inhabited, the temple of Angkor Wat has preserved almost intact the greater part of its wonderful structure, thus providing a permanent monument to the beauties of Khmer architecture. The other temples and palaces, from which the ever-devouring jungle has gradually been cleared, are of an earlier date than the temple of Angkor Wat, the masterpiece of them all. The city of Angkor Wat with its royal palaces, temples, hunting-lodges, and monasteries, was constructed some two hundred years earlier than Angkor Wat.

Amongst the slides that I propose to show you will be two or three that show something of these wonderful ruins of Angkor. Twenty-five years ago only the temple of Angkor Wat was known, and that only to the natives and those few individuals who had penetrated the tropical forests of Cambodia as far as the north-western corner of the Great Lake. Since then French archæologists have revealed to the world the magnificent ruins of Angkor Thom, which up to that time had been overgrown and buried from sight by the almost impenetrable jungle. Some of the ruined buildings are still so encumbered by forest that to visit them we were obliged to travel by elephant,

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these sedate old animals solemnly forcing their way along the jungle paths.

Today there is a pleasant rest-house, built on the edge of the forest where one may stay comfortably for any length of time. It is managed by a very charming French couple.

One night we had the enchanting experience of attending a special display of Cambodian dancing on the terrace of Angkor Wat. No words of mine can do justice to that scene. Squatted in a circle at the entrance to the old temple were forty or fifty small children, each holding a rush-light torch. Within this circle of flame danced a bevy of beautiful Cambodian girls arrayed in their picturesque costume, and going through the graceful and rhythmical postures of their dances, they interpreted one of the old legends of the Brahman faith. This picture, rendered still more vivid by flashes of tropical lightning, is one which we shall never forget. To my mind, the ruins of Angkor must be regarded with those of Baalbeck in Syria as the most impressive in Asia, and I can thoroughly recommend any of you who have the time to spare to pay a visit to the old kingdom of Cambodia and study on the spot the monuments of its former greatness.

To those who may wish to visit Indo-China, a few words about the internal communications of the country may be of interest. First and foremost, the thing that strikes the newcomer is the excellence of the roads. During our stay in the country we covered over 2,700 miles in our cars, and except for a few miles approaching the Siamese frontier, we might have been on any of the modern highways of Western Europe. The route we actually followed in our cars from the Chinese frontier was, to all intents and purposes, the line of the famous Mandarin Road, and this took us through Hanoi, Vinh, Hué, and Nha Trang; thence, by a slight detour into the mountains of Southern Annam, to Dalat; then back again to the Mandarin Road at Phan Thiet, and on through Cochin-China, via Bien-Hoa, to Saigon. From Saigon the Mandarin Road turns north-west across the flooded basin of the Mekong to Pnom-Penh. From here another detour in order to visit the ruins of Angkor; then once more back to the Mandarin Road near Pnom-Pehn, and from there through ancient Battambang and Sisophon to the Siamese frontier at Aranya.

I believe that I am right in saying that until recent years transportation in Indo-China was only a matter of water-borne traffic or coolie labour. Roads, therefore, were unnecessary, and did not exist, except for one or two main arteries, such as the "Route Mandarine." Today there are more than 10,000 kilometres of excellent first-class motor roads throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In Malaya there are also excellent roads to carry the heavy motor traffic of today, but as they were constructed for the use of animal-

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drawn vehicles and before the advent of the motor-car, they are much more tortuous, and make motor-driving much more arduous than the modern motor roads of Indo-China. These latter have been specially constructed with a view to carrying fast-moving traffic in safety.

Wherever possible, the roads are continued along a straight line, and where it is necessary to leave the straight line, the curves are very gentle, and also banked on the outside to enable them to be taken at speed. Warning signs for bridges, level-crossings, corners, etc., are placed much farther ahead of the obstacles they refer to than is the custom in most countries, even in Western Europe.

It might be thought that these long, straight sections of road would tend to disfigure the countryside and to become monotonous to travellers. The actual fact is quite the contrary. Perhaps owing to the constantly changing scenery, or to the wonderful tropical vegetation, the interest in the countryside was never lacking. As long stretches of the road are lined with "flamboyant" trees, which were in full bloom when we passed through, the effect of the countryside is one of extreme beauty. The contrast between the different coloured greens of the tropical vegetation and the vivid scarlet flowers of the "flamboyant" trees is unforgettable.

To the enthusiastic motorist a visit to Indo-China is pure joy. As I have already pointed out, the roads are perfect, and even though not accompanied by one's own car, it is quite easy to hire a French car from any of the local garages to tour the country from end to end. The system of hotels and Government rest-houses is most excellent, and there is not even the necessity, as in India, to carry one's own bedding and to be accompanied by one's own servants. In the rest-houses the comfort is surprising, and the cooking, either French or native as required, above reproach.

So far no mention has been made of railways. There are several hundred miles of railways already established in Indo-China, and work is going on every day to complete the main trunk line from Hanoi in the north to Saigon in the south. Already one can make much of this journey by train, but where the sections of the railway are unfinished motor transport is available.

One of the features of travelling in Indo-China is the enormous number of large rivers to be crossed. The methods of crossing these rivers may be divided into three different classes:

(*a*) By ordinary road-bridges.
(*b*) By railway-bridges, utilized also for road traffic.
(*c*) By ferries.

As regards (*a*) there is nothing to be said except that all the wooden road-bridges are gradually being replaced by reinforced concrete ones.

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(*b*) In many cases where the road runs near the railway the same bridge over the river is used for road traffic as well as for the railway. To enable this to be done the permanent way has been boarded in, and the wooden floor raised to the top of the rails. The traffic over the bridge is regulated at both ends on the same principle as ordinary level-crossings.

(*c*) The ferry system is maintained at places where bridges have either not yet been constructed or where the physical conditions are such as to preclude the possibility of a bridge. These ferries are exceedingly well organized. For the most part the type of ferry used is the ordinary pontoon, accessible from either end. On one or two crossings, or where the currents are excessively strong, mechanically propelled vessels are utilized, especially at various ferries established along the Mekong River.

In Annam particularly most of the crossings are situated at the mouths of rivers, which in several cases are very wide and take as much as one or two hours to cross. However, here also the organization is just as good as on the smaller streams, and one has very little delay in embarkation, as there are relays of pontoons at all the larger ferries.

A point worth mentioning is that throughout the length and breadth of the country we received nothing but courtesy and cheerful assistance from the ferrymen. In fact, nowhere during our journey through Indo-China can I remember any single instance of discourtesy or churlishness on the part of either Frenchmen or natives.

While on the subject of travelling by road, I must not forget to mention the surprise with which we discovered in Hanoi and Saigon what must surely be the most perfectly equipped motor garages in the whole of Asia. Enormous concrete buildings divided into the various mechanical departments; workmen, clerks, etc., timed in and timed out as in any modern factory in Europe; excellent protection against fire or accident, made one think one had suddenly arrived in Paris or London rather than in a small town of Far-Eastern Asia.

The would-be traveller taking his own motor-car must make certain arrangements beforehand to overcome the customs difficulties. We, owing to the kind support we had received from the French Legation in Peking, were welcomed by everyone in Indo-China with open arms. The customs and police authorities waived all regulations in our favour, and the import of our two cars into Indo-China cost us exactly six cents: that is to say, the price of the two stamps necessary to legalize our documents! Normally our cars would have been subject to a duty of 180 per cent., as that is the tariff for foreign cars; the French, very naturally wishing to protect their own industries, have established a very high tariff against foreign competition. But if the prospective traveller would first communicate with our consular authorities in

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Indo-China, I am sure special arrangements, such as we benefited from, would be arranged on his behalf also. In fact many French officials and others interested in the development of their country told me that they were only too keen to encourage travellers in the territories under their control. It is up to us, therefore, when granted these special facilities, to see that, by our behaviour and strict adherence to the laws and regulations of the country, we do not prejudice the chances of others following in our footsteps from obtaining the same privileges.

Talking of protective tariffs, it might be as well to explain that although Indo-China is a delightful country and a paradise for sportsmen and travellers, it hardly presents a good opening for any but French commercial enterprise. Prospective customs tariffs have purposely been made so high as to make it practically impossible for any but French goods to be sold in Indo-China. This is the one country in the world that I have so far encountered where the American automobile industry has been unable to penetrate. As I expect you know, the American motor-cars predominate all over the rest of Asia, but, with a tariff of 180 per cent. against them, even the super-business organization of the United States is unable to establish a footing. Again, although the French are not the actual owners of any great oilfields, they participate in the distribution of petrol and other oils in Indo-China. The few oil installations that have been established in the country are not just the usual branches of the great companies which elsewhere monopolize the oil trade, but are gallicized adaptations of those companies, which ensure that a large portion of the profits does not go to a foreign country.

Taken from another point of view, Indo-China, particularly the highlands of Laos and Annam, forms an excellent hunting-ground for the keen sportsman. Tigers abound. Indeed, owing to the depredations amongst the natives of one district, the French authorities, when we were there, were even prepared to invite enthusiastic sportsmen of any country to come and help them to exterminate these tigers who were decimating that and other districts. Wild elephant, bison, several kinds of deer, pig, and many other kinds of game are also to be found.

In conclusion, just a word to express our gratitude to all those who rendered us such signal help in the preparation and carrying out of our journey. Without the active support of our military authorities in China, of Sir Miles Lampson and the staff of the British Legation in Peking, and of the War Office, Foreign Office, and other Departments of State in Whitehall, our journey would not have been possible under such interesting and comfortable conditions. Our thanks are due to the French Minister in Peking, and his Military Attaché, Commandant Rocque, and particularly to His Excellency the Governor-General of Indo-China and all his subordinates, both French and native ; to many other Frenchmen also for their constant courtesy and hospitality. We

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can never express sufficiently our gratitude for the unfailing assistance we received wherever we went.

The CHAIRMAN, in moving a very hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, said that although his friend Captain McCallum had urged his hearers to follow in his footsteps, or rather car tracks, he doubted whether many would have the opportunity of making such a journey. He wished to thank Captain McCallum for his delightful lecture and beautiful slides, especially those of Angkhor, and he congratulated him and his plucky wife on the safe completion of their journey. He hoped that they might one day make the journey they had first projected, and that the Society might have the opportunities of hearing him lecture again. (Applause.)

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THE CHANGING FACE OF ISLAM *

By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

CONSTANTINOPLE is immutable. Change and time have their way with her as little as with Rome or Paris. The new human organisms which flow through her narrow but crowded arteries have altered her old character but little. Her magical environment renders that impossible. Sea, hills, and hazy golden atmosphere combine in an enchantment which flows around her eternally, making an elysium of whatever stones she may be builded. From the Golden Horn she seems what she was in the reign of Abdul. It is only when one walks her streets that one recognizes the novel spirit which has invaded her.

For the woods and trappings of the West have at long last been adopted in Stamboul, or, shall I say, adapted by her to her peculiar taste. The Tyrolean hat with narrow brim, the lounge suit, wider perhaps of trouser even than Oxford would choose, have replaced the fez and the baggy continuations. Ladies free from surveillance as those of London or New York parade the thoroughfares dressed in costumes which might have been conceived in the Rue de la Paix, and if they are as yet somewhat unused to Occidental high heels, their apprenticeship is improving, although they have not so far reconciled themselves to the Western hat or felt helmet, and wear a kind of lace mantilla. Yet even this does not conceal the features as did the old yashmak, but flows over tweed or serge shoulders. Yes, Stamboul has become the most beautiful suburb of Europe, although this implies little or no architectural change. Rather it is mental or sartorial—a very pronounced reflection of the West in an Oriental environment. Yet was Constantinople ever typical of the real East?

When one enters Turkey proper, Angora and the Anatolian sphere, great differences are to be observed from the methods and habits of the pre-war decades. Here the old stagnation has gone, a liking for change has appeared, even the restful officialdom of the Sultan's time has vanished. The upper classes, their archaical minds notwithstanding, have adopted the new political philosophy of the Ghazi. At places Free Thought appears to take the place of religion, and the fashionable pose is one of cynicism rather than fatalism. It comes to much the same in the end, only now there is no brake on personal morals, and these are probably at a higher level than ever in the history of the Turk. How different

* Lecture given to the Central Asian Society on January 30, 1929. Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in the Chair.

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are the conditions in Syria, which is a Faust that has sold its soul for modern pleasure, where as if a sect of strict puritanical principles had suddenly conceived a hatred of their rigidity and had thrown itself into the whirl of café life.

In Angora I saw unveiled Turkish women work behind the shop counters with such decorous behaviour that they might have stepped out of a Victorian picture. You could see them going to the horse races with their menfolk, but shunning the bookmaker. In the Ghazi Avenue, which is newly laid in the Turkish capital, the extraordinary sight is the ever-present cluster of men and women round the foot of Mustapha Kemal Pasha's statue; not even the dust of the passing motor-car would detract their attention.

After five in the afternoon thousands of officials walk down from their offices in the old part of the town to the new and handsomely laid quarters in the Yani Shahr (or the new city) at the foot of the hill on which stands the ancient citadel of Tamur, the Lame, in Angora. That scene reminded me of the Government of India officials in Simla lumbering their way with their attaché cases. And how pleasantly do their wives almost run to the roads to meet their menfolk. But work seems to stop not at all; the clang of the hammer and the thud of the cement machine is continuous, for the new capital must be completed with the least possible delay. Yes, Angora is the curious blending of the East and the West.

In the interior of the country as I trekked to the south I saw the Old Turk in all his glory. The new law, it is true, obliges him to discard the fez, and wear European dress; but he has only superficially obeyed the order. Turkey in Asia may be symbolized by the old-new city of Konia, the ancient Iconium. Lying as it does between the Central Anatolian plateau and the junction of the Taurus and Anti-Taurus Mountains, it is isolated from the rest of the country. Situated in a delightful area of orchards and cornfields, it is chiefly an agricultural centre, and may be regarded as the heart of Old Turkey. It had its statue of Kemal Pasha, the President, the Ghazi, its market-place choked with stalls and produce carts, its modern quarter, comprising over a hundred new streets, and its remarkable unfinished Mosque of Agriculture, its Teachers' Training College, its Ottoman Bank, and barn-like Government House. Here, too, is the Azizuddin Mosque, with its shrine of the saint, Hazrat Jalaluddin Rumi, one of the greatest sufis of Islam, with its golden steps and satin pall, and here the dervishes still whirl in the ecstatic dance. Yes, this is still the veritable Turkey without doubt. And, strange to say, it is in this conservative cradle of Turkey where women first paraded the streets celebrating the liberation of the Turkish women.

Whether hero-worship encourages war or tends to peace, what I

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saw of it in Angora was certainly the clearest proof of affection in which Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha is held by his people. Climbing up the Chinkaya hill in Angora one close morning, I walked up to the gate that led to the Turkish President's house standing on a knoll. Armed sentries guarded the approach, and I sat talking to them awhile. Then, as if struck by an electric shock, the entire company of soldiers stood at attention. They may be statues, and I involuntarily looked to the porch of the President's house. The Ghazi had appeared on the lawn, and, top-hat in hand, he paced the ground seemingly immersed in deep thought. I walked away and took a stand under the shade of a tree, where I could see him more clearly. He thus walked about steadily for ten minutes or more, the sun beating down on his blonde features. Anon, a batch of curiously dressed Turkish peasants arrived at the gate. One of them carried a large basket of what looked to me at a distance like fruits, and it was the crossing of the bayonet-ended rifles of the soldiers that barred their progress to the road. They would go and see their hero, right or wrong; but the soldiers' orders were explicit, till something approaching a brawl arose, and this attracted the Ghazi's attention. He looked up, and beckoning to the guards, was walking towards the gate.

His face, full of smiles, encouraged me to get to the scene also, and what a human drama it was! As soon as these poor peasants, dressed in cloth caps and baggy trousers, saw the object of their adoration, they all, without an exception, were frozen with awe and respect as the first impulse; then clinching their cloth caps with sheer nervous tension they ran up to the President, deposited their basket of fruit before him, and talked stammeringly as if dazed with the magnificence of something superhuman, the Ghazi towering above them as he stood beamingly in the centre. An old man wept as he held the basket of their humble offering to the Turkish hero. Such things can only happen in the East, and I thought that the limit of hero worship had been reached.

It is in Syria that you are neither in Asia nor in Europe, or is it that the West is trying to grow out of the East? Gradually, as the train leaves the disputed frontier between the French and the Turk, the red clay soil of the Aleppo hillside is bringing one nearer the old citadel of that hoary city yet so far from its ancient glory; for although Aleppo has a railway station, and new buildings are springing up white and stark, its covered bazaars are as busy as ever where the black Singalee soldier rubs shoulders with the fair-complexioned Syrian, yet the old air has vanished. The Syrian is working away as if under a spell; and as to what that spell is I was unable to discover.

Hundreds of French motor-cars are in use and their charges are extortionate, and, what is more, the drivers seem to confer an honour upon you by taking you on as their fare. The two-horse carriages are

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not to be seen, but a single-horse cab with no fixed rate—or at least rates they do not consider binding upon themselves—are higher than I paid anywhere in Europe. I remember driving up to the monument outside Aleppo which marks the last battle between the British and the Turkish forces during the Great War, and the driver was really so inhuman in belathering his beast that I had to get out of his carriage; but on hiring another, the same process was repeated. The nag had no life in him to go, so I left it alone.

From Aleppo the train service, with much interruption, gets to Beyrouth, and on the way some of the grandest scenery is witnessed. Those giant water-wheels of Homer and Hama, those lovely ruins of Baalbek, and that distant scene of Beyrouth at night, are sights that few would witness in Europe, specially when late at night the train rattles through the hills in the lap of which lies Beyrouth, with the lights of the city looking like fairy lamps set like jewels in a dark background; their appearing and reappearing as the train wends its way and the crescent moon stabbing the dark clouds like a silvery scimitar is worth all the coldness and the inhospitality of the train. The trains are not heated, there is no restaurant car attached, no food could be bought at the wayside stations except water melons or boiled potatoes and French or Syrian cigarettes that would choke you; all this and more you must endure for the sights on the way. If you are fortunate enough to get tea at a wayside station, be sure to keep a spoon to stir your tea with, for I, having failed to provide myself with it, was asked by the teashop man to use my finger if I wished to stir my tea. Then, of course, milk in the tea is a joke with them; lemon, yes, ground monkey-nuts, yes, but not milk; it spoils the taste of the tea.

In Beyrouth you can ride in the taxis or the trams—it does not matter which, for both seem to have equal speed—and visit Antioch or Baalbek across the Libanans, or the River of Dogs between Beyrouth and Tripoli, and see there, on the face of the great rock, cuniform inscriptions of Sennacherib, or that of the Assyrian king, or the Persian Darius who marched to Egypt, those of the first and third Napoleons down to one by Lord Allenby, and read the history of thousands of years in one rock. But your motor might break down, and the Syrian driver (who may be naturalized Armenian) throw up the sponge and propose to walk home if you give him three pounds, his fare, whilst you have a choice of either resting with the shepherds at night or walking with him. If the road is dark, it does not matter. Having walked many times before, he knows every inch of it. On the other hand, a Ford lorry that had sunk deep into the mire, when its flour sacks are emptied, might be pulled out, and might take you back, not to Beyrouth, but to the Dog River.

Getting tired of the ultra-modern life of Syria, you hie forth to

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Haifa, and after your car has driven half the time over the mere tracks, some part of it on a road, and the rest over the beach, when your trunks on the mudguards have been soaked by the lashing of evening tide, you reach a fine hotel in the German colony, and see Mount Carmel towering in the distance. In the freshness of the morning you hear two hoarse voices, you listen, surely they are speaking English, and find two figures clad in big sheepskin fur coats, and get convinced of their nationality as you see them at the breakfast-table eating ham and eggs, and asking the hotel boy whether the Gold Flake cigarettes have arrived from Jerusalem. So this is Palestine, and walking to the sea-front you observe that Continental manners are not there, as you see a large notice, "Mixed bathing not allowed," and horse carriages parked neatly in a side street. Here you regret to be disillusioned about "the fiery steeds of Arabia," for the horses of these cabs are frail and skeleton-like, nor do the cabbies look any the more flourishing. Little wonder, too, for it took me nearly two hours to get to the monastery at the top of Mount Carmel from my rest-house, and the nail in the seat tore a piece out of my trousers. Women of the German colony appear to know the faults of their transport, as I never saw any one of them in any vehicle. They leave these luxuries to the foreigners.

From Jaffa, which connects Cairo to Jerusalem and Jerusalem to Damascus, and Damascus to Amara and Mann in the south, you have a fairly good network of railways, and I expect more or less comfortable in the Eastern sense. But by far the largest number of people in Palestine now travel by motor. Within recent years Palestine has grown to be the one great monument of worthy endeavour for excellent road construction. I do not exaggerate when I say that in certain parts of the Holy Land—say, between Jaffa and Jerusalem—the roads are even better than some of the English roads, with the consequence that an enormous number of motor-cars are thrown in the service of the traveller; but the charges are always doubled for the "American pilgrims," for it is a by-word with the Palestinian that those who hail from across the Atlantic can give only two days "to do the Holy Land," and they must do it with a breakneck speed. An American lady told me that the next day she had "to do" Mount of Olives, the Dead Sea, Jericho, Bethlehem, the whole of Jerusalem, and Nazareth if possible. She said that she knew Biblical history fairly well, and so did not want a guide; "but where is the Kodak shop?" she asked, and could she buy a pitcher from the Mary's well, or see whether eggs really floated in the Dead Sea, or was it all a spook. It began to rain, and she did not go on her round, but read in her room instead, and dismissed the chauffeur with a forty dollar traveller's cheque.

When you are winding the corner of the hill under which lies

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Nazareth, and climb up and then down over the Samaritan Way and approach the Sea of Galilee, you feel that the spirituality grips you. Every olive glade around the banks of the Jordan thrilled me; the impulse of that wonderful philosophy that Jesus gave to such a large portion of humanity moved me profoundly. What sacred memory lingered in those stunted olive-trees, their trunks twisted and retwisted by age. Leaving the car, I walked through those groves in silence, the peace of it was awe-inspiring; it required the walking figure of Christ to complete the picture. Then, "What are you looking for?" someone challenged. It was a mason—building a home for himself on the bank of the Jordan—all the way from Poland, and the materialism of it gave me something of a shock. I flung myself in my car and took to the train from Dara to Damascus, now laid waste by revolution and fire, and thence across the Syrian desert to Baghdad, where the only relic of the mighty days of the Khalifas is a cast in a Custom House wall looking sadly on the Maud Bridge, and that of the boats; whilst the horse-tram lumbers its way to the Shia Shrine of Kaziman and the street called "New" is being tarred, leading to the aeroplane camps of Iraq; whilst the horse carriages and motor-cars vie with each other in trying to beat the corridor train that takes you to Basra on the shores of the Persian Gulf on your way to India.

The local colour of Arabia fades with each mile that I put in on the road to Western Persia from Baghdad. That is more perceptible to one travelling by motor, for few would notice much change if the journey be undertaken by train between the Iraqian capital and Khanikin, specially at night.

North-eastward as one journeys on one observes that the land of culture of old is there. The first index is in the politeness mixed with a kindly smile that greets you in place of grunts of the Near Eastern lands. You notice at once that the mind of the two peoples differs very markedly. As the road to Tehran is fairly well known to many members of this Society I shall not describe it, but confine myself by observing that every step I took towards the capital of Persia continued to convince me that that country of singers and sages is fast coming to its old glory under the wonderful régime of today. The dross of the Kachars is being removed; and once in Tehran I could not help feeling that I was in the cradle of the cultured East. The very air of the place breathed of refinement; and small wonder that despite the past difficulties of Persia it is the one country which has retained its independence for centuries together. In the world's history hers is the one example of true human greatness. If the real culture of Asia does not dwell in Persia then I have yet to find it.

In conclusion, let me revert to the Islamic facets of these countries. In Turkey behind all the cheap replica of Westernization still exist the

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vital forces of Islam. The European headgear of an Angora deputy is a mere outward symbol, deep down there is Islam. A man goes to the mosque, replaces his European hat by a skull cap, and ranges himself with the faithful at prayer. It was, however, in Syria that I was greatly disappointed. In Beyrouth, for instance, I could not say that I was amongst the Moslem people. The turhosh and veiled women are not sufficient emblems of my faith, it is the virtue that counts. Comparing those conditions with those of Palestine, what a marked change I observed! The fire of Islam glows in the heart of the Palestinian, there is no attempt to pawn their dignified robes for the ill-fitting garments of other races. The Arabs there commanded my admiration and respect; and the holiness of Al Quds apart the people still retain what is best in their old national traditions and keep the cardinal ideas of Islam very much alive in their every-day life.

I am quite conscious of the fact I might not be quite justified in criticizing the mandates of France in Syria and that of Great Britain in Palestine; yet the truth must be told. The two people racially, by religion and even by tradition, do not differ a great deal; and yet today they appeared to me as two different people, working under two very different ways. In Syria people seem to be thinking that it is better to be called French than Syrian; whereas a Palestinian, although he is fairly loyal to England, prefers to be what he is—an Arab. This, I think, is a definite triumph for England to foster original native feeling amongst the people which she is called upon to guide, to let them develop on their very own roots. I do not exaggerate when I say that the secret of England having expanded to a world-wide Empire lies in this spirit of non-interference more than in anything else. The experiment in Palestine is the epitome of the highest traditions of the British race; and consequently I think that the future of that country is very bright. The worthiness of this tradition was so gallantly manifested by the noble-minded attitude of a great soldier who is honouring me by presiding at this lecture. His name would live in the Near East, and people speak in terms of endearment about him wherever I went in Palestine.

The Afghan conditions are in the melting-pot, and I should be careful as to what I say at this moment, for although everybody wishes to die in his own country, yet my today's pronouncements might determine the manner of my ultimate death at Kabul. It would, therefore, be wiser on my part to say almost nothing till the air is a bit clearer.

Sir ARNOLD T. WILSON: Ladies and Gentlemen,—We have listened to a most interesting lecture with some really magnificent slides, particularly of Mecca. (Hear, hear.) I remember attending a lecture by Sidar Iqbal Ali Shah about a year ago dealing also with

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Islam, and I cannot help being struck by the great change in the tone of his remarks. There is a note of sadness and disillusionment which must be very painful to him. What he has seen in the last twelve months in his travels must have been a real sorrow. His book "Westwards to Mecca" is one of the most notable contributions to the travel literature of the Islamic World that has been published in the last ten years. (Applause.) I confidently recommend you all to read it. It will tell you very much more than he has had time to tell you this evening.

When one comes to analyze his lecture what does it come to? He has looked below the crust of Islam and found in Turkey—nothing, in Syria—nothing, in Persia the ancient philosophy and the ancient schism but little changed, whilst in Afghanistan what there is of Islam, and there is a great deal, has proved too much for the Government. Excluding Persia, which retains her historical attitude of detachment from the rest of the Islamic World, it is in Arabia, and in Arabia only, that Islam is in full strength, and nowhere stronger than in those areas which are under the British mandate. All those who have lived like myself for any length of time in Mohammedan countries must have listened with deep regret to what he had to tell us of Turkey being Westernized, and of Constantinople becoming in the process, as he said, a cheap replica of one of our industrial cities. It is a sorrowful prospect, but Eastern Europe need have no fear of Turkish aggression if such are the lines on which they are proceeding. The German Emperor, he told us, referred to Damascus as the kitchen of Arabia—a remark typical of the vulgarity which we associate with that unfortunate man. The oldest city in the world, perhaps the finest site of any city in Asia, and one of the most beautiful, and a German Emperor can only describe it as "the kitchen of Arabia"! There is likewise a note of vulgarity in the construction of the rock tombs in Petra, which is wholly alien to anything in Arabia today. They must have been carved for well-to-do merchants who had grown fat on trade and, like the bootleggers of New York, prepared expensive tombs for themselves in anticipation of their unregretted death. The architecture shows no trace of Oriental influence; it is a decadent Greek style vulgarly expressed in red sandstone. Our lecturer referred to the picturesqueness of the Galata Bridge. If he had read the Annual Report of the Council of Foreign Bondholders he would have had other things to say. The tolls for the last fourteen years have been diverted from their proper service. It was very good to hear what our lecturer had to say about Palestine. I listened with the consciousness that if Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah says anything of that sort it is not without good foundation, and is not said to please us. He is quite capable of saying things to displease us should he consider them true. (Hear, hear.) But he was

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unduly severe in his strictures on Baghdad. There is still there something of the greatness of earlier days. He had perhaps had no leisure to look below the surface there, but I venture to say from my own experience that had he had a little time to pierce below the crust he would have found a greater depth of Mohammedan sentiment in Baghdad than even in Palestine. As regards Syria I am inclined to agree with him, and it is perhaps unfortunate that Syrian influence in Baghdad has tended to obscure the deeper indigenous stratum of genuine Islamic culture and civilization. Again, I think he over-emphasized Russian influence in Kasvin. He seemed concerned that Russian should be used so frequently concurrently with Persian; the fact is that the population of North Persia are very largely dependent on imports from Russia, and in the nature of things always have been. Even before the War there was a substantial minority of Persian merchants in Kasvin and the north who talked Russian as freely as Persian. I do not think it follows that the Persian Government will be any worse for the fact that Russian is freely used in Kasvin, any more than we have fears for the independence of Dover when we see some of the notices there in French. Further, having spent a good many years in Persia myself, I must take exception to his statement that "nowadays" Persians work harder than they did, and that this shows they are being modernized. Persians are, and probably always have been, good workmen when left to themselves; when encouraged under expert guidance they work still better, and our experience in south-west Persia has been that Persian labourers under proper organization can be relied upon to do more and better work in a given time than any nationality east of Suez.

As regards the Khyber Railway he was good enough to suggest that no other Government would have faced the constructional difficulties involved, but I should like on the other hand to suggest that any other Government but ours would have built the railway some thirty years ago. (Hear, hear.)

The CHAIRMAN: It is getting late now, and I think you will all agree with me that we have listened to a most interesting lecture, very learned and full of shrewd humour. Throughout it all we have been sure of the good character he has given to us as regards our mandate in the Near East. (Applause.) It is very cheering to hear from an independent judge that we have carried out our mandate well in Palestine and that it has been recognized that we have done so. It is most interesting to me who know that country pretty well to hear of his journeys there. I know Aleppo fairly well, Constantinople slightly, Palestine very well, and I have, as our lecturer has, banqueted with the Governor of Transjordania. I have also banqueted in Damascus with the Amir Faisul as he was then, King Faisul now; and all our lecturer

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said about the good food you get in Transjordania and Damascus I can thoroughly endorse. However, that is not the point. These countries are now making progress, and throughout the Near East I feel sure that conditions are, considering the upheaval the world has had, promising and such as to give us hope for the future. I will not detain you any longer, but ask you to join in a very hearty vote of thanks to our lecturer. (Applause.)

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THE HIGHWAY OF EUROPE AND ASIA*

DR. ANDERSSON opened his lecture by saying that he was aware that in certain quarters exception was taken to the use of the word Eurasia as a scientific term, but that he and many scholars felt that the term was a useful one as emphasizing the unity of the two continents and the fact that there had been an interchange of cultural influences between them from the earliest period across the great belt of steppe country, which ran east and west, roughly speaking from Manchuria to the Baltic and Hungary, and which he had ventured to call the "Highway of Eurasia." He proposed in his lecture to deal with some classes of archæological evidence for the existence of this highway.

The first class contained those objects which were commonly known to the learned world as "Scythian bronzes." These objects, which first became known in large quantities in South Russia in the areas north of the Black Sea, possessed a very distinctive style. The main features of the designs were animal forms, frequently interlaced and more or less conventionalized. The animals represented were those characteristic of the steppe country—the fox, the deer, the elk, the goat, and so on. Similar bronzes had been known to native Chinese archæologists for some time past, by whom they were regarded as typical specimens of Western barbarian art. Together with the bronzes in animal style were found knives of a peculiar shape, sometimes with a rattle in the pommel, buckles and other small bronze objects.

As long ago as 1885 Reinecke had noticed the resemblance of the bronze knife-hilts found in Hungary to the bronze knife-hilts of approximately the same age found in Honan, but the intermediate steps in the cultural chain had hitherto been lacking. However, archæological material had now accumulated, and it was now possible to divide these bronzes geographically into four groups according to their provenance—viz., those coming from (1) the Euxine area, (2) an area near the Urals, (3) an area in Southern Siberia, (4) a large area in North-West China and Inner Mongolia, centring round Sui-yuan. All these areas lay on the highway, and, as might have been expected, the objects from the two central districts showed a pure and undiluted style, while the

* At a joint meeting of the Central Asian Society and the Royal Asiatic Society, held at the Royal Society of Arts, Lord Lamington presiding, Professor J. G. Andersson, Keeper of the East Asiatic Collection at Stockholm, gave a lecture on "The Highway of Europe and Asia," illustrated by lantern slides.

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objects from the Euxine showed traces of Greek and those from Sui-yuan traces of Chinese influence. The term "Scythian" begged the question of the origin of the style, and he therefore proposed that it should be called "the Eurasian animal style."

An interesting question was the reason for the manufacture of these bronzes. Were they made for purely artistic motives, or was there some other reason? He was inclined to think that Salamon Reinack's discovery that the palæolithic cave-paintings of Western Europe were primarily magical in nature was applicable to these objects. Some represented mating scenes, and one in particular, which in form closely resembled "bâton de commandement," showed an elk hind pursued by three males. He was disposed to think that the reason for their manufacture was at any rate partially magical, and that their object was to ensure plentiful supplies of game and success in hunting.

The date of the objects was generally regarded as lying between the sixth and first centuries B.C., but there was one exceedingly interesting bronze mirror with a handle in the form of an animal in the Musée Guimet in Paris which bore a Hsi-hsia inscription. If, as was alleged by some authorities, the inscription was cast on the mirror, the style must have survived to the twelfth or thirteenth century A.D.

Representations of the human figure were exceedingly rare in these bronzes, but one had been discovered which closely resembles those rude stone funerary effigies known as *babas*. Dr. Andersson showed a map of the sites at which such effigies are found which demonstrated that they too are scattered along the highway from Eastern Mongolia as far west as East Prussia. The *babas* were generally regarded as dating from the Christian era with the maximum period of development in about the seventh century, and some survivals as late as the thirteenth.

He now proposed to retire a good deal further into the past and to discuss the question of "painted pottery." Wares of this kind were commonly regarded as being characteristic principally of the chalcolithic period of civilization, in particular the fifth, fourth, and possibly third millennium B.C.

Such pottery was found over a wide area, and though there were marked variations in local characteristics, there was sufficient family resemblance between the various fabrics to justify a belief in relationship between, and possibly a common origin of, all the local techniques. Pottery of this kind had been found at Tripoli on the Volga (with linked fabrics extending as far south even as Macedonia), in Mesopotamia at Jemdet Nasr, Kish and Ur, in South-West Persia at Susa, recently in North-West Persia by Dr. Herzfeld, in Seistan by Sir Aurel Stein, at Anau in Russian Turkestan by Pumpelly, and in Kansu and Inner Mongolia by himself.

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As regards the Chinese fabrics, there was no stylistic relationship between the painted pottery and that of the Chou Dynasty, the earliest native pottery previously known.

His principal work in connection with painted pottery in his last expedition had been the excavation of a number of sites in a certain valley in Kansu which had been continuously inhabited since the neolithic age, and was a paradise for archæologists. In this valley he had found a whole series of dwelling and funerary sites, and had succeeded in breaking them up into periods and finding a type site for each period.

The dwelling sites were for the most part on isolated hills which had been cut away from the main body of the walls of the valley by river action, and had thus been made natural fortresses easily defensible. The burial sites, on the other hand, were generally on ledges or hilltops above the valley, in some cases on the highest ground available for some distance round. In some cases it had been possible to link dwelling and burial sites.

The various styles of pottery were of course related but distinct, and in many cases very beautiful both in shape and in ornamentation. The funerary pottery was easily distinguishable from that for household use and was marked by the employment of a particular pattern, so distinctive that they used to call it the "death pattern" (its principal characteristic being an indented edge), and also of a particular colour, red ochre, which was apparently regarded all over Eurasia in the neolithic period as possessing valuable magical qualities of revivification. The reason for this was no doubt the close resemblance of the liquid pigment to blood.

Another common article of magical significance in the period was the cowrie shell, and a number of these was also found in the graves, although they must have been brought all the way from the sea. The supply, however, must have been inadequate, as a representation of the shell was another favourite decoration of funerary pottery. There were also certain other designs on this fabric, for instance one which appeared to be a representation of a headless frog.

The designs on domestic pottery were also beautiful but quite distinct.

Very nearly 200 skeletons had been discovered in connection with this pottery and examined by expert anthropologists. The type represented was uniformly Mongoloid.

Before closing his lecture, Dr. Andersson said that he wished to show what appeared to be evidence of the existence of the highway in about 50,000 B.C., and displayed a map of the sites at which the eggs of a particular species of gigantic extinct ostrich had been discovered. Four such sites were known all lying on the highway.

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Mr. CLAUSON spoke: I do not think I need waste the time of the Societies by emphasizing the interest of Dr. Andersson's discoveries, but I think there are some features of their importance to which we might call attention. To the world at large the most important thing is that Dr. Andersson has broken the spell which hitherto made it impossible to conduct archæological exploration in China. It is well known that, as the Chinese philosopher Kai Lung once said, the difference between the Middle Kingdom and the outer barbarian countries is that whereas in the outer barbarian countries dragons indubitably do not exist, in China they do; and there is a particular breed of generally friendly but potentially malevolent earth dragons which objects to archæological exploration and prevents the peasants from excavating the earth. But Dr. Andersson has exorcized the earth dragons, and will perhaps pass on the secret of how he has done it to other professors. To us in the Royal Asiatic Society the interest in his work is that he has at last given us some link between archæology and history. There is a very extensive Chinese history of interchanges with these Western countries in the earlier periods, particularly from the Christian era onwards, but we have had nothing to pin it to the ground. We have got, of course, a certain amount of collateral evidence; probably many of us are familiar with the works of de Saussure, who I think has proved conclusively that Chinese astronomy is closely connected with, or derived from, Iranian or Babylonian astronomy. When we talk of migration I think we have got to remember there are four kinds of migration on these routes. In the first case you may get a material object handed from one hand to another. Then there is the wandering artist who starts from one place and goes elsewhere. Then you get a style migrating, people of various countries getting a style from another area; and, finally, you get a whole people pulling up their sticks and moving across the country. These four imply different conditions. When an object or an artist moves, that implies roads and a settled country. When a certain style is copied there is probably not a road. The people are in contact with their neighbours; but you do not copy something yourself when you can get the object itself in any desired quantity. When a whole people move about it indicates that there is very little population in the area, because if many people lived there they would not be allowed to go through. Dr. Andersson has covered such an enormous area and time that it is very difficult to say much about it. Going backwards I think we should agree that the Hsi-hsia inscription has nothing to do with the animal style. Most people would ask, "Why don't you read it and find it out?" It is a sore subject; not very much is known of Hsi-hsia. Then we go back to the Babas. Dr. Andersson said they are almost certainly connected with the Turks, and I entirely agree; after all, they

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followed the route which the Turks followed, and *baba* is a Turkish word meaning "father." Or it may have been *balbal*, "a funerary monument." They no doubt must have moved from west to east. When we come to the Eurasian animal style, of course that presents a rather more difficult problem: it may have moved from east to west, west to east, or started in the middle and gone both ways. I should be very sorry to dogmatize myself, and I think anybody would be. It was not a Chinese style, and must have started from somewhere other than the east end. I think it may very well have been connected with the Scythians, because the Iranians are the only people that we know of that ever moved from west to east in early periods; you get the Sogdians, who started from Samarkand, and settled on the Chinese Wall in the middle of the second century. I think that, perhaps, taking the animals with the astronomy together, there is something to be said for an eastern move. When we get back to the painted pottery I think none of us can say anything at present. It is far too early to dogmatize at all. All we can say is that there is a connection, but what that connection is I do not think we can say. (Applause.)

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THE HOLY CITIES OF ARABIA

NOTES OF A LECTURE GIVEN TO THE CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY BY MR. ELDON RUTTER ON FEBRUARY 27, 1929.

IN the absence of Lord Allenby in Scotland, the chair was taken by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. The Chairman in introducing the Lecturer congratulated the Society on hearing a lecture from the only living Englishman who had spent any considerable time in Mekka, that forbidden city which had exercised such a fascination for all students of Arabia.

The Lecturer took as his subject:

El Haraman or el Haramayn: The two Sanctuaries Mekka and El Medina.

Firstly, *Mekka.* The geographical position of Mekka is doubtless well known to you, but I will describe briefly the nature of the country in which it lies.

Along the eastern shore of the Red Sea there is a narrow coastal plain which is known as Et-Tihâma. This coastal plain at its northern end is, in some places, more than sixty miles in width; but, as it proceeds southwards, it gradually becomes narrower, until, coming to the southern extremity of the peninsula, it is almost entirely eliminated by the encroaching mountains of the Yaman.

The Tihâma is limited on the east by a rocky range, which extends from north to south of the Arabian peninsula. This mountain range forms the western edge of the Central Arabian plateau.

The seaport of Jidda lies about half-way between the northern and southern extremities of the coastal plain—that is to say, about half-way between the Gulf of Akaba on the north and the strait called Bâb el Mandab on the south.

To the eastward of Jidda the mountain range lies between sixty and seventy miles from the sea, but a maze of detached mountains and isolated peaks extends to within twenty miles of the coast. Hidden among these detached mountains, at a distance of some forty miles from the sea-coast, lies the city of Mekka.

If we seek a rational explanation for the existence of an Arab settlement in the Valley of Mekka we shall not easily find one. The Valley of Mekka and the country immediately surrounding it harbours practically no vegetation, and the water of its well—Zemzem—is warm and brackish.

On the other hand, there are three considerable oases within a half-

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day's camel journey of Mekka—namely, Wadi Fâtma, 'Ayn ez-Zayma, and El Husayntza. Mekka lies in the centre of a triangle formed by these three oases.

Why did this sterile valley become a place of resort, when three large oases, with running springs of sweet water, existed at a half-day's journey from it?

We know why the Arabs have resorted to Mekka every year since the time of Muhammad. They go to perform the Pilgrimage, as the Koran commands. But why did they set up a temple in this particular spot before the time of Muhammad?

Let us see what the Arabs themselves have to say about it.

What they believe is that God created a shrine beneath His throne in heaven so that the angels might go round it as an act of praise.

Before the creation of mankind certain angels were commanded to build a similar shrine in the Valley of Mekka. This appears to have fallen into ruin, for when Adam was turned out of Paradise and commanded to build a shrine in the same place he found only the foundation stones remaining.

On these foundations he erected the heavenly shrine which was sent down to him, and which consisted of a huge hollow ruby. When Adam died, the ruby shrine was raised up into heaven, and Adam's sons built in its place a shrine of stone. This was rebuilt successively by Abraham, by the Amalekites, by the tribe of Bani Jorham, by Muhammad's grandfather, Kusaj ibn Kilâb, and by the tribe of Curaysh, who were assisted by Muhammad himself.

It has also been rebuilt, or partly rebuilt, three times since Muhammad's death.

The shrine is cubic in form, and is known as Kaaba (the Cube), or Bayt Allah (the House of God).

For some centuries preceding the mission of Muhammad the Arabs had abandoned the worship of God, and had set up idols in the Kaaba. They made a pilgrimage to the shrine each year, and performed seven circuits around it.

That, in brief, is what the Arabian historians tell us about the origin of Mekka. It will not, however, satisfy those who seek economic reasons for the establishment of a human settlement. In order to provide rationalistic evidence we must pursue another line of investigation.

We know that a great annual fair was held at 'Ukâz in the Zayma oasis near Mekka until after the establishment of the Islamic religion. At this place a great concourse of Arabs assembled every year, coming from all parts of Arabia. The merchants bartered their merchandise for livestock which the Bedouin drovers had driven down from the upland districts. The young men rode in camel and horse races, and

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took part in warlike contests. The poets recited their verses. In fact, the scene bore a primitive resemblance to the Olympic Festival of the Greeks. Throughout its duration fighting and raiding were prohibited.

But the Arabs are a hot-tempered, reckless race, and we find that 'Ukâz receives more mention in Arabian history as being the place where many tribal feuds began than on any other count. A quarrel breaks out and a man is slain. The murderer mounts his camel and flees from 'Ukâz, with the intention of reaching the camping-place of his tribe. But he is overtaken and slain in the way by a relative of his victim, as Arabian tribal custom allows.

Now, as Charles Doughty says, "Commonly, among three Arabians is one mediator: their spirits are soon spent, and indifferent bystanders incline to leniency and good counsel." If, then, the murderer could have hidden himself from the avenger until a mediator came forward, the matter might have been settled without his death.

We find here a rational explanation of the existence of Mekka. Because 'Ukâz was a place of public resort where enemies might meet, the Arabs found it necessary to establish a sanctuary near it. The settled Arabs would object to one of their oases being used as a place of refuge for criminals. The sanctuary must be established in No Man's Land. They chose the Valley of Mekka, because it was close to 'Ukâz and because it possessed a well which was never dry. Fleeing from death makes a man thirsty, and a place of refuge which lacked a water-supply in such a country as Arabia would be of little use.

This place of refuge, once established, would naturally become the religious centre; for, in it, all could give themselves up to their religious observances without fear of the assaults of their enemies. As time went on a permanent settlement would be formed.

To sum up the matter, then, we have seen that the Muhammadans believe that the origin of Mekka was that it was made the religious centre by Adam, though the angels had already built a shrine there before the creation.

If we are not prepared to accept this, we shall find a rationalistic alternative in the undoubted fact that Mekka was used as a sanctuary by the pre-Islamic Arabs.

Now, in the year 570, Muhammad was born at Mekka. He belonged to the tribe of Curaysh, which by that time had assumed the control of the surrounding territory, with the primitive town of Mekka as their headquarters.

In the fortieth year of his age, Muhammad began to receive the revelations which are collectively known as the Korân.

Unhonoured in his own country, and persecuted by his idolatrous kinsmen, he fled, in 622, to El Medina, where he was well received. The year of this flight—El Hijra—is the year of the Muslim era.

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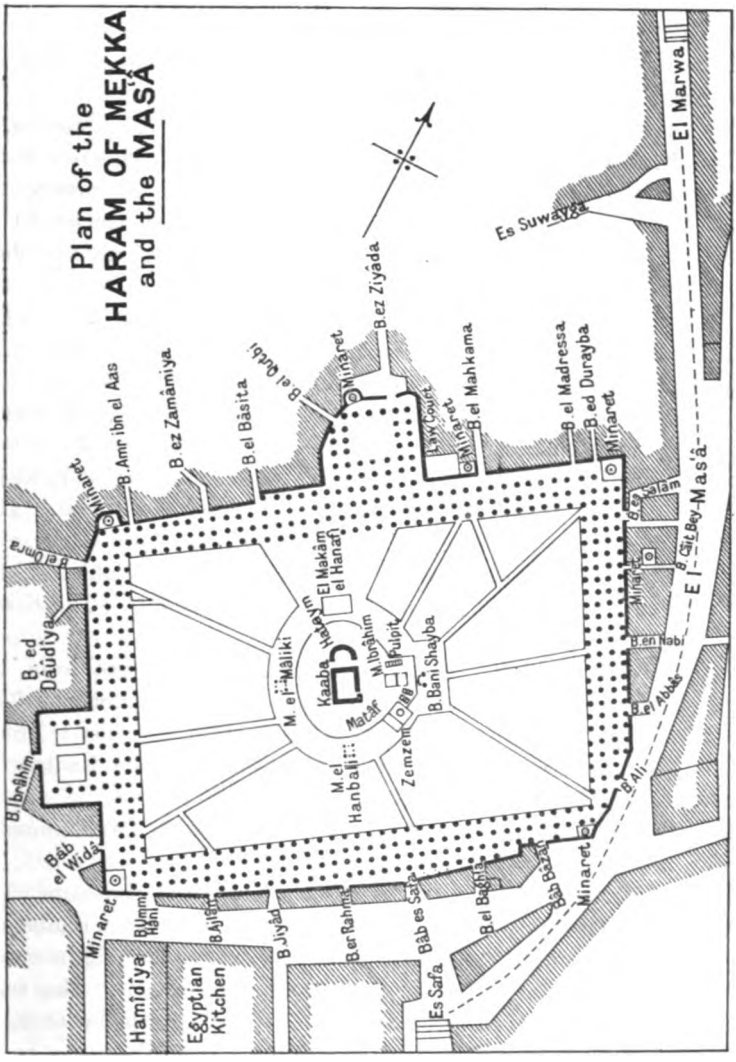
After a number of battles with the forces of his own tribe, Muhammad returned triumphantly to Mekka in the eighth year of the Hijra. His enemies now accepted his teaching, and he ordered the destruction of the idols in the Kaaba.



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At the outset, Muhammad's mission was to bring the Arabs back from idolatry to the original religion. His concern, therefore, was to restore the Kaaba to its place as the House of the God of Adam, of Abraham, and of the prophets who came after them.

Mekka was a town like any other town, to which any law-abiding

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man of any race or creed might go—until the ninth year of the Hijra. In that year a new revelation was recorded by the Prophet. It was this: "O Ye who believe! Verily the polytheists are unclean. Therefore they shall not approach the Sacred Mosque after this year. And if you fear poverty, God, of His bounty, will enrich you, if He wills. Verily God is Knowing and Wise."

Upon the revelation of that passage, Mekka became closed to unbelievers, and so it has remained to the present day.

In the eleventh year of the Hijra, Muhammad died at El Medina.

The most important object in Mekka is the Kaaba. This is a stone building which measures, roughly, forty-five feet in each dimension. It is not a perfect cube, even if we subtract from its altitude the height of the base or plinth on which it stands. The Kaaba has only one door and no window.

It is constructed of granite, and is lined with marble. The roof is supported by three pillars formed from the trunks of trees. Thin cross-beams connect these pillars at a height of some twelve feet from the floor, and silver lamps and incense-burners hang from them. The walls and ceiling of the chamber are draped with hangings of red silk.

On the outside, the Kaaba is covered with a sort of black pall, which hangs from the top of the roof-parapet to the ground on all sides. This is called El Kiswa. It was formerly sent each year from Egypt. In 1926 the Egyptian pilgrim caravan was molested by the Wahhâbis, and since then the Egyptian Government has ceased to send it. The Kiswa is now made in Mekka.

In the eastern exterior corner of the Kaaba, five feet from the ground, there is a large stone set in a massive silver mounting. This stone is of a dark, red-brown colour. It is probably an aërolite. Before the time of Muhammad it was one of the idols in the Kaaba. It is known as El Hajar el Aswad (the Black Stone).

The Black Stone is *not* the principal objective of the Muhammadan pilgrims, neither do they worship it.

It is venerated because of its association with Abraham. The historians tell us that when Abraham was building the Kaaba, he wanted a conspicuous stone to mark the place where the pilgrims were to begin the rite of the towâf—or going round the Kaaba. The angel Gabriel brought him a stone which, we are told, sparkled with light. This was the object known as the Black Stone. It lost its lustre as the result of being polluted by the touch of the idolatrous Arabs.

The Kaaba stands in an open quadrangle which is nearly five acres in extent. This space is enclosed by a stone wall twenty-five feet high, within which, on all sides, are arcades or cloisters.

This enclosure is known as El Masjid el Harâm (the Sacred Mosque), or El Haram (the Sanctuary).

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The term El Haram is also applied to the territory which surrounds Mekka to a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from its centre, all of which is within the Sanctuary.

Now, having got some idea of the city, let us turn to a consideration of the religious rites which the pilgrims perform there.

It is commanded that every person who passes the boundary of the Haram territory of Mekka must discard his ordinary clothes and put on the ihrâm. This consists of a piece of seamless material worn like a skirt and secured about the waist. Another piece is worn over the shoulders. Any material may be used, silk alone excepted. White is not essential, though it is preferred.

The head remains uncovered, and the feet are shod with sandals, so that the instep may be left exposed.

Thus attired the Muhammadan enters Mekka. Upon arrival there he goes at once to the Mosque, and performs the towâf—seven circuits around the Kaaba. Strangers are accompanied by a guide, who says the words of the ritual, which they repeat after him. The pilgrim then prays two prostrations in the Makâm Ibrâhîm, makes supplication at the Multazam, leaves the Mosque, and proceeds to the hill Es Safa. Here, standing on the top of a short flight of steps, he repeats a further supplication. Then he runs the length of the street El Masâ, mounts the steps of the hill El Marwa, where he repeats more supplications. This is repeated six times—seven in all. The pilgrim then has his hair cut, and is free to wear his ordinary clothes. These rites constitute the 'Omra.

The 'Omra is a form of pilgrimage enjoined on all who enter Mekka at any time.

The Hajj or Annual Pilgrimage includes the rites performed in the 'Omra, but after performing them the pilgrims must continue to wear the ihrâm until he has completed the Hajj by performing certain other rites, which I will now attempt to describe.

On the evening of the ninth day of the lunar month Du-l Hijja (remembering that the night precedes the day in the Muslim Calendar), the pilgrims leave Mekka, and proceed to a place called 'Arafa. This place lies outside the limits of the Sanctuary, at a distance of six or seven hours' camel journey from Mekka. It is a spacious sandy plain, surrounded by barren mountains of blackened rock.

At 'Arafa the pilgrims remain encamped until sunset. During the afternoon a sermon is preached to them from the top of a little hill called Jebel er-Rahma, on the eastern side of the plain. At sunset the sermon is brought to an end, and then the pilgrims hasten to leave 'Arafa and re-enter the limits of the Sanctuary. They spend the night at Muzdalfa, as the Korân ordains.

Each pilgrim collects seven small stones, which he will throw at

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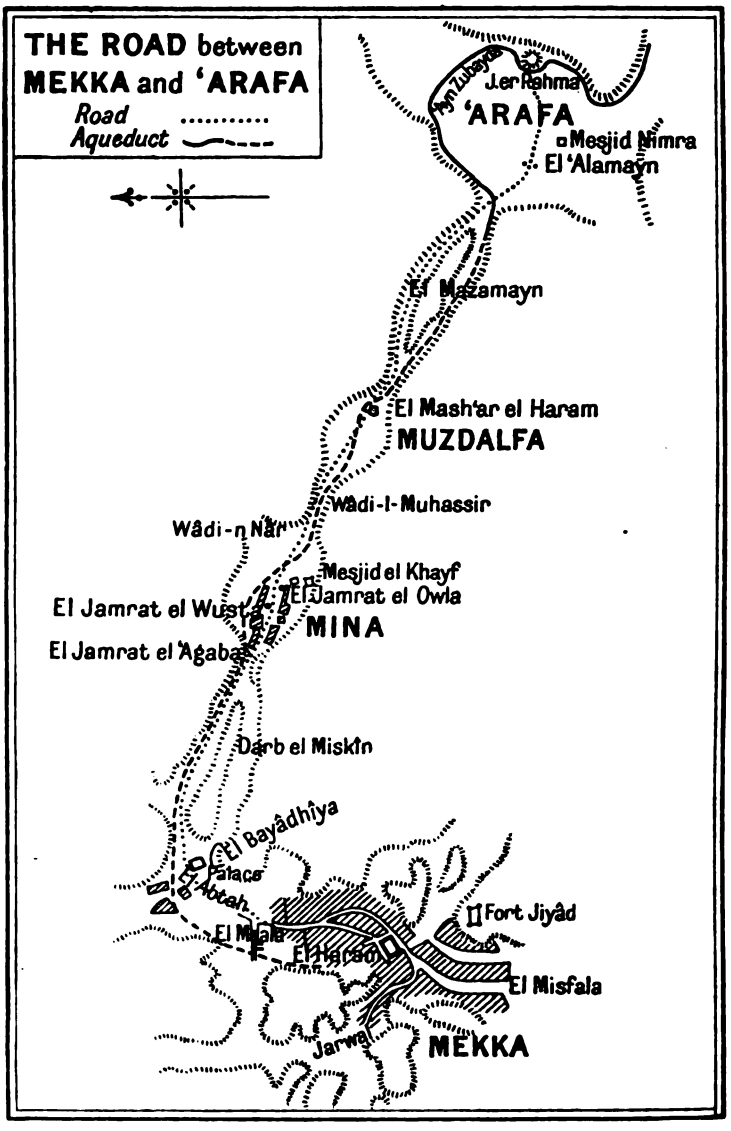
a stone pillar at Mina on the morrow. There are three of these pillars, and they are popularly supposed to represent devils.

At dawn the pilgrims leave Muzdalfa, and proceed to Mina. At



FROM "THE HOLY CITIES OF ARABIA," BY ELDON RUTTER.

(Map reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Putnam's Sons, Ltd.)

Mina they remain three days. As soon as possible after their arrival they throw their seven stones at the largest of the three pillars. This

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stands at the western end of the street of Mina. With each throw the pilgrim says: "In the Name of God, God is greatest. I stone the Devil. May the Merciful be pleased." After this he buys a sheep or a goat from the Bedouin drovers. He kills this as a sacrifice, and distributes some of the flesh to the poor. The pilgrim may now have his head shaved, and may wear his ordinary clothes once more.

In the afternoon he goes into Mekka, performs the towâf, and then returns to Mina. He must also gather sixty-three more stones. Seven of these he throws that afternoon at each of the three pillars. On each of the following two days he does the same. Each pilgrim thus throws seventy stones. This act is supposed to show hatred of the devil.

On the afternoon of the third day the pilgrims return to Mekka, and are now bearers of the title of Hajj, or Hajji.

According to Arab history, the first human beings who definitely settled in the Valley of Mekka were Hagar, the slave-woman of Abraham, and her son Ismail. The angel Gabriel found these two dying of thirst in the wilderness, and guided them to the well Zemzem. From that time they dwelt in the valley. When Ismail grew to manhood he married a woman of the tribe of Curaysh, and became an Arab.

It is probable that until some years after the death of Muhammad those who dwelt in the Valley of Mekka were exclusively Arabs. It is recorded, however, that a Greek sea-captain and a Coptic carpenter assisted the Curaysh to re-build the Kaaba.

When the Muslims began to conquer foreign countries many of the inhabitants of those countries who accepted Islâm journeyed to Mekka in order to perform the pilgrimage. Some of them settled in Mekka, and became mutowwifs or pilgrim-guides to their fellow-countrymen who came to Mekka in the pilgrimage season.

As we have seen, Mekka became a forbidden city to unbelievers in the ninth year of the Hijra. The early Caliphs ruled that no unbeliever might set foot in any part of the Arabian Peninsula. They were never wholly successful in their efforts to exclude them; but the tradition remains to this day that Arabia is a country exclusive to the Muslims, and unbelievers are permitted to remain in certain parts of it only on sufferance.

Turning now to the consideration of *El Medina*, this city lies nearly three hundred miles north of Mekka. Unlike Mekka, it lies to the eastward of the mountain range. It is situated on a plain, surrounded on three sides by mountains.

Some four miles to eastward of the city there is a great water-course known as Wâdi-l Hamdh. This has its source near Et-Tâif, to the south-east of Mekka. It flows through the desert to El Medina, and finally reaches the sea near the town of El Wejh. The Wâdi-l Hamdh is probably seven or eight hundred miles long.

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As to how frequently the rains are sufficiently heavy to flood this enormous channel from its source to its mouth, I am unable to say. Wells have been dug in it at various points, as parts of it are used as regular caravan roads.

Another watercourse—the Wadi-l 'Aqîq—flows from the mountains to the west of El Medina. The outer wall of the city is built over this channel at two points.

The plain about El Medina is well supplied with ground water, and a large oasis has existed there from time immemorial. The Amalekites are said to have established a settlement there, which they named Yathrib.

The Amalekites were driven out by the Israelites, who were overpowered in their turn by the Arab tribe of Bani Amr from the Yaman.

When Muhammad entered Yathrib in 622, the town was re-named El Medina. Muhammad declared that it was to be a city of refuge from that time—prohibiting the taking of life within its boundaries.

The Korân does not forbid the entry of unbelievers into El Medina. The second Khalîfa, Umar ibn El Khattâb, once invited an Egyptian Christian to go there in order to receive justice for an insult put upon him by a son of the Governor of Egypt. El Medina soon became closed to unbelievers, however, and is now as jealously guarded against them as is Mekka.

The chief interest of El Medina is in the fact that Muhammad is buried there. His tomb lies in the south-eastern corner of the Great Mosque. It is surmounted by a large Green Dome. The Green Dome, topped by its gilded crescent and surrounded by the five white minarets of the Mosque, forms a striking and magnificent picture against the blue Arabian sky.

The Muhammadans go in thousands to El Medina, in order to visit the Prophet's Tomb. This act is not a rite of their religion, but it has assumed almost that degree of significance in their minds, by reason of their devotion to the Founder of Islam. A special ritual was early invented for the visit, and a class of guides, similar to the mutowwifs in Mekka, came into being.

The inhabitants of Mekka and El Medina are a community of Muslims, but not a community of Arabs. (The Arab element preponderates, of course.) They are a race apart. They despise the Bedouins in the surrounding deserts, who are true sons of the soil. In their own estimation, and in that of millions of foreign Muslims, the Mekkans are the salt of the earth.

The Bedouin chieftain, Ibn Sa'ud, decided that the salt had lost its savour, and when the opportunity presented itself he seasoned it with Wahhâbi.

The people of the Hijaz had been parasites of the Turks for several

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centuries, and they now find it irksome to be ruled by force instead of by bribery.

The Wahhâbis are Arabs of the desert—Bedouins. They live spartan lives, and are endowed with virility and simplicity. They have ideals which they try to live up to. They would compel all men to follow their creed, if they had the power.

Although the exploits of Ibn Sa'ud are now lauded by the Muhammadans of every nation, their hearts are not entirely with him. The modern Muslims, in Asia as well as in Africa, admiring European institutions, despise him as a Bedouin, while the old-fashioned Muslims are outraged by his lack of veneration for the descendants of the Prophet, and his desecration of the tombs and historical buildings. He is by no means an ideal Muhammadan champion. Personally, Ibn Sa'ud is strong and ambitious—a man who has waded through seas of battle to attain his desire. Perhaps he is too great a man to ever be satisfied with his achievements. Nevertheless, he is certainly one of whom Nature might stand up and say to the world: "This is a man." What, more than anything, leads me to say that, is, that as the papal envoy said of the Emperor Charles V., so it is with Ibn Sa'ud—"In all his good fortune, he has remained completely modest." (Applause.)

The Chairman in moving a vote of thanks said he regretted that the Lecturer had to leave immediately and there would be no time for discussion; he very heartily congratulated him and advised members of the Society to read Mr. Rutter's book—one of the most fascinating books on Arabia which has been written since the days of Burton. (Applause.)

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SPORT ON THE SNOWLINE

By MAJOR H. N. H. WILLIAMSON, D.S.O., M.C.

TIBET is still, unfortunately, a forbidden land to sportsmen as well as explorers, but there is nevertheless on its frontier, stretching away westward from the Lanak La, a desolate and uninhabited region called the Chang Chenmo, after the river which runs through it; and it is here alone that the Tibetan antelope, with its queer snubbed nose and graceful tapering horns, may be stalked and shot by the British resident in India, unless he has been lucky enough to get a passport to enter Chinese Turkestan proper via either the Karakoram or the Dipsang plains route.

The time and preparations necessary for this latter journey put it practically outside the scope of the average soldier, and so he has to fall back on the Chang Chenmo; and even for this trip at least three months' leave is required, and the expenditure involved is greater than for any other shooting expeditions which are usually undertaken after the big game of the Himalayan and Karakoram ranges.

Ovis Ammon (Hodsoni) also exists in the valley of the Kugrang which flows into the Chang Chenmo from the north, and the whole area drained by these two rivers forms one of the shooting blocks (No. 15) into which Ladakh is divided up under the administration of the Kashmir State Game Preservation Department.

Under the existing arrangements, whereas only one gun is allowed to shoot up to a limit of two ammon in a block in each of the two periods into which the shooting season is divided, it is permissible for each of three guns to shoot up to three antelope in Chang Chenmo in each period so long as their heads measure 22 inches or over.

The permits for Chang Chenmo are usually very keenly sought after, and are quickly snapped up by those sportsmen who have got their names down early on the list which is compiled at the office of the G.P.D. in order of priority; and it is a curious rule which should be remembered, that to obtain a permit for the first period, which commences on April 15, priority counts from time of application from any place within Kashmir territory, whereas for the second period, which commences on July 15, it counts from the receipt of a written application from any place whatever after January 1. The result of this rule is that there is a regular race in the early days of April to get into Kashmir territory to register in good time, as there is a great deal of difference between the various localities which one may get allotted

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to one. So far as the second period is concerned, however, even if one does not get a high place on the list as the result of a postal application, there is always a good chance of at least half the people whose names come before one's own finding that they cannot manage to go on the shoot when the time comes, and one is therefore able to take their place.

In 1926, however, I had succeeded in getting second place on the list for the second period, and as the man who was before me had gone off in an entirely different direction during the early part of the year, I was pretty well able to pick and choose whatever block I wanted. I was not anxious to try for ammon as well as antelope in Chang Chenmo, because I had a full three months in Kashmir and wanted to see as many different places as possible, so I applied for and obtained a block called Gya (No. 9) for ammon, which lay south of the Indus on the main route which runs into India through Kulu, but was not more than five or six marches out of my way on my return from Chang Chenmo to Leh. I also registered my name for a block called Nimu, about two marches west of Leh, in which I hoped to shoot a sharpoo on my way back to the Sind valley, where I wanted to finish up with a barasingh.

The second period is always unpopular for shooting, especially with the professional shikarris, owing to the difficulty in finding game when the snow-line has receded to its highest limit, which occurs in July and August, and which is sometimes as high as 18,000 feet in Ladakh.

Much more strenuous climbing is necessary, much more ground has to be searched, the river valley roads are hot and dusty, and there is always the chance of finding one's pet nullah full of sheep and goats which are sent up to graze by the villagers. Added to this there is always the possibility that somebody has shot the best head in the block during the first period. However, there are other compensations, amongst which, in my opinion, the biggest is that you return after your leave to a finished hot weather, and are able to start the strenuous training season fit in both body and mind after a glorious rest from matters military among the hills and valleys of the most beautiful and grandest scenery in the world. This, however, does not appeal to your shikarri, and to the fact that you are shooting in the second period instead of the first he will always ascribe every trouble or mishap which may befall you from the moment that he makes his first bad banderbast, before even you have escaped from the clutches of the rapacious tradesmen of Srinagar.

My henchman on this occasion was no exception to the rule, and I had only regretfully engaged him because I had employed him when out after markhor and ibex in 1912, and I thought better the devil you know than the devil you don't.

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I had made most of the necessary arrangements for the whole trip before leaving the sweltering heat of Calcutta early in June, and had even sent on to meet me a packing-case of tinned stores, butter, and tea, so as to economize room in the train to Rawal Pindi and the motor onwards to Srinagar, and so I found that two days in that town were ample for my wife and myself to make all the remaining purchases, and to obtain the various permits and licences which have to be shown at certain places on the Central Asian trade route before any assistance can be got from the local authorities in getting transport or supplies. More especially beyond Leh, where the country is very sparsely populated, it is often very difficult to get ponies or food of any description even for one's native servants.

As usual, there were a few things which we had forgotten for ourselves, and of course a perfect mass of so-called necessities for our servants before they could possibly start out on the 400-mile march which we were contemplating. Luckily for us, we had with us our own cook, one of the best class of servants, which are only to be found at Meerut and such places—an old warrior who had been captured in Kut as servant to a British officer, and whose conception of what was right was the word of his master, and nothing else. Throughout the entire trip he defended our interests as well as our digestions from all attacks made upon them by the inhabitants of the districts through which we travelled, and from the very start formed a very stout buffer between us and the remainder of our staff, who were perforce locally engaged Kashmiris.

The first stage of our march, which traverses about 260 miles of passably easy going, brings one to Leh, which is the capital of Ladakh, and is supplied with rest-houses every twelve miles or so. In early spring the crossing of the main pass, called the Zogi-La, is often dangerous owing to the avalanches, and it is usually necessary to start in the very early morning before the snow is loosened by the warmth of the sun. In June, however, the snow has mostly gone except from the absolute summit, and one approaches the top along fields of beautiful green grass covered with a perfect carpet of alpine flowers of every shade of pink and yellow mixed with white. So far the road is well known, and even to Leh itself it is most adequately described in various guide-books, as well as in the journals of several travellers and sportsmen. To anyone possessed of the normal powers of endurance it will produce no difficulties whatever, and in anticipation of the hard climbing at the greater altitudes which will be required for the actual search for and pursuit of game, it acts as an excellent "pipe-opener," and tends to get one extraordinarily fit, provided that one doesn't rely too much on the wretched under-sized ponies which can be hired to ride at every stage. Personally, owing to their smallness and my own height, as well as the

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dreadfully uncomfortable and short-seated saddles, which are the only ones procurable, I would invariably prefer to walk any of the stages except those over twenty miles, and my advice to anybody who is not prepared to do so is to take your own saddle with you; for this purpose the Numdah type is much the more satisfactory from every point of view.

Leh itself is an interesting town, and is the capital of the old province of Ladakh, as well as being the terminus of the various Central Asian trade routes which carry the merchandise of Turkestan and Tibet into that part of India which lies adjacent to Kashmir State. Here also is the last of the rest-houses which will be found, a barber, a washerman, and a store where a few European tinned fruits, etc., can be bought. There is a Moravian missionary and his wife who are always most hospitable to passers through, also the house to which the British Joint Commissioner who acts under the Resident in Kashmir comes for a few weeks every summer; and these are the only links which exist with the civilization which on leaving Leh one leaves behind for good, till one returns from the ultimate destination of the trip.

It is well worth while to pause a couple of days here and to make full use of one's time in seeing the persons who are able to materially assist one, as well as to explore the small bazaar, and the Yarkand and Lhasa serais, in which are to be found a marvellous collection of types representing many Central Asian peoples. In the former case it is well to send for one Mithu Khan, a bearded and genial rascal, who combines the duties of head game watcher for the G.P.D. with the more lucrative pastime of personally conducting you round the bazaar, finding you all the things which you may require and, most important of all, giving to you the best available information as to the whereabouts of the game in whatever block has been allotted to you. He is also able to lay his hands on the best local or village shikarris for any particular district, and I would sooner put myself in his hands than in those of the majority of the professionals who batten on to you in Srinagar, extort fabulous wages and totally unnecessary outfits from you, and then leave the whole of the real work to one of these local men, without whose help they are practically useless. Custom dies hard, and I feel that no matter what is written on the subject the Srinagar so-called fashionable shikarris will continue to be engaged, and to grow fat on the work of others, from most of whom they extract bribes to get them employment with their masters; but for a peaceful and economical trip commend me to a march to Leh under the arrangements of one good camp banderbast cooli, and then engage a complete new retinue of local men at that place, employing the village shikarri whom Mithu Khan may recommend. Amongst the local notabilities at Leh are the Wazir,

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or local Kashmir governor, also the Tehsildar, without whose assistance no wood, potatoes, ponies, or coolies can be obtained; then comes the postmaster, upon whose good offices you will depend for the all-important despatch of your mail, for which you will from time to time send a cooli; and any other small commissions with which you may charge your private postman are always most courteously and punctiliously supervised by that very obliging official. On the non-official side there is a very charming Mahommedan called Bahr-ud-din Khan, who is lord of the Yarkand serai, and through whose hands passes most, if not all, of the trade from Turkestan; and while sipping his most excellent Chinese tea out of elaborate cups made in Moscow, you will hear all the gossip of the bazaars from Kashgar to Khotan, and perhaps he can show you handfuls of pre-war Imperial Russian gold pieces which come in a continual stream from the new and half-fledged republics which are still striving to elucidate the mystery of the workman's paradise, where there is no work and where Jack must be better than his master. What was the significance of this trade in currency I was not able to fathom, but the reputed destination was the melting-pots of the jewellers of the Punjab, where it is transformed into the ornaments with which the native women decorate their noses, ears, and ankles. The other large serai in Leh, to which comes all the trade from the Tibetan side, is owned by the family of one Mustapha Sidik, who with a collection of brothers and cousins does a good business in Tibetan and other Asiatic tea-urns, drinking-cups, carpets, and a few skins. His house is most awfully picturesque, forming three sides of a square yard, into which are collected all the ponies with their loads complete when they first arrive, and he receives both guests, customers, and servants in a large room on the first floor with an overhanging alcove and wide open windows, from which the whole of the courtyard can be seen. Inside, the roof and walls are painted in all the colours of the rainbow, as is the custom in Tibetan houses, while on the floor is a kaleidoscopic covering of carpets, mostly from Chigatse in Tibet, but here and there intermixed with equally bright-coloured ones from Turkestan. The greatest hospitality is shown to all visitors, even if they are not bent on purchases, and in this serai, just as in the Yarkand one presided over by Bahr-ud-din, anyone who is blest with the gift of tongues will hear the most interesting details of the political as well as the economic news of Tibet and Turkestan. Better still, you can make a fair estimate of the more correct price which you should give for any of the articles which may take your fancy, and whose purchase you will do well to postpone till your return visit on your way back to Kashmir. Finally, before leaving Leh it is well to remember that once you have reached 16,000 feet height, which you do on the fourth march towards Chang Chenmo, you will find no more

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hens and no more eggs, and it is the usual custom to take about six dozen or so, which are reputed to have been laid on the eve of your departure, carefully packed, and to eat steadily through them until they become too unappetizing. And now, having exhausted all the possibilities of Leh so far as the preparations for our shoot are concerned, and leaving the visit to the castle, the monastery, and any other points of interest, till the return journey, let us get on with the work, and start as soon as possible for our shooting grounds.

I had heard that the Tibetan antelope is by no means a difficult animal to secure, and that once we had arrived in the nullahs where they usually graze, there was sure to be plenty to choose from. Accordingly I allowed only three days in our farthest camp, which would be practically on the Tibetan border and twelve days' marching each way before we should get back to the Indus valley about three marches east of Leh, called it approximately one month, and "bander-basted" for that period. We went carefully over all our kit and stores, and found that we could dispense with at least two yakdans full, which we left in charge of the chokidar, or watchman, at the rest-house, and so reduced the transport of our entire party to one riding pony for my wife and nine baggage ones for the remainder. And so on July 10 we decided to start on the morrow; and as the first stages of the journey cover much ground which is not so universally known as other parts of Kashmir, I propose to describe them day by day in rather fuller detail, in case it may be of either use or interest to some other traveller or sportsman. On the subject of the necessary kit to be taken I cannot do better than to direct attention to the lists already published in Major Burrard's book on "Big Game Hunting in the Himalayas and Tibet," to which I would only venture to make the following additional suggestions: I have found that the possible leakage of a little oil is more than compensated for by the advantages of a certain and steady light from a couple of hurricane lamps in a wind-swept camp, and a couple of electric torches are invaluable. I would take a metal bucket for water, and a hot-water bottle; I would like a miniature 22-bore rifle for shooting hares and general practice, and I would like to add the most expensive camera available within reason, because some of the views which one meets cannot receive justice from inferior patterns, and will be regretted for ever afterwards.

It is only nine o'clock, and we have finished our last dinner on the verandah of the rest-house; one by one silent figures come and go amongst the shadows of the trees in the compound. The ponymen are cooking their tea in one corner, Rahim, our cook, is packing all but the last yakdan outside the cook-house door, our camp servants and the shikarris are having a last whispering gossip with their cronies of the

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bazaar; from the serai just a hundred yards away comes the low murmur of the traders' evening chatter, mixed with the squealing of some refractory ponies, and again a few melancholy notes from the wooden flute of some Ladakhi shepherd sitting in a solemn ring with his brother villagers, who have come in to Leh to do a little marketing, and who tomorrow will be away again to their desolate homes at the foot of the snows; and we sit on, conjuring up visions of the mighty passes which lay before us, of the deserted tablelands surrounded by frowning precipices which we must cross, and of the wild sheep and antelopes of this mysterious region, in search of which we have come so far. Here we are sitting at 10,000 feet above sea-level, and feel none the worse, but in a few days we shall be nearer 20,000, and, according to our friends, be suffering all sorts of discomforts on that account; let us, then, push on to the highest point, and hope that from it we shall see something of that "will-o'-the-wisp" which leads so many of us on we know not whither, in search of we know not what.

July 11.—First Day: Leh to Ranbirpur, 13 miles.

The first day's march with new ponies and redistributed loads is always a difficult one to get going, and this one was no exception. The ponymen were late, the baggage-ropes were rotten, and it was nearly eight o'clock (much too late for a start for this time of year) before the whole party was clear of the massive wooden gates which close the entrance to the main street of Leh from the outside world. The road leads straight down to the Indus river again, over the same sandy rock-strewn plain by which we approached Leh from the west. Immediately outside the city there is one of the largest mane walls which I have ever seen, and at the northern end of it I took a snapshot of a bran-new chorten (or praying-place), on which were being painted a collection of fearsome beasts, resembling more or less furious-faced Pekingese spaniels, griffons, centaurs, and flying fishes. But mane walls are so common in Ladakh that one soon ceases to pay much attention to any particular one. The sun was as hot as on a winter day in the plains, and we both were glad of thick topees and glare glasses, without which it would be madness to travel in Ladakh. As the result of several baking marches along the Indus valley before we had reached Leh, we had come to the definite conclusion that it was quite the most unpleasant way of spending a hot morning that we knew, and this day's stage was no exception. Some people, when following this route in the months of June, July, and August, prefer to march in the very earliest morning, or even at night; but I think that one only finds the rest of the day additionally trying if one has to spend the whole of it in camp, which, unless one is double marching, is the natural consequence. About five miles of this particularly bad going brought us close to the

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river, and turning sharp left-handed round a rocky bluff we came to a stretch of good grassy going across meadows cut up in every direction with small water-courses. While crossing this grassy plain we passed two typical Lameserais, or Gonpas, as they are called in Tibetan. First at Tikse and then at Hungus are to be seen the flat roofs and innumerable tiny windows of these sinister-looking homes of the red and yellow lamas. Built so as to almost fit into the highest skyline of some carefully chosen spur, their walls decorated with red paint and brass or copper spires, and surmounted with yak tails and prayer flags, they gaze uncompromisingly eastward. Grim stories are told of the deeds of their inhabitants, and from my own observations of the majority of the lamas whom I met, they appear to be a supremely dirty, ignorant, superstitious lot of charlatans; in contrast to them I have always found the ordinary Ladakhi villager, once the question of cleanliness has been overcome, to be the pleasantest and most good-natured fellow of all those whom I have met during my shooting trips in many parts of India. From the tales which I heard from missionaries in Ladakh, which have been corroborated by Ladakhis themselves, these lamas feed the ignorant villagers on the most gruesome nonsense about devils and evil spirits, and in return, under the influence of intense fright, the villagers feed the lazy lamas on the fat of the land, and put certain selected young men and women at their entire disposal for whatever services may be required of them. In face of the most strenuous opposition, a few converts to Christianity are occasionally made, and there is a Christian church at Leh, where a service is conducted in Tibetan to a congregation of about twenty natives; but the missionaries have confessed to me that beyond the dispensing of medicine and a general effort to alleviate suffering in whatever form they happen to find it, they make very little headway, although one of these self-sacrificing parsons to my own knowledge carries on not only an extensive system of inoculation for leprous cases, but is constantly performing operations for cataract, which is one of the scourges of the country. But now that we have found a small clump of willows about halfway across the grassy plain, we sit down for our lunch and a short rest before completing the second part of the day's march, and thence through a few straggling huts of another village the track brings us between stone walls to an entirely shut-in compound, shaded with trees and occupied only by a cow and her half-blind owner, who is glad for a couple of annas to sweep clean a large piece of the grass patch which it encloses. Here we lay down and waited for the kit to arrive, which did not keep us long, and within an hour our tents were up, bath and tea water were on the boil, and we were stretched on our camp beds in joyful anticipation of a good meal. No more rest-houses now in front of us, no more leaky tin tubs, and we hope no more fleas. Once the sun

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has sunk it is quite cool, but as long as we pursue the Indus valley road there are always a few mosquitoes at night; on this occasion no nets were necessary, and personally I never put one up throughout the whole time. There are, however, certain places, such as Nimu Mud, a few marches farther east, and the Deosai plains, which lie on the route from Srinagar to Baltistan and Skardu, where a net is an absolute necessity. It is usual to take the same ponies through from Leh to the end of the second march, so we were not worried with finding new ones, which is always rather a relief, and by nine o'clock we were asleep.

July 12.—Second Day: Ranbirpur to Sakti, 18 miles.

The first half of this march is extremely unpleasant. A stony track after half a mile of shade emerges on to a sandy plain, crosses a gravelly bed of a usually dry nullah opposite Stokhno, and then, joining the Indus, follows that particularly hideous river along the foot of a low range of hills. The sun beats down fiercely, and the hills give no shade. The river, swollen by the melting snow which rushes down into it from innumerable nullahs from north and south, is the colour of a London street after the arrival of a thaw. It roars along on its course with an absolute uniformity of appearance, which robs it of any grandeur despite eddies and whirlpools which pit its face at close intervals at every turn which it takes. Frankly, I hate a march along the Indus valley road, and I always shall. About four miles after passing Stokhno, the map leads one to expect a village at Chagcha, but beyond a hut and two small fields there is nothing, and anyhow no shade. But soon comes blessed relief; the road bends slightly to the left, leaving the river bank, and making for a low sandy gap across the foot of the spur in front of us, and crossing this and swinging still more left-handed, we find the lovely shady willow groves and rose-decked paths of Kurru, which is as pretty a place for a short rest as the heart of man could ask for. Rich green crops and gleaming yellow fields of mustard stretch away from us up the nullah, and we gladly turn our backs on the grumbling river and the massive mountains, which conceal the Hemis monastery about four miles away from its southern bank. Here it was good to rest for lunch, and to allow the ponies to catch us up and have their midday halt under supervision; for if this is not done, they have a tendency to spend at least two hours over it, and to be correspondingly late in arriving at their destination. The nullah that we were now due to follow is that of the Chimre river, and we set off up its left bank facing due north and gradually climbing the more gentle approach to the Chang La, which we shall have to cross the day after tomorrow. After leaving Kurru the road emerges again on to open stony ground, and it is almost as trying as the river valley which

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we have just left; but the air gets fresher as we advance, the valley opens out, and the scenery, with its queer mixture of vivid fertile fields and barren, neutral-tinted rocks above them, is much more pleasant. Every now and then our road passes a small willow grove, where a few minutes can be spent before the next open ground is undertaken. Here and there we saw chikor (the hill partridge of Northern India) covering the ground uphill on their red legs at a most amazing speed, and it has always been a mystery to me how they are ever induced to take to their wings for the excellent shooting which they provide in certain parts of Kashmir and the North-West Frontier. This is a long march, and about four miles after leaving Kurru the sight of a large village directly on the path gives rise to false hopes that the end is now in sight; but this is only the village of Chimre itself, and although the ponymen tried to insist that this was the correct stage, I made them go on, so as to shorten the next two days, which were to be very strenuous, and for which we were due to get fresh ponies at Sakti. On and on the road goes, now over more open ground again, and as we gradually rise higher, both in front of us as well as far away to the south, we begin to catch glimpses of the snow-capped mountains of the higher ranges standing farther back from the Indus. At length Sakti appears in sight, and we press on, although the baggage has fallen a good mile or so behind us, and I am beginning to wonder if I shall keep to my resolution not to use a pony except for the high passes. The camping ground here is about 13,000 feet up, but we did not yet feel any discomfort on that account, and a little compound in which our tents were pitched is so cosy and green and pleasant that it becomes one of the most popular stages on the whole journey. Added to this the natives of the village are a particularly obliging lot, and the headman, who occupies himself with the wants of travellers, is always laughing, and appears to take a positive pleasure in making himself useful. As soon as tea had been got going, and the loads satisfactorily stacked on one side, the Leh ponymen were paid off; but, as was my usual custom, I gave them a small ration of tea for themselves before they started. On account of the steepness of the next two marches, I gave orders for an extra two riding ponies in case I should require one for the pass, and also in order to have a spare one for the servants, who have to work immediately they come into camp, and would do so better if they were helped over the worst of the road. These ponies would remain with us until we got to Tankse, three marches farther on. I also arranged for one cooli to start immediately that night with a load of wood, and to dump it at the next stage, Zingrul, because there would be no wood there; by this arrangement we should find a fire ready for use on our arrival at what I heard was likely to be a cold and uncomfortable camping ground.

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Once all these preparations had been made, we were quite ready to turn in after an early dinner, comfortably tired with a long day's march, and soon fell asleep to the music of the little mountain stream which went rushing by on the other side of a small stone wall which enclosed our tents.

July 13.—Third Day: Sakti to Zingrul, 9 miles.

What this march may lack in length, it certainly makes up for in its steepness and its dulness. We just zigzagged backwards and forwards up a narrow valley, and soon, leaving behind the last of the coloured fields full of crops, we climbed along a barren hillside to a small patch of grass, barely large enough for one small tent, and entirely surrounded by enormous boulders. At this point the road seemed to cease to be a path at all, and became the bed of a stream, and a very rough bed at that. However, things brightened somewhat at the sight of the cooli whom I had sent on over night, sitting huddled up over a fire which he had had the sense to get going before our arrival. The shikarri told me that the Chang La was another mile higher up, and that the road got worse the higher we went; but this was a recognized stage before crossing it, so up went our tents, and into them we got as quickly as possible, for hardly were we installed than down came the clouds drifting all over us from above, then rain, and eventually hail blown fiercely at us from all directions by a howling wind. At that moment we turned in with our winter scale of blankets and some hot cocoa, and hoped for the morning; height 16,300 feet, and breathing just beginning to be troublesome, although we subsequently got used to much greater heights.

July 14.—Fourth Day: Zingrul to Durgu, 21 miles.

Clouds were still thick around us when Rahim brought us some piping hot tea early in the morning, and as we struck camp only an occasional glimpse of snow-capped mountains gave us an idea how heavy the night's fall of snow had been. Everything above us was shrouded in mist and a few flakes of snow were still fluttering down here and there as we started up the rocky torrent bed which answered for a road. The higher we went the heavier the snow became, and eventually changed to hail. The Kashmiri servants began to suffer severely from the exertion even of carrying a tiffin basket, and the ponies showed signs of distress by shaking their shaggy heads as the height increased. All of us had to stop for breath after three or four steps, and I was glad to do fifteen yards or so at a time on a pony's back.

Slowly we plodded on and up until we reached the edge of a ridge of huge boulders, each of which must have weighed several tons, and had

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no doubt been hurled down by the avalanches of ages from the heights, rising to 20,000 feet, which guard the pass on both sides. From this point onwards the ascent became more gradual, and we reached the summit of the pass at a height of 18,400 feet; but on the north side of it the snow had drifted to a considerable depth, and before we knew it several ponies were down over their girths. This meant unloading them entirely, as they couldn't move until the weight was taken off their backs; the kit had then to be carried by hand to some firmer ground, where the snow was either shallower or frozen more solidly, and there reloaded after the unfortunate ponies had also been manhandled out of their difficulty. Actually the passage of the top of the pass, a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, took about two hours, and very glad we were when we got below the snow-line again. One of the redeeming features of this most unpleasant march was the sight of old Rahim, the cook, who rode stolidly on, holding aloft his blue cotton umbrella, from which he refused ever to be parted, and when he was not using it to protect his head from the drifting snow-flakes, he found it a splendid weapon with which to encourage to further efforts the Ladakhi ponymen, for whom he had the most supreme contempt. Throughout the whole trip the old man held his own well with the local men from the hills, and was always to be relied upon to produce a comic spectacle at those moments when they were most appreciated. As we came down the northern side of the pass the snow gradually disappeared from the ground, as well as ceasing to fall from the sky, and we reached a few bare patches of grass beside some large rocks, which looked like a most suitable halting-place where we could collect the whole party again and give a few minutes for recuperation to those who had suffered most from mountain sickness. This most horrid attendant to travelling at great altitudes seemed to attack us much more severely when we were already descending to the valleys than when we were actually on the summit, and we were all feeling a little the worse. L—— had stuck it very well, but now that the opportunity had come she was only too glad to have a strong dose of sal volatile and half an hour's rest under the shelter of a rock with a Burberry for a pillow. From this point downwards no more snow was met with, and after a new start had been made we were not long in reaching Tsultak Talao, where it is possible to make a stage and to halt for the night. It is a lonely lake in the middle of a narrow valley, and there are a few usually deserted shepherds' huts beside a rather dirty camping ground. The day was yet young, however, and the road downhill and improving the whole way, so we decided to push on for the remaining eleven miles which lay between us and Durgu, which is a good camping ground, at a village whose height is only 13,000 feet, and well sheltered. Here we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, and were extremely glad to find

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a nice compound in which to pitch our tents, and a very helpful lot of villagers to collect wood and milk as quickly as possible.

Durgu lies at the cross roads between one which goes off to the north-west along the Shyok river towards the Nubra valley, and the other which goes eastwards towards Tibet proper, which we were going to follow for part of our journey to Chang Chenmo. I have always a strong feeling that in the corner of mountains which lie due west of Durgu and east of the Nobok La there must be some shooting grounds which are worth while visiting, owing to the fact that at present they do not appear to receive any attention at all from sportsmen, who usually make for the allotted nullahs, which from my own experience are at present very short of shootable heads. At this camp we bought a sheep, which was a cause of rejoicing to all members of the party, and also sent on a cooli to the next stage at Tankse to order ponies to be ready for our arrival on the following day, as we should have to send back our present ones to Sakti from there. After we had settled down in camp and felt a bit refreshed with tea, I interviewed a villager, who said that there were some burrhel in a nullah which runs east from the camping ground, and on a subsequent occasion I have verified his statement; but the heads were like all the heads which I came across north of the Indus, of a very moderate size and barely shootable, if at all.

July 15.—Fifth Day: Durgu to Tankse and thence to Muglib, 15 miles.

The march to Tankse is an easy one for about eight miles along the fertile valley on the opposite side of a rushing stream which is crossed by a strong bridge built of slabs of stone laid on tree trunks. Roses grow at the beginning, but the valley gradually rises, and by the time Tankse is reached only a few stunted willows are to be seen to relieve the brown monotony. Nevertheless, there is a very pleasant grove close to the village, and as there is always a long wait while the old ponies are off-loaded and the new ones collected, it is a good place for lunch before starting on the second half of the day's march. It is the last village of any size which exists on this particular route to Central Asia, and although there are only about ten inhabited houses in it, we saw the remains of several more which had been built into the very face of the cliffs which surround it in those days when a home had to be capable of protection from an enemy as well as from the weather. The greatest ingenuity seemed to have been exercised by the owners to turn their abodes into an actual part of the rocky feature on which they were perched, and there were still plenty of poles surmounted with yaktails fixed firmly on to the old ruins, and smears of some red liquid all over the sides and faces of the cliffs, which are all part of the paraphernalia

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of the lamas and their debased form of devil worship. Shortly after arriving at the halting-place I saw rather a more superior type of Ladakhi approaching, who made his salaam and proceeded to explain to me that he was a Customs official, whose duty it was to watch the frontier posts through which the Tibetan trade came, and to superintend the collection of duties on carpets, salt, and any other goods which the traders might be bringing with them. He had been at this work for twenty years, and, of course, knew the country up to the Tibetan frontier by the main eastern routes perfectly. He was most obliging, and not only helped to get us our ponies quickly, but offered to look after any kit which we were not likely to want for the next three weeks. He also told me a good deal about the prospects of burrhel in the nullahs which lie close to Tankse itself, as well as along the route which we should follow next day. He is certainly a person who is ready to give all assistance in his power to travellers, and should be enquired for by anybody passing that way. Making use of his offer to store some kit for us, I left two yakdans with him containing those things which I was almost sure I should not require, and so reduced our ponies to seven for baggage; but from here onwards I kept three riding ones, on account of the height, which made marching so much more fatiguing than it had been at the comparatively low level of 10,000 feet at Leh. I also decided to do more riding on the road myself, so that I should be able to go out to spy for game in the evening after our arrival in camp. By midday the Sakti ponymen had been paid off, and received a little additional bakshish on account of their extra heavy work over the Chang La pass, which they had done well and cheerily, and we set off again in an easterly direction, leaving the main road for Tibet through the "Nomads Valley" on our right, and separated from us by a large range which eventually runs parallel to and along the southern shores of the Pangong Lake. For the first three miles we walked along good grass tracks beside a small stream, while to right and left of us there rose some perpendicular cliffs for another 3,000 feet. These walls of the valley through which we were passing were sometimes jagged and sometimes rounded in their formations, while in colour they seemed to embody every known shade of brown, crimson, and black; here and there were great diagonal stripes of pale yellow like in a peppermint bull's-eye, and the whole effect was one of the most magnificent imaginable, as far away, still higher above them, towered the snow-capped spires of the main mountain range, through which we were threading our way. Amidst all this grandeur we sat for our first halt with our backs to an enormous boulder as large as a cottage, and gazed idly at the impressive sky-line, which stood out so vividly against a background of the brightest blue. Around us the most utter silence reigned; our ponies were half a mile behind us, and with them were the chatter-

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ing Ladakhis. Suddenly, swift as a bullet, there came the sound of a rushing wind shrieking along its course from nowhere in particular and finally whistling its ghostly way to the top of the remotest nullahs. And yet fierce as was the effect of this sound, with its suggestion of the power to sweep everything from its path, it carried with it a sweet but queer musical note, as though the celestial organist was lightly starting on the prelude to the overture which should announce the Day of Judgment.

Quickly as it came, it went, and left behind it an unearthly silence, and never again in blizzard, thunderstorm, or steady downpour of rain, with all of which I became familiar during my shooting trips in the mountains, did I hear anything like it for the effect which it produced in that lonely valley.

But the ponies were now in sight and we had still a few miles before us, so on we went through this valley of strange sounds and stranger silences, marching as it appeared straight into a precipitous wall of rock, to the left of which, through some unseen nullah, goes the Shishak pass, 20,000 feet high. This, however, is not our road, and on reaching the foot of the wall, after an hour's walking, our track swings sharp right-handed out of the cup in which we had found ourselves, and passes a few fields of crops and two tumbled sheds, which answer to the name of Troktakh, and whose owners we could just see on their way down from the hill above, whither they had gone to collect their goats. From Troktakh it is little more than three miles down a widening valley with grass paths and a slow-running stream before you reach Muglib, which is the stage for the night, and here also there are only about two inhabited huts, but wood can be obtained, also a little milk, after some delay. It is a cold and windy spot, and owing to the quantities of small streams and the lumps of grass-covered earth which are scattered over the place, it is difficult to find sufficient flat ground to pitch a tent; but after a little reconnaissance this difficulty was overcome, and we were all stowed away for the night before the wind, for which the evening hours in Ladakh are notable, rose, and we were glad of our winter scale of blankets.

Sixth Day: Muglib, Pangong Lake, Phobrang, 17 miles.

Very early next morning we were wakened by the piteous wails of one of our ponymen, who was crawling about on all fours, but quite unable to say what was wrong with him. I treated him with the requisite medicines for the two most common complaints of the natives, handed him over to the village headman to look after, and left him there. Snow had fallen in the night, and the mountain-tops on all sides were covered with a light powdering, which disappeared as soon as the sun had been up for an hour or so. Our route led on eastwards through the

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same valley, which gradually became narrower, and after about four miles we arrived at a mysterious-looking lake called Tsearh Tso. It was entirely surrounded with white sand and its surface choked with red weed, which almost obliterated the face of the water, giving to it a most sinister appearance, as though it was the lurking-place of some evil thing. Just beyond the lake is a good patch of grass at the foot of a cliff which might be suitable for a camping ground, and bortsa, the low-growing shrub which forms the only available fuel in this district, can be gathered in plenty. There is also a nullah running southwards from this point which contains burrhel, but at this time of the year it is invariably full of sheep and cattle from Tankse and Muglib, which are driven there for grazing, and so it is hardly worth while trying. This grazing of flocks and herds is a constant source of trouble to sportsmen who visit the shooting grounds in the second periods, and at any time during June, and worse still in July and August, you are likely to find a favourite nullah for which you have marched many miles entirely ruined from the point of view of sport, and the animals for which you are searching driven off to the farthest mountain-tops in a totally different district. Nothing, however, can be done to stop it, and it is just one of the incidents connected with summer shooting for which you must be prepared. On this occasion I had no intention of stopping for anything of so indefinite a nature until I had reached Chang Chenmo and was on my way back, so we only halted for lunch at the foot of the nullah and then pushed on towards our next stage. The map gives the idea that there should be a short cut to Phobrang via the Antong La, across the Pazar spur, but this is a delusion, as it is impossible for ponies or for laden coolies, and so you have to follow the Muglib valley round the south-east foot of that feature.

Passing on from Tsearh Tso and its morbid atmosphere, another two miles brings you to a much more pleasant colour effect; for after reaching a stony ridge down each side of which trickled innumerable streams, we arrived at the Chakar Talao, which, bare as it is, and devoid of any life, either animal or vegetable, nevertheless reflects on its surface a remarkable shade of opaque aquamarine merging into patches of cloudy jade. From this lake the road descended rapidly until we reached a particularly dilapidated mane wall with a chorten decorated with the horns of burrhel and yak, and which appears to coincide with the place called Yaktil on the map; and on breasting a small sandy ridge which juts out from the foot of the Pazar spur on our left, we completed the series of multicoloured surprises which we had encountered on this march.

There before us, surrounded by mountains stretching away into the far snow-rimmed east, lay a dazzling streak of deepest sapphire which merged into occasional patches of that wondrous unnamed colour

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which decks the peacock's throat—the Pangong lake—one of the fairest jewels in the crown of Central Asia. And here, where stony ridge met sandy shore, at the western edge of the strange dead sea, we stopped for our lunch, and gazed on the wealth of colour in front of us.

The Pangong lake, which is about fifty miles long from east to west, is the farthest point reached by other than sportsmen on this outer edge of the Empire; but from time to time artists travel thus far, undertaking the long journey from Srinagar in the hope of achieving some permanent reminders of a few of its myriad phantasies and moods. Not only is the water of the lake a most brilliant sapphire blue, but the hills on each side of it are clothed with a perfect riot of colours, more especially browns and yellows. To the north they roll upwards in gently curving slopes of the lighter tints, while to the south they rise abruptly from precipice to precipice of deepest brown splashed here and there with sienna, till gloomy nullahs terminate in dazzling glaciers and snow-covered peaks of 20,000 feet. From Yaktil we had still six miles to do before reaching camp, so reluctantly turning our backs on the lake, we set off again left-handed up the river bank, and passing first through grassy meadows, and then over two low ridges, we reached Phobrang, rather weary, and pitched our tents beside clear running water at the southern edge of the village. The Tankse ponymen were paid off, and were lucky enough to pick up some loads of wool for the return journey, and I sent for the lumbadar to explain my requirements; but to my disgust it appeared quite impossible to obtain sufficient animals with which to start on the following day, for not only had the ponies and yaks to be collected from an adjacent nullah, but the former would all have to be re-shod, and a good supply of rations for them and their drivers collected before they would be ready to start on the final stage of our journey to Chang Chenmo, which was likely to last anything up to three weeks. We therefore resigned ourselves to a full day's halt, and on the whole were not too sorry for the opportunity to overhaul our kit and generally prepare for the last lap. The weather was glorious, and the southern ranges of snow mountains were quite beautiful as evening fell, and one by one their shining peaks escaped silently from the fiery glances of the dying sun.

I had noticed quantities of fish from 6 to 8 inches long in many of the pools of the streams by which we camped, and with a view to varying the menu, I unearthed a hitherto unused mosquito-net from my kit, and proceeded to transgress the laws of fishing. By damming up a narrow channel with stones, submerging the net, and employing a gang of villagers with sticks, stones, and strange cries, we managed to drive into it a sufficient quantity of what proved to be most succulent sprats, with which we provided the whole population of Phobrang, as well as ourselves, with a free meal.

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July 17.—Seventh Day: Halt at Phobrang.

Further enquiries in the morning about the transport resulted in my finding that only five ponies altogether were available, of which I required three for riding, and that the remainder of my kit would have to be carried on yaks, which were a much slower form of conveyance. Of these, apparently, seven would be required for our normal baggage and two for the transport of their rations as well as those of their drivers. Having an eye to the financial aspect of the trip, however, I came to an agreement with the lumbadar to make all the arrangements for getting the entire party to Chang Chenmo and back, for the price of twelve ponies at twelve annas each per day.

Next came the question of milk, and to supply our wants we had to take fifteen goats complete with goatherd. This sounded horribly expensive until I discovered that they would only be paid for according to the milk they gave, and this eventually worked out at two and a half annas per day all in.

They were all paraded for inspection, and to them I added two live sheep, and killed a third to start us on our way. Two hens still survived which we had brought from Leh, but they were gradually growing thinner and thinner, and did not count for much. Wood does not exist in Chang Chenmo, and has to be replaced by bortsa, and failing that by dung, which would be collected daily by my ponymen, who numbered eight.

For emergency cooking or boiling water I had a Meta solid spirit stove, and it gave absolute satisfaction except that it required two tablets instead of one to boil a kettle on account of the height. As soon as I had seen the whole of this party assembled in the evening, we turned in early in preparation for the following day's march, which promised to be a long and tiring one, as we should have to cross the Marsemik La, which is 18,000 feet above sea-level.

July 18.—Eighth Day: Phobrang—Marsemik La—Rimdi, 14 miles.

As everything had been prepared overnight, we got away in pretty good time, and for two miles followed the course of the stream along a grassy valley to a place called Chugra, which is reputed to be the last inhabited place beyond Phobrang. It consisted of two broken-down sheep pens, and was quite tenantless. From here we turned sharp right-handed over a gravelly hill, and found ourselves in a much wider valley running north-east in the formation of a series of rolling downs covered with shale and without a vestige of a tree or a blade of grass, except where a few patches grew beside the tiny water trickle which ran down the middle. Steadily rising, for about seven miles we followed it up, and halted at a shepherd's hut called Chorkang Ma, which was quite

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deserted. Here the ponymen began to give trouble, saying that they would not go any farther that day, but would cross the pass on the morrow. We soon overcame their objections, however, by going straight up to it, knowing that they would not dare to stay behind and leave us there in the open all night; and, as we expected, they soon followed us. From this onward I had no trouble whatever with them, and they were a most cheery and willing lot of rascals to have with one. One of them called Punsoo, or something sounding very like it, appointed himself permanent horseholder to L——, and kept us in shrieks of laughter on many occasions by the perpetual grin on his funny squat face, and a general air of eternally looking for some new mischief to perpetrate, or of sorrowing regret for some imagined hardship which had fallen upon him as retribution for a previous "crime."

And so we approached the Marsemik La, which separates the uninhabited tracts of Western Tibet from Ladakh proper, over comparatively easy going, until we came to the last few hundred feet, when the path steepened considerably over some very stony ground as compared to the wide valley which we had followed all day; but, steep though it is, provided that the weather is good, it should offer no difficulty at all. We saw several kyang (wild horses) on the southern slopes of the pass, also some large marmots, but on the whole the country looked utterly desolate and devoid of life.

On this occasion we reached the top in bright sunshine, and although the view to the north was disappointing, that to the south over the valleys up which we had just come was simply magnificent, even in this country of spectacular marvels. From left to right, stretching from above Shushal in the east to the Tankse nullah in the west, ran a great ridge of snow-capped giants, separating the Muglib valley and the Pangong lake from another direct route leading from Tankse to the Tibetan frontier which goes along the "Valley of the Nomads," and, eventually passing through Shushal, crosses it at Rudok. From end to end this ridge is almost fifty miles long and seldom lower than 20,000 feet, and today as we saw it from the top of the Marsemik La it looked for all the world like the keyboard of the Piano of the Gods, on which the black notes were the sombre shaded nullahs which separated one ivory summit from its neighbour.

Once over the pass, however, the weather changed abruptly, and clouds which had gathered round the hilltops to the north and east started rolling downwards upon us; and now that the descent began all of us in varying degrees began to suffer again from the inevitable splitting headache and depths of depression which had attacked us in a lesser degree on the Chang La. L—— was thoroughly under the weather, and I was feeling none too grand myself—even the local men were a good deal the worse for wear—so I decided to stop at Rimdi,

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about three miles below the pass, for the night; but this was still 17,500 feet high, and though we all turned in as soon as possible, I found that nobody seemed to get much better. Added to everything else, the wind rose and snow fell; Rahim, the cook, was laid out, and even bortsa for fuel was very scanty, so we were not a very happy party. I don't know why we felt it so much more severely than we had done on the other pass, for the heights were almost identical; but possibly it was due to our crossing at the end of a long day's march instead of at the beginning. The spirit-stove proved a blessing, as I was able to keep a constant supply of boiling water on the go until such time as the camp fire was lighted and a larger kettle was available. As Rahim was a casualty, and Sumandu, the second shikari, the only servant with any kick left in him, this helped things considerably, and L——'s hotwater bottle was soon filled and found to be a great relief. To add to the general discomfort of the snow falling, a thunderstorm worked itself up along the ridge to our north-west, and during its course a first-class avalanche broke away from one of the peaks about two miles from our camp with a roar like the crack of doom; and though we were in no possible danger, we couldn't help feeling very isolated and exposed in our little tents, and quickly piled great heaps of stones over each peg and round the flaps to defeat the violence of the wind, which was growing every minute in fury.

July 19.—Ninth Day: Rimdi—Panglung Nullah, 3½ miles.

Next morning things had not improved much, but we all said we felt a bit better; snow was falling and clouds were very close above us on every side, but the wind had dropped. Although the headaches had diminished, we were feeling a bit breathless, and so I determined to move lower down the valley at all costs, if only the weather would break. L—— was kept in bed until there was some indication of this happening, which was not until two o'clock in the afternoon. At the first streak of sunshine a general rush was made to strike camp, and I got one of the tents, bedding, etc., sent off at once, while L——, muffled up to the eyes in a sheep-skin hat and with thigh-long fur-lined boots at the other extremity, was hurried off after the two pack ponies which went on as advance guard. Hardly were they out of sight, and before the rest of our kit was ready even to start, when down came the snow again, luckily driven into our backs only by a howling wind from the top of the pass. Once the camp was packed up I pushed on myself at full speed, and caught L—— up after three miles of a road which got steadily worse as it zigzagged about over a slope composed of shale and small boulders hanging over precipices, which deadened the sound of the Rimdi stream flowing down away below them. Nevertheless, we were gradually escaping from the breathlessness of the greater height,

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and on arriving at a more or less sheltered ledge under the bank of the Panglung nullah I halted, and getting the first tent up and L—— inside it as quickly as possible, we made our halt for the night after a very short march. The rest of the kit arrived safely soon afterwards, and everybody felt better; but there was no denying that L—— and several others still suffered from breathlessness, and spent an uncomfortable night. After a short look with the telescope, I saw a few burrhel on the opposite side of the Rimdi stream, but not one of the rams required looking at twice to assure myself that they were very small.

July 20.—Tenth Day: Panglung—Tsolu, 12 miles.

This morning we awoke to a world white with snow about two inches deep, but by nine o'clock it had all gone, and we were off again downwards bound for Tsolu.

During the first part of the march the weather was fair and got gradually warmer, but about midday black clouds gathered again, and came sweeping down the valley behind us. We hurried on, always managing to keep just ahead of the weather; but some of our path after crossing to the left bank of the Rimdi really was a bit too ticklish to do more than crawl along the edge of the cliff, and so just before reaching Pamzal a few icy drops caught us on the back of our necks and drove us hurriedly over a mile of stony river bed and one small ridge to a more (but not much more) sheltered spot on the sandy bank of the Chang Chenmo river itself. This was a longish march and the going not too good; but we were now down to about 14,700 feet, and feeling all the better for this temporary respite from altitude and its attendant inconvenience.

We had a longish wait owing to the slowness of the yaks, but the novelty of the scenery gave us plenty to look at and think about pending the arrival of more material interest in the form of tea and tents.

The river bed of the Chang Chenmo at the place where we camped is nearly half a mile wide, and down its centre ran a swift but narrow stream, wandering here and there across its dull slate-grey surface, which is strewn with enormous boulders left high and dry by the heavy floods of past years. To the west rose a sinister giant with a glacier terminating in an overhanging precipice of ice descending towards the smaller foothills above the river bank, and in the distance lay the peaks which enclose the Chang Chenmo on both sides till it runs into the Shyok, forty miles away.

The bank on which we pitched our tents had a large patch of scrubby bushes about 5 feet high, which afforded plentiful fuel and a modicum of shelter; but care should be taken to keep well away from the watercourse, as rivers rise with astonishing rapidity in this part of the world.

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Opposite us on the north bank was a precipice of light brown shale rising sheer for several thousand feet, cut deeply into by small and narrow watercourses, and stretching backwards and upwards again to further ranges capped with snow.

Eastwards, looking up the river bed itself towards the Lanak La and the frontier of Tibet, was a range of hills, amongst which two or three with crimson tops, which apparently owe their colour to a type of sandstone fairly common in this district, stood out with startling vividness; and round them, as far as the eye could reach, all the beastliness which only Tibetan weather can produce was venting itself in vertical waterspouts and horizontal blizzards. Towards evening the wind rose all round the camp and filled our tents, our clothes, and our food with sand; but at last we were really in the Chang Chenmo valley and within appreciable distance of our game, so we slept contentedly nevertheless.

July 21.—Eleventh Day: Tsola—Kyam, 12 miles.

Before starting on this march I was warned to have my rifle with me, but as I always dislike to anticipate unduly I did not take it, but left it in its usual place with the baggage. The road led due east along the south bank for about four miles to where we crossed the river for the first time, and back again another few miles further on. The water flowed very rapidly and was well above the ponies' knees, and a crossing should not be attempted too early in the morning before the rise caused by melting snow above has settled down. Today again the scenery varied tremendously owing to the many different coloured rocks and soils which went to compose it; and once we had left behind the precipices in the neighbourhood of our camp at Tsolu the ridges rose much more gradually in rounded curves of greens, browns, and even crimson.

There was no sign of a tree or grass of any kind, just these gigantic terrestrial ripples rolling away from us in kaleidoscopic magnificence, until crest upon crest they merged into the distant horizon silhouetted against a sky of a strangely metallic blue. Despite the height of this valley the midday heat was intense, and a shimmering haze danced eerily over the round stones in the river bed and the level stretches beside its banks over which our path lay. On reaching the vicinity of Kyam great excitement arose, as from the top of the last rise before nearing the camping ground we saw three antelope grazing quietly about half a mile away on some patches of green grass which grow all around the hot springs for which the place is known. Here the water, which actually bubbles out of the earth, had quite a high temperature and trickled away over the maidan, forming a favourite feeding ground for both animals and birds. A messenger was sent back

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in a hurry to fetch up my rifle from the yaks, who were still far behind with the kit, and on its arrival the shikari and I set out on our stalk.

First we slipped down to the ledge above the river bed 100 feet beneath us, and so got on to a level lower than that on which one of the antelopes was grazing, and then crept forward below the sheltering bank for nearly 500 yards, which brought us to a point at which the general direction of the animal's riverward meandering ought to have been intercepted. But it had got there before us—was over the bank—and we found it in full view at 150 yards as we breathlessly crawled round a small shoulder of rocks. As bad luck would have it the shikari was slightly above me—in other words, he had the best view and the best position from which to shoot (a very common fault with all shikaris), but I tried to get myself into as comfortable a lying position as possible, which left only the upper part of the antelope's body in view. Forgetting my thumping lungs and heart (height 17,400 feet), the violent glare on the foresight, and my own general tendency to shoot high, I let drive at the slowly moving beast and missed clean—right over his back; two more useless shots followed his retreating form as he bounded gracefully over a patch of snow, and I had to acknowledge the complete failure of this my first effort.

The shikari tried to comfort me by saying that all sportsmen began by shooting badly in Chang Chenmo owing to the difficulty in drawing a steady breath at this height, but I could not let it go at that. There, a thousand yards away, went the scared antelope joined by three others, ascending a nullah in the face of the mountains which overlooked the hot springs, and up that nullah after that antelope I went. One hope only remained, and that was to get first down wind from them, then up the hill and above them, and finally to try to cut them off from whatever distant valley they were making for; and this I determined to do. Up and up we went, catching now and then a fleeting glance of the quarry as they now quietly grazed their way up a nullah parallel to the one which we were in.

After climbing about 1,500 feet, with breath coming in gasps and helpless glances cast ever upwards, we halted for a moment or two and decided on the exact spot below some very jagged rocks on the summit, where we ought, with any luck, to get on terms with them again, and then we set our faces for the last few hundred feet before reaching the crest line. I had previously done the twelve-mile march on foot, and was beginning to tire a bit, but was comforted to see that the shikari was blowing almost as much as I was. Once on the crest of the hill we had 200 yards to go left-handed to the rocks in question, and on reaching them and peering cautiously over we saw an empty nullah and no sign of the antelope! They could not have swung towards us without our seeing them, so they must have crossed a low pass opposite us, and were

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probably now in the next nullah towards which the wind had suddenly changed so as to blow directly from us! One last try must be made, however, so dropping down from the crest we dashed straight down the slope in such a direction that we might with luck get across the line of the pass before our wind had been definitely carried over it into the nullah beyond. This was achieved, and another short climb brought us to a good point from which to spy into the next nullah; there they were about 400 yards below us, and apparently undisturbed despite the efforts of a wild yak who, having both seen and winded us, was galloping wildly up the opposite hill.

There was only one way to get near them, and that was on the seat of my breeches, slithering down the razor-edged shale from one piece of cover to another; nearer and nearer we got, and I began to debate on the 200 yards sight instead of the 300 yards, and decided on it—not a minute too soon, for up go their heads and they start moving steadily downhill.

I pushed the shikari in front of me to use his shoulder as a rest and take that downhill shot at a three-quarter length mark which we all hate so much; but the bullet struck with that thud which takes such a load off the stalker's mind: down went the antelope, and down we slid to him, the shikari bent on a hal-lal before all life should have left the stricken beast, and I to examine more closely my first Tibetan antelope, to shoot which I had come nearly 2,000 miles since leaving Calcutta; only a 22½-inch head certainly, but a great recompense for such an ignominious start.

That night, however, I slept badly, and I fancy I had overdone it a bit by taking the hill so energetically.

July 22.—Twelfth Day: Kyam—Ningri, 11 miles.

Apparently my bombardment of the previous evening had scared away any other antelope from near the camp, as except for innumerable hares, marmots, and a few Brahmini duck who were browsing close to the hot springs, we saw no sign of life for the first eight miles of our march. After crossing the stony flats along the left bank of the river, leaving behind the junction with the Kugrang nullah which ran northwards, we soon struck half-right over a couple of spurs, and crossing the dried-up beds of two small nullahs, we came in sight of an odd-looking hog-backed hill standing up about 600 feet at the foot of a wide valley between two higher ranges. This was apparently called Ningri, and the shikari told me that at its eastern foot was water and a good camping ground, and that behind it we should find antelope in plenty.

The kit was a good way behind us, so we stopped for lunch, and were much amused by the antics of a kyang who suddenly appeared and seemed most anxious to make friends. These kyang abound in Chang

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Chenmo and other parts of Ladakh, and are pretty animals with red-brown backs and heads, which shade away to white under the neck, belly, and down the legs. They look much too much like our home-bred pony, with a touch of mule in him, for one to imagine shooting them, although the ponymen besought me to do so for their skins, out of which they make moccasins.

They are tiresome animals, however, when one is trying to stalk something else, as they pursue an intruder at a safe distance for themselves, and successfully frighten away any other beasts from the neighbourhood.

Before actually arriving at the camping ground we saw an antelope in a very open piece of maidan, but further inspection showing that its head was too small, I did not stalk it, but pushed on till the trickle of water by which we meant to pitch our tents was reached. From here I saw another more sizeable head and stalked it, but owing to its position, from which it commanded all ground within 400 yards of it, I tried a long shot, missed it, and returned to tea, which was now ready, feeling rather disconsolate.

I was particularly anxious not to spend longer than possible at this altitude—about 18,500 feet—so I started off again after tea for another try.

I soon spied a herd of four antelope, amongst which one looked a trifle larger than my first, and after an uninteresting stalk along the opposite side of a small ridge, I found myself so blown that I could hardly crawl to the top at the spot at which I expected to find it opposite me. When I eventually got there I found I had misjudged it by 100 yards, and had to take my shot at about 250 yards, but this time luck followed my bullet and I got him—a 22¾-inch head, and so slightly better as I had hoped. I spent some time searching the hills all round with my glasses for other game, but except for a few small burrhel on the southern side I spied nothing of interest.

July 23.—Thirteenth Day: Camp Ningri.

None of us slept really well, and we had frequent spells of breathlessness. L—— particularly, although she made no fuss, was obviously suffering from that desperate depression with which height affects so many people, and so I determined to make this my last day at Ningri; on the other hand, I particularly wanted to get a head slightly larger than my first two antelope, and if necessary to go far afield in search of it. Should I fail I could pick up another small one near camp before leaving it on the following day. Accordingly I took a riding pony for myself and the shikari, and we set off early in the morning up a long grassy valley running due east from camp. During the first four miles I must have passed by seven or eight different antelope which I discarded

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as no better than those already shot, and we also saw a very fine specimen of a wild yak, who made an imposing sight as he looked down at us from the security of a "state-protected" life. We kept steadily rising as we worked cautiously up the tiny stream which ran down the valley, and at one place an antelope with horns only about 18 to 20 inches long came close enough up to us for me to get a camera snapshot of him. His behaviour seemed most unaccountable, for he dashed backwards and forwards without any apparent rhyme or reason, shaking his head and stamping his feet in a most distracted way.

According to the shikari this was due to the heat of the sun and the constant irritation caused at this time of the year by the quantities of ticks which infest their coats and drive them nearly crazy.

We eventually reached a pass in a range in front of us, which I think must have been 19,000 feet high, and from its summit we had a glorious view of rounded hills and smooth valleys stretching eastwards towards Takcho Karu. Better still, feeding in the shade of a rocky spur about 200 yards below us, I saw a single antelope which appeared to have a better head than any I had previously seen, though nothing wonderful even then. I scanned the whole of the valley before me as far as I could, in case something still better might be in sight, but it was singularly empty. So, taking everything into consideration I decided to make this one my third permissible specimen if I could.

Again my shooting was execrable, and I only broke the poor brute's foreleg at the shoulder, but a short chase interspersed with flying shots between the violent fits of panting which this, the highest of all my stalks, produced, brought him to book about half a mile further on, and I measured him as 23½ inches, and, judging by the thickness of his horns, an oldish stag.

At this moment L—— arrived on a pony having felt much better during the morning, and we had lunch in glorious sunshine on the top of the pass, which we regretfully realized was the furthest distant point on our trip. Barely two ranges of hills separated us from the forbidden frontier of Tibet proper, beyond which it appears still a hopeless task to try and penetrate.

This completed the number of antelope which I was allowed to shoot, so preparations were made for the beginning of the return journey next day, to the evident delight of the Kashmiri shikari and camp coolies, who frankly hated coming so far afield. With regard to this I think that one or perhaps two more stages further east or north might have resulted in my getting a slightly better head; and although the shikari, who had been to Chang Chenmo twice before in the old days of unlimited bags, had declared that any head measuring 24 inches or over was most unusual, it appears that the majority of heads found vary from just below to just above 23 inches. As the antelope

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are migratory and come down from Tibet yearly, and only six in all, of which only one was 24-inch, had been shot in Chang Chenmo before my arrival this year, I cannot think that it is due to over-shooting of large heads that the standard is as low as it is. I would dearly have loved to have urged that reluctant shikari on to try some new ground, but I had other game to pursue 150 miles away south of the Indus, and in everybody's interest the sooner we got out of Chang Chenmo the better.

July 24.—Fourteenth Day: Ningri—Kyam.

We left Ningri in blazing sunshine, keeping our best foot first, and cutting out Rimdi camp and stage altogether we reached Phobrang again on July 27, the seventeenth day after leaving Leh, having completed our journey into Chang Chenmo and secured our three antelope in just ten days. Throughout the trip we had seen no sign of man of any kind, and while never being actually lower than 14,700 feet for one night only at Tsolu, the rest of the time was spent at altitudes varying from 16,000 to just over 19,000.

To the best of my knowledge L—— is one of the only three women who have accomplished this expedition, though I stand open to correction by anyone who can inform me to the contrary; and I think it no mean test of endurance even in these days of world-wide women explorers.

At Phobrang we halted a day for a rest and general reorganization of kit, etc., and on July 29 set off back by the way we came as far as the Indus valley; here, after descending the Chimre nullah from Sakti, we turned eastwards again via Ugu and Upshi, eventually arriving at Gya on August 5. This village is one of the stages on the Leh-Kulu trade route at a height of 13,500 feet, and was to be the starting-place for the Kiamer nullah in Block No. 9, where I hoped to find Ovis ammon.

As soon as we arrived at Gya I interviewed the inevitable village shikari, without whose help the Kashmir man is perfectly useless, to find out what "kubbur" was available. I had heard that the man who shot the block during the first period had got one good head; but subsequently it transpired that this one was picked up from some dead animal, and that actually he had only shot one small one. All I could gather from my very depressed-looking shikari was that of two known herds of ammon one did not contain a head over 36 inches, the largest, a bare 38 inches, having been shot by the sportsman mentioned above; while another lot of nine, including two or three shootable heads, had got his wind and left the nullah apparently for good. Then followed the usual rigmarole about the difficulty of finding game during the second period, and the absolute necessity of having at least two more village men to send out in different directions to look for signs of ammon. Since I regarded the Ovis ammon as the real objective of the whole journey to

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Ladakh, I let him have his own way, so that no stone should remain unturned in my efforts to find such animals as existed, and I arranged to exchange ponies for yaks before starting up the Kiamer nullah itself the following day.

A nine-mile march up a very ordinary valley full of kyang and marmots brought us to our camping ground just below the pass which separates the drainage area of the Gya river from that of the Tiri Foo. Here we stopped, and unwilling to waste time I went up the hill to the south-east for a spy as soon as the baggage arrived and I could have some tea. The two villagers were set to work at once; one had to go off up a nullah due south, while the other accompanied me with the shikari in the direction where ammon had been last seen.

After an hour's steady search of the ground stretching away from us to the south we eventually spied four ammon at a considerable distance; so far, indeed, that their size and sex were indeterminable, and before we had reconnoitred a part of the distance only towards their feeding ground night approached and we returned to camp. Shortly after us our other look-out man returned with the news that he had certainly seen six or seven animals in a neighbouring nullah, but had wisely refrained from going near enough to distinguish them without glasses, and for all he knew they might be burrhel.

All this seemed more encouraging, so we turned in with spirits slightly raised as compared with the previous evening.

The first thing to greet us next day was the news that during the night wild dogs had stampeded our riding ponies, and that they were two miles away up the nullah, but fortunately not in the direction where ammon had been reported. Wild dogs are the most unpleasant neighbours in a shooting block, and I wondered how much mischief they had already done.

As the ammon is a large and strong animal I decided to use my ·470 D.B. rifle instead of the little ·256 Mänlicher, which had always been my favourite, and having looked it well over, we set out about eight o'clock for the hill immediately opposite the camp on the south side of the Kiamer nullah. Our first spy was ineffective except for the quantities of kyang which infested the place. I was also surprised at the number of hares which went hopping up the hill in front of us. After our first stop we pushed on higher still over easy going for another few hundred feet, and from here we could see right into the upper end of the nullah in which the animals had been reported on the previous evening. I don't know who saw them first, the shikari or I, but it was a close thing. Anyhow, there, about half a mile above us, and in an apparently unassailable position, were nine Ovis ammon, presumably the herd previously mentioned, and as far as we could see from that distance at least two or three shootable heads amongst them.

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The first thing was to study their position and the approaches to it from a much nearer point, so we took a long left-handed chukka away from the place on the spur from which we had seen them first, intending to come up again on to the crest a few hundred yards nearer for another look. While climbing up over the smooth shaley slope I saw the complete skeleton of an animal lying away to my left. I went over to it and found it to be the remains of a perfectly good ammon, about 44 inches long without allowing for badly broken tips. So evidently there had been good ammon in the block some time or another, even if the wild dogs had got this one, and I decided to have it collected and take it back with me. On arriving at the place decided on for our next spy, we found that our previous assumptions were correct: firstly, that the animals were in a most difficult position to approach, for they commanded all the ground to each flank as well as below them in full view for at least 500 yards; secondly, that there was no cover above them for 200 yards; thirdly, that the wind, although blowing up the nullah from the east towards them, was decidedly tricky, and that if it shifted slightly more north would probably give us away unless we moved quickly; and lastly, that amongst the nine animals that we saw, three were definitely shootable; of these three, one stood out as having a really heavy horn, but he had lost a considerable amount more from one tip than the other in the continuous scrapping which these fine old rams seem to enjoy.

However, action had to be taken, and there being practically no alternative we decided on one more chukka away from the crest and back again at a point which we hoped would be above them and partially concealed, and then to crawl down from above, making use of whatever cover we could, and chance it. It was not very far to go this time, and when we reached our objective we found ourselves about 500 yards above them, and for the moment concealed from their view, as they were at the bottom of a steep slope, which fortunately resulted in leaving a bit of dead ground over which we could make a start. Even from here we could just see the furthest one of them by standing up behind a cluster of rocks.

And now began the utter destruction of my shooting clothes. For 150 yards did I worm my way along on my knees and "middle" over knife-edged shale, panting and blowing (approximate height 16,500 feet), and endeavouring from time to time to check the impetuous rush of the shikari who would go too fast before me, saying breathlessly: "They won't stay there long." (He was exactly one-third of my size.) However, I had fixed a point in my eye from which I felt I should have to take my shot and was determined to reach it at all costs as little out of breath as possible.

Throughout the majority of these first 150 yards, by raising myself

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on hands and knees I could see all nine animals, while from the prone position even I could just see the two furthest away who, thank heavens, were busy looking down the nullah and occasionally eating. Soon I felt I might have to get up and take a running shot at any moment, but I was determined if possible to get within the 200 yards mark first. We had done about 250 yards and now we stopped again for breath (downhill is just as exhausting as uphill under these conditions), and from this point by raising ourselves ever so little we could see the three nearest very definitely, and he of the broken tip is one of them ; 25 yards more, and now even flat on the ground we can see five of them still quietly grazing and undisturbed, but the big ones are still practically concealed by the next small patch of dead ground in front of us. Just a few more yards, and the shikari says, "We can go no further without their seeing us," so I decided on a normal 200 yards sight, allowing for their being below us, and arranged with the shikari to describe the position of the two best heads when they moved off after the first shot. No. 1 had a good head apparently complete, No. 2 was to be he of the broken tip, for apart from this he appeared to carry a very fine head with heavy horns curling well forward. I decided to concentrate on these two, and slowly raised myself to a sitting position, took a steady rest on both knees, allowed a few seconds for the shikari to fix No. 1 with the glasses and for me to draw a steady breath, and I let drive at him.

No doubt about a hit from the thud of the bullet striking, but apparently the ammon is none the worse; up go the heads of all the others as he moves slowly forward and I give him the left barrel—another hit, for he stumbles badly, staggers a few yards and goes down. Now for No. 2; but after reloading I have only time for one shot at about 250 yards before he has quickened his pace to a trot and joined the startled herd, who are all soon in a headlong gallop down the nullah. Following the shikari's information as to his position, sometimes last, sometimes last but one, now on the right and now on the left, I manage to get off six more shots at him before he has covered the remaining 600 yards between him and the next nullah; but the shikari is exultant, and whether it is from my first shot or from one of my subsequent ones I cannot say, but he reports that blood is pouring from his side, and this we speedily confirm when examining the track which he followed, which is splashed here and there over the stones. We went straight down to No. 1 and found that the poor brute had been hit straight through the stomach with my first shot rather far back, while the second had broken his foreleg just below the shoulder and brought him down. What a magnificent head this great sheep has, and such a powerful neck to carry it! Actually this one had not a very large one comparatively speaking, and I was quite disappointed to find that the

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tape could not make it quite 40 inches, but one's first ammon, even if it is one's only ammon, is one of the great events of a lifetime, and I was in no mood to grumble.

We left the village shikari beside the body and set off along the track followed by the others, and there sure enough we found great spots of blood every 10 yards or so, and I followed them easily over the next ridge and into the adjoining nullah to the south where we had last seen the fugitives disappear. Here on the crest we waited for the ponymen, who, attracted by the sounds of firing, had already left camp and were hurrying up to the first ammon in expectation of a good meal on raw flesh, which they seem to appreciate. It was four o'clock in the evening before I could collect the two best trackers, with sufficient rations for two days, and lay them on to the blood trail with orders to follow it up till they found the remaining animals; and then one of them was to come straight back to report to me and lead me to the spot. I then made all necessary preparations for moving camp in that direction—i.e., southwards—the following morning.

We moved off early and I went up another nullah, partly in the hope of getting in touch with the trackers and partly in the hope of finding some burrhel which were reported to inhabit it. I stayed out till six p.m., climbing well up above the snow-line, from where I got a most marvellous view of the highest peaks in the Karakorum covering the whole northern horizon, but no burrhel did I see, nor any sign of the trackers either, and I dined somewhat disconsolately in camp. Shortly after nine o'clock, however, two very tired Ladakhis limped into camp carrying heavy burdens—one a large sack of gruesome lumps of flesh, the other the head of No. 2 complete except for his broken horn tip, and to my intense delight he measured 46 inches—a really fine head. To make it better his face skin was in no way damaged except round one eye where the vultures had attacked him, for when found in a small water-course he had apparently been dead a few hours, as the result of the cold water reaching his wounded intestines, the bullet having hit him far back and low. So many stories are told of the so-called wounded beasts whose heads are subsequently brought in by the shikaris, having been dug up in a village where they are kept in pickle, that I was particularly glad to be sure that this was my own beast, for the meat was fresh and bleeding; and this with the broken horn was unmistakable corroboration of the blood-stained track which I had followed myself for some of the distance.

So far good fortune had certainly been with me, for I had already secured the permissible limit of two Ovis ammon in an incredibly short time. There now remained burrhel and sharpu to be got, and from these less important sheep I proceeded to suffer complete discomfiture.

Two more days' climbing to the snow-line in the furthest recesses of

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Kiamer nullah gave me absolutely no result. I certainly saw as many as sixty burrhel of both sexes in various localities, but not one of them had a head of over 20 inches, whereas the shootable minimum is 23 inches, and this even is a poor head as a trophy. I had not any too much time to spare, so I decided to try my luck with sharpu instead, and accordingly set off back to Leh as quickly as I could. About three marches south of Gya I heard of some sharpu in Miru nullah, and so wasted a day and a half looking for them; but here again, although I saw some of the animals which I was after, their heads were ridiculously small and quite unshootable. Here also I saw some more small burrhel, but did not even think it worth while to get close to them. The only event of any interest on my way back to Leh was the purchase of a miserable looking little chestnut-coated puppy from a caravan of traders on their way from Lhasa to Kashmir, and little did I think then, that for three years, from Calcutta to Meerut, then back to Leh, and finally via Lucknow to England, I should treasure this orphan from Central Asia as my constant companion, only to lose him of rabies two days after his arrival in England.

Two marches after Miru brought us to Chushot, and here we crossed the Indus again to its northern bank, and arrived at Leh the following morning to find a copious mail which required a good deal of answering; and so we decided to spend at least two days in that fascinating old town before setting off again on what would be almost the last lap of our journey. During these two days we paid many visits again to the bazaar, and to both the Yarkand and Lhasa serais, in which there were already several caravans both from Turkestan and Tibet. I bought several carpets which took our fancies and which were reputed to have come from Chigatse in Tibet. I also made every possible enquiry about the most likely ground on which to look for a good sharpu, and was disappointed to hear that Nimu, where I had intended to go, was by no means well spoken of; and so it proved, for on arriving there I spent five absolutely blank days in which I saw nothing but a few ewes—not even a small ram of any description. I now began to believe what many people had told me to the effect that in the summer months the old sharpu rams are the most wary of all the hill sheep and are seldom to be found during the daytime, and have been known to only feed for about half an hour at dawn and dusk, and to spend the rest of the day lying up in the shade of rocks and caves where there is the minutest possibility of seeing them. In despair I sent a wire to the secretary of the G.P.D. in Srinagar for permission to shoot the nullah at Khalsi, a few marches down the road which we had to take, and on arriving at that village, where exists one of the few and far between telegraph offices in that land, I received a reply in the affirmative. I moved my camp about seven miles up the nullah to Skinling and thence over a dividing

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mountain range to Nairmoo, where after another precious four days of fruitless climbing and furious gazing at a somewhat sparse selection of indifferent heads, I shot one of 25½ inches, the best there was, rather than go back without one at all.

By this time August was nearly over, and we set off hurriedly towards Kashmir so as to stake out a claim for the nullah in the Sind valley, where I hoped to shoot a barrasingh before the end of my leave. The season for the barrasingh or Kashmir stag does not open till September 15, but the nullahs are seldom numerous enough to meet the demand of sportsmen who want them, so one has to be on one's ground early. This is particularly annoying, as it is seldom before the 26th at earliest that any of the largest stags make their appearance from their summer homes in the forests of Tillel. Only the does and young beasts of about 35-inch heads come early, and so one has to spend as much as a fortnight kicking one's heels at the foot of one's nullah before there is a chance of getting a shot. This year I had decided to get the Rezan nullah if I could, and so arrived at the village of that name on the 9th and found it empty. From then onwards we spent a few evenings chasing "invisible" bears in the crops, and walking every other day about six miles for our mails and newspapers. As a matter of form we moved up into the upper nullah on the 15th, and pitched our camp on a little plateau surrounded by fir trees, about 500 feet below the line where the black pine forest gives way to the vivid lights and shadows of the silver birches.

From that date onwards I religiously climbed before daylight to the maidan above the tree-line over which the stags were expected to pass on their way to the lower nullahs, but it was not till the 19th that a stag of any description whatever made its appearance, and he was a small one with a poor ten-pointer head which looked about 35 inches.

Despite the lack of game during these early morning scrambles I do not think that one could truthfully say that they were not well spent. Starting from my tent in the pitch dark, so as to reach my point of vantage—an enormous rock—before the stags were likely to be on the move, I seldom emerged from the forest itself into the open, about 500 feet above me, before the first streaks of sunrise had begun to colour with the most delicate pink the tops of the snow-covered mountains which lay on every side of me; and as the sun itself rose from its bed behind the summit of a glacier-fringed range, the depths of the nullahs below suddenly woke to the intrusion of great ladder-like rays of golden light which, stretching downwards between the long rows of jet-black firs, in turn gave birth to patches of the palest opalescent haze. . . . So with amazing rapidity night slipped away into the furthest recesses of the valley, whilst pink turned to dazzling white along the whole sky-

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line, outlined with piteous severity against a sky which put the bluest turquoise to shame . . . but time was slipping away, and I was particularly anxious to get back to Srinagar by October 1. The weather was getting colder every day, and both L—— and I were beginning to feel that we had lived in tents quite long enough. On September 22 the first fall of snow arrived as low down as our camp, and the maidan above me was a foot deep under its soft covering when I reached it after a somewhat slippery climb. I therefore decided to take anything that I could find that morning, and after a rather uninteresting stalk I shot a beast which just went 37 inches—a poor specimen, I thought. This, however, left me the chance of getting a better one for my second (the limit is two), and so for the next few days I passed over several more of a similar size. I now had only two more days in which to get my second stag, and was again making up my mind to shoot the first one which I saw so long as it was above the minimum size laid down (35 inches).

More snow had fallen, and it was now lying permanently round our camp in the forest. On the 26th, having installed myself on my usual rock and spied without result in every direction, I sent the shikari away up another 400 feet to a place from where he could see right into some small nullahs which were invisible from below. About half an hour after his departure I saw him, through my telescope, right away up above me and making violent signs to me, which clearly indicated that he had seen something which I was to go up and look at too. . . . Off I went—up and up over snow-covered rocks and a slope which rapidly approached more nearly to 70 degrees than to 45. . . . Several times, puffing and blowing, I halted for breath and looked hopefully upwards, but still the crouching figure signalled to me in such a way that there was no mistaking the urgency of the situation. By this time I was probably a good 10,000 feet above sea-level, but the greater heights to which I had climbed in Ladakh had tried me far less. At last I joined him, and cautiously peering round the edge of his sheltering rock, I saw appearing over the slope of the next ridge of the spur on which we were, at a distance of about 200 yards, a pair of the most magnificent "tops" which I have ever imagined. Evidently the stag was asleep, also a person of considerable importance, for above and below him, some lying down, staring fixedly into space, and some quietly grazing, were eight smaller beasts who were apparently on picquet for "his majesty." There was no possibility whatever of getting closer to him without alarming the others, so it was simply a question of agonized waiting to see whether he would rise from his nap and climb further up the hill in full view or merely disappear silently into the nullah below, taking those wonderful horns with him for ever as far as I was concerned.

My own position was far from ideal. I was balanced on the reverse

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of a knife-edged ridge, endeavouring to wedge myself into a space where I could remain steady amongst loose and snow-covered rocks. The only spot from which I could see to shoot was fully exposed to the view of at least four of the eight scouts which I felt sure were specially detailed for his protection, consequently the slightest movement had to be avoided. Minutes passed, and as it seemed to me half an hour must have elapsed, during which I went through all the tortures of stag-fever in its most virulent forms. Suddenly there was a mighty upheaval of the "tops," which rose slowly in the air, followed by the colossal head and body of their owner . . . not one second did he pause to shake himself or look round; slowly and majestically he set off straight up the hill in full view.

Sultana Malik's excitement nearly caused an immediate disaster by the number of utterly unheeded instructions which he gasped into my ear as I drew a bead. . . . Only 30 yards now separated the stag from the entrance to a small pass for which he was making, and my heart was going like a sledge-hammer at the sight of his immense size; now or never, and I pressed the trigger, with the fairest broadside shot that one could hope for—surely I could not miss—but to all appearances the first shot passed right over his back. . . . Not a second to spare now, and I see him stagger to my second barrel, and the thud of the bullet was easily audible in the clear still air. Only time for a desperately fuddled reload and another shot from my shoulder, standing upright to get the best view, and down he goes behind his sheltering ridge; but I can just see the top of his back as he lies . . . not enough to aim at, and now an awful pause. . . . Beyond him is an impassable "khud," said the shikari in my ear, and at that moment the gallant beast rose to his feet and staggered on. . . . By this time I had cooled down a bit and was sitting on a rock from which I could get a more steady rest, and then let drive at him again for what I felt would be my last chance. . . . I felt that I almost saw the 450-grain bullet strike as the great shaggy neck reeled away from what by all the known precedents should have been an instantaneously fatal shot . . . he made a short stumbling turn away from me, and followed by the groans of despair from Sultana Malik, disappeared from view. . . . "The precipice is many hundred feet deep, and no sahib could pass there," he sobbed. . . . "The horns will be smashed to pieces!"

At first I swore that I would not even go and see the pitiful wreckage which I knew that I would find down away below me. I determined that I would not even have the body removed; that he might lie for ever on the hill where he had so severely worsted me; that I would leave my camp that night, and Kashmir immediately and for ever; but second thoughts were best, and despite the warnings that the place was unpassably steep, and that I could not possibly reach

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him without going a long way round, I set off in search. And so, after a pretty hair-raising scramble, we found him a full 700 feet below the spot where he took his final plunge. The horns were dreadfully smashed and the body cut to ribbons. Sadly we started the work of reconstruction, but many pieces were missing, which must be lying scattered over the face of that precipitous water-course down which he rolled. The shikaris were, however, hopeful, and after a strenuous search which lasted all through the day, fifteen pieces had been collected, leaving only one "bez" tine and a few tiny tips missing. We put them all together as well as we could, and even then, with both the beams roughly joined to the shattered tops, we measured him a full 46½ inches, with twelve points and astonishing long brow tines.

The following day the whole ground was searched again, and to our intense delight the missing "bez" was found buried in the earth half-way down the water-course. And now I felt happier, for I could leave the nullah with high hopes of skilful workmanship, which would repair the grand old stag's head and ensure for him a fitting resting-place where he could receive the admiration and honour which were his due. Nor were we disappointed, for pending further operations on his arrival in England, the head was most excellently repaired by Mahomed Baba of Srinagar. The shattered skull was replaced by a carved wooden block, and the joins and splices in the horn covered with putty, cunningly worked with corrugations incredibly like the natural thing.

He could not be regarded as a record head, although I heard of nothing larger being shot either in that or the preceding year; but on the other hand, he was no ordinary specimen, and owing to his unusually early arrival in the nullah, the great struggle which he put up till the last against his fate, and the general magnificence of his head, he deserves and shall always have the greatest respect which I can pay him. I may be thought unduly sentimental in this respect, but once the stalk has terminated successfully for me, and I see one of these magnificent lords of the dark fir forests and empty highlands of Central Asia dead before me, I have very definite pangs of regret; nor do I lose them until I know I have done my best to have his head worthily set up amongst other highly prized trophies; and this I think is the last and just compliment which I can pay to a gallant victim.

* * * * *

So let him rest, perhaps thousands of miles away, gazing across a smoke-filled anteroom or hall, deaf to the uproar, ignorant of the endlessly changing throng of faces as they come and go on their hectic journey through life.

All shall see him and praise him, and to many he will recall vivid memories of successes and failures in pursuit of his kith and kin.

Opposite him hangs the great ammon from Rupshu, gazing with

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his yellow sleepless eyes at some distant spot across the Tibetan frontier from which he strayed.

Between them the little snub-nosed antelope throws back his tapering horns as he sniffs the screaming wind which carries towards him the first snowflakes across the 20,000-foot pass beyond the Lanak La. He is thinking, perhaps, of the warm springs of Kyam and a pleasanter grazing ground to be found there.

* * * * *

The room is quiet now, for while the young are tearing one another to bits in the billiard-room, most of the older ones have settled down to a "life and death" struggle over the bridge-table.

* * * * *

And so perhaps I am alone—and I think I am—I am happier so; no longer can I mix in the shouting, scrambling mêlée with the subalterns (though perhaps some think I should); not yet will I condemn myself to the dictates of three other companions, and the deliberate and considered policy which hangs on the fall of a card! I fall between those two uncomfortable stools, but am content to wander on alone with my imagination and my memories. Imagination—the goad of the ambitious; memories—the playground of men's hearts.

Slowly the blue mists are rising from the sleeping valley, round the black fir forests, past the silver birches with their gleaming trunks, over the grey-green open grassland, up the grey-green wall in front of me; now they turn opalescent as they greet the rising sun, whose long pink fingers come stretching out towards them, soon to be followed by the crimson dawn as it crashes over the jagged mountain-top.

* * * * *

Two hundred yards of snowy nullah in front of me and over the far edge I see them, those six gigantic "tops"; will they never rise? Yes, he is getting up, and there he stands, looking at me steadily, proudly; nor does he deign to move. Is it a reproachful look in those great deep brown eyes? I think not, for I believe that his spirit is still wandering through the mighty forests of Tillel, happy and at rest. I wish I knew——

The sun is clouded over, the mist thickens, and now, silently, softly the snow begins to fall and covers the ground, us, everything; and away, far, far away, I hear him calling, and his challenge echoes up and down the empty nullah.

* * * * *

I turn in my chair slowly and silently as I thought, but that big ram with the broken tip to his horn has put up his head—he has sensed danger, and I "freeze"; for uncountable minutes not an eyelid

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moves ; and now at last he looks down the nullah again and I can crawl on a few more precious yards and then take my shot.

* * * * *

Slowly the foresight is creeping up to the vital spot behind the shoulder, and stops half-way. He has seen me ; up goes his head with those colossal horns curling forward beyond his nose ; now he is broadside on, a perfect shot, but my rifle is lowered—held down by an invisible hand. Why doesn't he gallop off. Where have the others gone ? And now what is happening ? See, he is throwing back his head across his shoulder as one who beckons ; and now he turns slowly towards the patches of snow below the pass and the gleaming glacier beyond. Yes, he is beckoning me to follow him there, and he is not alone ; all around him I see figures, and they are beckoning too. Sultana Malik is there, and Punsoo and Sumandu, and many funny old men with pigtails showing beneath the black sheepskin flaps of their square cloth hats. Rahim with his large cotton umbrella is there too with them all, round the old ram as slowly they pass away up the nullah, and with the last faint sound of their voices comes the plaintive whistle of a Ladakhi pipe played by some shepherd on a distant mountain-top.

The old ram turns and looks at me again, straight, unflinchingly . . . and I smell the scent of the wild mint crushed beneath the soles of my chaplis as I climb the hill again.

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PERSIA'S NEW SEAPORT

By CONVOY LEADER.

LONG before the Persian State Railway, now in course of construction, is complete from the shores of the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea, Persia will have for the first time in some hundreds of years an open seaport of her own, complete with docks, and a safe anchorage for ocean-going steamers.

All her imports for many years have come in through either Russia or Turkey in the north and north-west, or Bushire or Mohammerah in the south.

Bushire has no harbour, and the only anchorage for large ships is five miles out to sea in a very exposed place. Mohammerah, although a Persian town, can only be approached through the Shatt-el-Arab River, and as both the very expensive buoyage system for this and the dredging operations at the bar outside are carried out by the Port of Basra (Iraq) Authorities, it can hardly be called either open or entirely free, and in fact the river rights have always been a source of bickering between the two countries.

At a point approximately thirty miles west of the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab is the entrance to a huge tidal inlet, called Khor Musa, which runs roughly forty miles in the north-easterly direction to the village of Mashur on the edge of the desert, passing through on the way a huge tract of tidal flats, which are submerged at high tide, and are themselves cut up into myriads of small islands by other and smaller khors or waterways.

On the west bank of Khor Musa, about twenty-five miles from the open sea, it is joined by Khor Dorak, and another five miles again by Khor Zangi, which is an offshoot of Khor Dorak, thus forming a mud island, which has been selected for the site of the new port and railway terminus of the Persian Empire.

During the greater part of 1927 four American engineers, with a very small staff of Persian rodmen and clerks who had been trained on the spot, surveyed this channel from end to end, and, what was more to the point, discovering a fairly deep channel leading into it from the open sea, charted and buoyed it.

The mud-flats themselves each side of the big khor were surveyed and the above-mentioned island in the most minute detail.

Something of the difficulties and trials of this work may be judged

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from extracts from a diary kept by myself (the only Englishman there):

"*August* 23.—Sighted the boats at the rendezvous at 10 p.m., but still had 8 kilos to do to reach them, the last 2 through very deep mud. The water-carriers (who had no water left) being Gulf coast Arabs and fishermen, got in under their own power, but O—— lost himself, struck a piece of good going and got in likewise, but had to be lifted into the boat; H—— and I kept going to within fifty yards or so of them, and then went down for the count, conscious, but unable to wink. The Persian rodmen had to be helped likewise, two of them going down five hundred yards away, and had to be dragged in over the mud by their heels.

"A damp mist came up later, and made things worse if possible; too tired to mind much, however, we laid down as we were, and slept till dawn, when we started off again."

Later, "The mud is burning hot, but owing to its depth (quite often up to our armpits) no footwear is possible. On the higher ground, which is only submerged at 'springs,' the mud is baked into a crust and divided by little ridges, formed of hard sharp-edged saline crystals, but as we are always having to go into deep mud and we cannot spare any more water for washing it is quite impossible to put on even canvas shoes.

"Even the coolies have burnt feet, and we are all suffering from septic ulcers, and H—— has dysentery, but still staggers along.

"The place is alive with creatures, half fish, half reptile; they have the blunt nose and bulging eyes of a bullfrog, two flippers just aft of the head, and a collapsible dorsal fin, fan-shaped, along the spine. They range in size, anything from three inches to 1 foot, and their dorsal fins cut one's feet terribly when stepped on.

"The water is infested with sharks and snakes, long chocolate and yellow mottled brutes."

Added to the troubles mentioned in the diary, the heat was round about 180 in the sun (there was no shade) for about four months on end, and the intense "mirage" which crept up with the sun made anything like long shots with the instruments impossible, and nearly doubled the work.

One of my jobs was to see to the erection of tide gauges and if necessary observation huts at suitable places.

One of the worst of these was at the entrance to Khor Musa, near a miserable and desolate spot called the Island of Daira.

The gauge had to be erected on a hard rock bed in 18 feet of water at high tide, just submerged at low.

We had, of course, no boring tools, so we could not build piecemeal, but had to get the whole affair up and self-supporting in one tide. We

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were swimming on the job before we had finished, and only by making the attendant boatman keep up a continuous fusillade into the water with my large and noisy revolver could I keep my eight coolies at it, and I frankly admit that I derived more than a little comfort from the row myself; swimming in shark-infested water gives one a perfectly horrid sensation about the legs and feet.

At the next low tide we piled rocks round the four uprights, and the whole show stood up to a howling gale from the south-east that night and for nearly four months after, when the gauge was not needed there any longer.

During last summer the work of constructing the road-bed from the edge of the desert near Khor Musa to a point about half-way to Dizful was completed under the direction of the same engineers, after which the Persian Government decided to complete both the remainder of the line and the construction of the harbour by contract.

Both of these projects are now being proceeded with by an American-Canadian Syndicate, and there is not much doubt that before very long the harbour and at least a portion of the railway will be open for commercial use.

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THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

AMONG the subjects dealt with in post-war literature, the vast change in the orientation of affairs in the Eastern Mediterranean seems as a whole to have been but lightly brought home to the average reader. And in considering the locality in question one must necessarily include, if not the Balkan countries, yet at least the Ægean neighbourhood.

Gone are the days when, curiously enough, the prime factor in the affairs of the Eastern Mediterranean was Turkey. That is to say, most of the questions which arose were due to Turkey, and the settlement of these questions was regulated by the strange subservience of the Western Powers' attitude when confronted by a so-called "Turkish question." Turkey it is true owned most of the country bordering the Eastern Mediterranean, but had no sea power to assert her control on the sea-board, and as a nation was no dominating factor wishing for expansion, or a place in the sun, or anything of that kind. Yet her susceptibilities were regarded everywhere, and her dignity was upheld to such an extent that continual trouble arose over the most futile points. Thus in Crete alone complications ensued for years to bolster up a shadowy Ottoman suzerainty, and the same thing occurred in lesser degrees in Samos and elsewhere.

In the Turko-Italian War Turkish susceptibilities had to be considered over the same old question of an obsolete and ineffective suzerainty in Egypt; and even in Cyprus a gentle British Government continued to pay annual sums of money as tribute.

After the incidences of the Balkan and Great Wars all these make-believes have automatically disappeared; and it cannot be denied that, with the actual controlling force of other nations more definitely introduced, there has been more tranquillity. The gloomy forebodings of British, French, and Italian rivalry have not been fulfilled.

Although Turkey still owns a large part of the Asiatic Mediterranean sea-board, the present and more wise policy of Kemal Pasha appears to be to concentrate upon the Continent. The activities of Constantinople have certainly been largely replaced in favour of the Piræus, and those at Smyrna—shall we say?—in favour of Salonica; but the shadowy and recurring causes of contention in Europe and in the Eastern Mediterranean have disappeared, and now Turkey has reasonable understandings with Italy and this country, to be followed shortly, it is hoped, by a Greek treaty, and the settlement of outstanding Syrian questions with France.

It seems in effect that a sane policy is more or less coming to the

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surface in the Eastern Mediterranean. Greece, having consolidated herself firmly in Southern Macedonia, in Western Thrace, and in the islands retained by her, has, under the wise counsel of M. Venizelos, suppressed the idea of agitation in the Dodecanese. This statesman prefers to recognize accepted facts and, on the contrary, to enter into firm relations with Italy. In the same way Greek agitation in Cyprus is discountenanced by the Athens authorities. And, as mentioned before, it is hoped that the exchange of populations having removed prime causes of trouble, an agreement with Turkey will follow.

Much is made of the Italian "Imperialistic" tendencies; but here again several years have elapsed since the Mussolini rise to power, and nothing very alarming has happened. The establishment of fortified bases in Rhodes and the Dodecanese has been ominously referred to by the Press, but Italy, in addition to the recent arrangement with Yugo-Slavia, has entered into an agreement with Turkey, and is even now carrying on the Greek conversations already alluded to.

As for Great Britain, the effective sovereignty over Cyprus and the Palestine and Trans-Jordanian mandates have strengthened her position very considerably in the Eastern Mediterranean, from an economic and development point of view, in relation to the Middle East. This has important bearings, but the attribution to Great Britain of aggressive designs seems mostly to originate in the minds of a certain section of people in our own country itself, with perhaps Bolshevist propaganda thrown in.

In Egypt, while no one can assume that there is definite and entirely satisfactory settlement, the matter at any rate is now as between the Egyptians and ourselves alone, with no third party to interfere and cause embarrassment. Also our difficulties in Egypt do not drag in threats to the general cause of peace in the Eastern Mediterranean.

As for France, her development of traffic with Syrian ports and further is to be welcomed. While some of her policy and actions may be questionable, it is difficult to deny that she has tackled her Syrian problems more or less effectively on the whole, and there seems no vital reason to regret the entrance of France into the Eastern Mediterranean arena.

Among the dismal prognostications of post-war settlements it does not appear, therefore, that the situation in the region now under discussion has been anything but bettered; and although three great Powers, together with Greece, are here closely associated, with their special problems dependent upon the zones taken up, and with these problems sometimes overlapping and troublesome, ten years have elapsed without any acute question arising.

F. C.-O.

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THE ART OF PAUL MAK

THE Central Asian Society has been fortunate in the generosity of a Georgian, Prince Iveria Mikeladze, who has presented to the Society a portrait of their Chairman, Lord Allenby, executed by the well-known Russian artist Paul Mak. An exhibition of Paul Mak's drawings was held recently at the Leicester Galleries and received considerable notice in the Press.

Mr. Paul Mak, who comes of a noble Russian family, was born near Moscow in 1890. He was educated at the Moscow "gymnasium," from where he went to study art under Professor Yonn. Eleven months had hardly elapsed when the Great War broke out, and Mak volunteered for service and joined the Kiev Military Academy, and was gazetted lieutenant in the Russian cavalry in 1915.

Although he was wounded several times, he remained at the front, and received the Military Order of St. Vladimir, first degree with swords.

During the last great offensive of the Russian army, which took place under the Kerensky regime, he was seriously wounded, and was actually in hospital in Moscow when the Bolsheviks came into power. As soon as he could move about on crutches Mak was arrested and thrust into the famous "Boutirka" prison. During seven months of solitary confinement he was in daily expectation of summary execution, and it was only his talent which saved him from this fate. He happened to make a sketch of the governor of the prison, an illiterate moujik, who was so struck by the likeness that he exclaimed, "Your fame as an artist will more than balance any harm you can do to Russia as an imperialist."

Subsequently the governor's goodwill not only saved the artist from execution, but finally secured his freedom. Several times Mak tried to leave Russia, but only in 1921 did he succeed in crossing the Persian frontier. His attempts to cross the frontier and his wanderings before he reached Teheran would in themselves fill a volume of romantic adventures.

In Teheran he applied himself to the study of Persian art. His work came to the notice of members of the Diplomatic Corps, and eventually Mak was appointed official artist to the Persian Court. In oil Mak painted the portrait of the Shah on the throne. This portrait measures fourteen square metres. Holding the position of artist to the Court, with access to the Shah's library, which generally is closed to

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Europeans, Mak studied the technique of old Persian miniatures. His hard work did not pass in vain. Mak discovered the old Persian master's secret of miniature technique which had been lost to the world. Mak uses his own preparation of four different kinds of gold, and several special colours.

The miniatures are drawn on ancient Persian parchment, the leaves of which are very rare and difficult to obtain. To lay the colour on it one must know the mystery of the lost Persian art, or else the colours run. Looking at his pictures, what strikes one most is that one sees a pure Oriental art highly achieved by a European.

Mak is a master of miniature, and his paintings are wonderful in design and colouring. The work is often so fine that it must be examined under a magnifying glass. A wealth of detail, lovely colours, exquisite penmanship and decorative design are to be found in his pictures.

The work of Mak has been compared in some respects to that of Aubrey Beardsley, but it may be affirmed that Mak never studied this great artist, although one may perhaps be permitted to recall the old Indian saying that "all the corners of a square lead to the centre by equally distanced roads."

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REVIEWS

BRITISH ROUTES TO INDIA. By Halford Lancester Hoskins. 6½ × 9½. Pp. xii + 494. Illustrations. Longmans, Green and Co. 1928. 30s.

At a time when we stand apparently on the threshold of a revolution in transportation comparable in importance to that which followed the invention of the steam engine, Professor Hoskins' work is of more than ordinary interest.

The story opens with the recognition by the Sultan of Turkey of William Harborne as British Ambassador in 1583, and the chartering of the East India Company on December 31, 1600, which latter event signalized the transfer of British trading interests from the lucrative Mediterranean trade to the more dangerous but still more lucrative all-sea route via the Cape to India.

Having become masters of this ocean passage the British had little desire to return to the Mediterranean; nevertheless eventually they found themselves constrained to do so, and the sequence of events which brought about this return are traced in the succeeding chapters.

Two main alternative routes to India presented themselves, that via Suez and the Red Sea and that via Mesopotamia and the Euphrates River.

The successive attempts to exploit and develop each of these are dealt with in detail. It was not until the advent of the steamship that either could seriously challenge the all-sea route. Nor indeed did either seem at first to offer any advantages even to the steamship.

The early steamships were very inefficient and costly to run. Their bunker capacity was small and coaling stations had to be correspondingly numerous, while all coal for them had to be carried in sailing vessels round the Cape and dumped at such points as Socotra, Aden, Mocha, Jedda, Cosseir, and Suez. Coal deposited at Suez for the first series of pioneering voyages cost from £8 to £13 a ton.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the impetus towards development of the quicker routes came from political rather than commercial interests. It is interesting to observe, however, that although the Egyptian route was in the first instance opened up by Governmental action, the proposal to round off and complete it by cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez met with uncompromising and unrelenting opposition from the British Government.

The reasons for this opposition are adequately dealt with, and the remarkable persistence of M. de Lesseps in the face of difficulties and obstruction of every kind extending over many years is well brought out.

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It is perhaps little realized in England in these days that the capital for the waterway which has been called the jugular vein of the British Empire was supplied entirely by Frenchmen, one of whom, when it was explained to him that he was not purchasing shares in a railway in Sweden (Suède) but in a canal at Suez, replied that it did not matter so long as the project was against the English!

The reader will inevitably compare the opening up and development of the routes to India under the stimulus of the steam engine with the development of aerial routes now going on. Although this book does not carry the story up to the invention of flying the analogies are obvious enough and are both interesting and instructive.

One chapter is devoted to telegraphic communication, and the book finishes with a chapter, mainly historical, on the control of Egypt in relation to the Suez Canal.

The whole work, obviously the result of most meticulous and painstaking research, is elaborately documented and adequately indexed. If one may venture a criticism on so finished a production, it is that the story is almost too complete. The wealth of detail at times tends to obscure the vital facts and to obstruct the even flow of what is, to Englishmen, a fascinating narrative. M. N. M.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA. By Arthur Mayhew, C.I.E. Pp. 260. Faber and Gwyer, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

No time could have been more opportune than the present for the publication of this work. The recent world call of the Anglican Church is generating a greater, and, what is even more important, a more intelligent interest in foreign missions, at a time when the government of India is in the crucible and India is waiting anxiously to see the shape of the moulds into which Sir John Simon and his fellow-craftsmen will pour the unrefined flux. The closely interwoven connection between missionary enterprise and the government of India is only recognized by those with inside knowledge.

The undoubted prejudice against foreign missions which exists in England today is based on ignorance, for which the missionaries themselves must share the responsibility. During their strenuous and infrequent furloughs in the homeland, they have expatiated on the beautiful and simple character of their converts, but they have not enlarged on the broader and deeper aspects of their work, perhaps partly because they themselves were unconscious of them. The prejudice against missions has been fortified by the views of the "man on the spot"—the business man in the East. It has not been recognized that the man on the spot took with him, as part of his tropical outfit, the average Englishman's prejudice against missions, and that his strenuous daily toil, followed by a little dancing or bridge in the evening, and a

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round of golf at the week-end, gives him neither the opportunity, nor the inclination, to revise his preconceived ideas. It is well, therefore, that the facts should be set out so clearly in this book by one whose work in India gave him exceptional opportunities of studying missionary work in India from a detached point of view, and whose industry and ability render him so capable of putting these facts into a readable form.

By far the larger portion of the book is devoted to an historical survey of missions from 1600 down to the present time. Mr. Mayhew, in dealing with these historical matters, has taken no pains to hide his own viewpoint, and if this has somewhat impeded the flow of historical narrative, it has certainly enlivened the pages, by stimulating the interest of the reader and by challenging his independent judgment. Mr. Mayhew discloses no warm admiration for what he terms "official fussiness arising out of excessive regard for non-Christian feeling," and some may think his attitude is a little too unsympathetic towards the difficulties with which the British Government, and, in larger measure, the East India Company in the old days, were faced in their endeavour to hold the scales of justice even. But many will agree with him that "the Hindu and Mohammedan communities found it easier to respect a Government which made decent provision for its own religion." He quotes with approval John Lawrence's words that "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen." The Hindu, as he points out, "having no definite and crucial doctrines exposed to attack, he is of all races the most tolerant of other men's dogmas." Most of us will agree with the author's quotation that "the first step towards winning the natives to our religion is to show them that we have one." But the Hindu's tolerance of missionary effort in India, which is so clearly brought out in the historical portions of the book, is a tribute, not only to the Hindus themselves and to the tact and restraint of the missionary, but also, as Mr. Mayhew might be reluctant to admit, to the attitude of the Government during the last hundred years. In dealing with Christian missions in the Indian States, he says it would be "true to say generally that, while the Indian rulers have been ready to accord to Christian missionaries the same rights that all subjects of their state enjoy under conditions guaranteed by the supreme Government, missionaries on their side have been careful to remember that they are propagating a faith which is not that of the ruler of the land, and have been tactful and chary in their references to the supreme Government." The average Englishman would expect a similar circumspection on the part of missionaries in British India, and, as a matter of fact, such expectations have been fully realized.

This Hindu tolerance, however, is due, especially at the present time, to something more than the absence of definite dogma in their own religion. The Hindu no longer regards the Gospel as the particular

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preserve of the British race. He looks upon it as part of the world's sacred writings, which are the common property of all. The educated Hindu is as ready to study the Christian Scriptures as he is to familiarize himself with his own religious classics, and will go so far as to claim that he is a better exponent of the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount than many a Westerner, whose principles so far exceed his performance.

The average reader, when he arrives at the epilogue, will regret that Mr. Mayhew's historical survey, which occupies the bulk of the book, had not been condensed, so that the space thus released might have been utilized in extending his epilogue, for after reading the latter the reader will certainly ask for more. Here Mr. Mayhew writes from his own personal experience, and it is here that the close relationship between missionary enterprise and the government of India makes so strong an appeal. In the earlier chapters, he quotes with approval the words of John Lawrence: "In doing the best we can for the people we are bound by our conscience and not by theirs"; and he is not alone in thinking that the Government of today might have taken a much firmer stand in dealing with some of the evils of the Hindu social system, especially as in doing so it would have carried with it the support of the elected members of the Legislative Assembly. The last act of the writer of this review, on the last day of four years in the Legislative Assembly, was to speak and vote in favour of a Bill to raise the Age of Consent, and all but one of his non-official European colleagues went with him into the same lobby. That measure was thrown out by a combination of the Government *bloc*, which considered it premature, and of the strictly orthodox Hindus, who regarded it as an attack on one of their most cherished religious tenets.

In dealing with present-day conditions, Mr. Mayhew draws a contrast, which all who know India today will recognize as correct, between Mr. Gandhi's great influence as a spiritual leader and his failure as a political dictator. A great student of Christianity, Mr. Gandhi failed to realize, as our author finely puts it, that "Christ was the 'truth' as well as the way and the life," and it is the failure of the Indian leaders generally to recognize the relation of religion to life that has caused the political machinery of 1919 to creak so ominously. That India should be beginning to recognize the Christian ideal of service, as evidenced by such societies as that of the Servants of India, is a tribute to the silent influence of missionary effort in India during the last three hundred years, and Mr. Mayhew's optimism for the future is undoubtedly based on such signs of a growing conception in India that "one is our Master, and all we are brethren."

If people at home realized how closely the spread of Christian principles is interwoven with the problem of the government of India along democratic lines, their attitude towards missions would undergo a

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rapid and long overdue transformation, whilst the "man on the spot" would receive a rude awakening if he were to ask some of the leading Hindu politicians, who have received their secular education in mission schools, what influence their Christian "gurus" have had on their lives.

Our author appears to have some regrets that the great social experience of missionaries, to which Governors as diverse in personal characteristics as Sir Michael O'Dwyer and Lord Lytton have given unstinted testimony, has not been of more direct value to the Government, but as he rightly points out, what Government would gain, missionary enterprise might lose—"what is good for the whale may be dangerous for Jonah." Two Christian missionaries, one an Englishman and the other an Indian, have been members of the Legislative Assembly, and both proved their worth; but the Englishman has a natural distrust of the incursion of the ministry into politics, as was evidenced in England during the General Strike of 1926. In the old days "Heber was approached more than once by Brahmins anxious to discuss with him the best methods of safeguarding common privileges. 'We must stand together,' as the manager of a richly endowed temple remarked." In these days the danger lies in the other direction, and the missionary, in espousing the cause of the under-dog, must often be tempted to take action which would raise animosities, and detract from the efficacy of his work. It is the duty and task of the missionary to inspire the layman with high Christian ideals, and to demonstrate those ideals in social work rather than in political. Mr. Mayhew realizes that "the situation was eased when the growth of legislative councils and local self-government gave openings to the merchants for administrative and legislative responsibility, and opportunities for friendly co-operation with officials and missionaries." All who have been intimately associated with recent developments in India will heartily endorse his words and recognize that the European merchant and industrialist now endeavours to be the protector rather than the exploiter of what are called the "voiceless millions."

Mr. Mayhew's epilogue is full of stimulating suggestions, and his experience and capacity give his utterances an exceptional authority. His views should be helpful to Sir John Simon and his colleagues, for they go down to fundamentals. CAMPBELL RHODES.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA: VOLUME III.: TURKS AND AFGHANS. Edited by Sir Wolseley Haig, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., C.B.E. Pp. xxxii + 752. Maps and plates. Cambridge University Press. 1928. 42s.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press are heartily to be congratulated on their good fortune in securing the services of Sir Wolseley Haig for the ungrateful task of editing this volume of their history of India. The choice was obvious, but many a scholar might

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well have shrunk from the immense labour involved in reducing to order the complicated records of the early Muslim dynasties in India. Consider for a moment what it means, and what Sir Wolseley was asked to do.

The principal sources for the history of the sub-continent between the Muslim conquest and the Grand Mughuls are both few and unsatisfactory. How few they are may be seen from the brief entries under the head of 1, *Original Sources*, in the bibliographies supplied for each chapter; how unsatisfactory few know but those who have had to deal with works of this type. "Muslim historians," says the editor, "are concerned almost exclusively with war and Court intrigue." But that is only half the story. Still more unsatisfactory is the fact that most of these books are the work of compilers, totally devoid of any critical faculty and sense of proportion, who repeat what their predecessors have said, with arbitrary excisions and still more arbitrary additions, and who more often deserve the name of Court scandalmongers than of historians. For truly original sources the modern historian is still worse off, even if it is seldom that the case is so hopeless as in dealing with the Sayyids of Delhi, where "the sole original authority is an encomiast" of the dynasty.

On top of this comes another difficulty. With prolonged and careful study even poor sources may be made to yield some sort of satisfactory historical material, out of which a rational presentation of the movements and characteristics of the age can be put together. It is in this respect that Indian history during the early Muslim period is most backward. For if the first section of the bibliographies is weak enough, Section 2, *Modern Works*, reveals what can only be termed, from the editor's point of view, a desperate state of affairs. Not only has there been hitherto no critical examination of the sources of the materials for many of the chapters, but no sort of systematic historical research whatsoever.

The point of all this is that the contents of this volume differ very materially from those of the ordinary volumes in the Cambridge Histories. In those, a number of experts summed up the established results of historical research in their own fields; in this, the greater part of the book is itself the original product of research, now made public for the first time. From the fact that no less than eighteen chapters, or three-quarters of the book, have come from the editor's pen, it is obvious that this research could not be of the intensive sort, that tests, evaluates, and reorders every available narrative within a narrowly defined sphere, but is rather research in the wide sense, which aims primarily at collecting and ordering the existing materials without submitting them to a severe analysis.

Under these circumstances it was out of the question to look for an

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organic presentation of the history of India between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries in all its multifarious activities. The task laid on Sir Wolseley Haig was altogether too great, and he has personally acquitted himself of it magnificently. Here for the first time is a full and clear account of the separate dynasties from all available sources, and however much the modern historian may deplore the absence of chapters on the commerce and industry of India, on the religious movements of the age, and the activities of the saintly personages who make a brief and somewhat ineffective appearance in these pages, but were honoured after their death with such splendid tombs, it is clear that the time for really satisfactory research into these activities can only follow and not precede such spadework as Sir Wolseley has done here.

For this reason, too, it seems a pity that such scholarly work should have appeared in this form. The full value can only be got out of original research when the writer is able to give his documentation, and to discuss for the benefit of future students the reasons which have led him to the solutions which he has adopted. The rule followed in the Cambridge Histories of excluding references in footnotes, however reasonable in other cases, has in this volume done unwitting justice to the editor.

The volume opens with a short chapter on the Arab conquest of Sind, which effectively covers the political side of the history of the province, but omits any reference to the importance of Debul as a centre of maritime commerce during the ninth and tenth centuries.

Chapter II., on the Ghaznavids, shows characteristic thoroughness in its account of Mahmud's expeditions and the subsequent fortunes of the dynasty in India. Of Mahmud himself there is a brief character-sketch—the first of a series of thumbnail sketches which provide a welcome diversion from the rather monotonous tale of events. One would have liked also some sort of general criticism or review of his Indian expeditions or of the Ghaznavid administration in India, something to assist the reader to elicit the purpose, the function, or the result to which all these facts contributed.

In the course of the next two chapters, which deal with the Slave Kings of Delhi, there are two valuable discussions on the position of the Hindus under Muslim rule, and an interesting excursus, apropos of the "Forty," on Slave Kings in general. The chronology of the early kings is placed on a firmer foundation, and a mild note of criticism is justifiably expressed on the familiar story of the conquest of Bengal by nineteen Muslim horsemen.

In Chapter V., on the Khaljis, is noted the first sign of that curious hostility between the "residents" and the "foreigners" which was to play such a remarkable part in subsequent Indian history, notably in the Deccan. Chapter VI. contains a detailed history of Tughluq Shah and his half-mad son Muhammad, with a proper subordination of the

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picturesque element to strict fact. Incidentally Sir Wolseley appears to exaggerate in two later passages (pp. 205 and 272) the extent of Muhammad Tughluq's empire; it certainly extended to Cambay and the ports of Gujarat, but not to the Konkan and Malabar coasts. The remaining Tughluqs occupy Chapter VII., and a brief review of their reigns precedes the story of Timur's invasion.

The history of the Sayyids (Chapter VIII.) and of the Lodis (Chapter IX.) close the record of the metropolitan dynasties (if the term may be applied to Delhi), and Chapters X. to XVII. are devoted to the histories of the provincial dynasties, Jaunpur, Bengal, Kashmir, Malwa, and the Deccan each receiving separate treatment by the editor, and Gujarat (Chapter XIV.) by Sir Denison Ross. For some reason Chapter XV., on the Deccan from 1347 to 1490, stands out as especially interesting, perhaps because it is a favourite child of the editor's, or because the struggle with Vijayanagar provides an intelligible thread to bind the narrative together. In Chapter XVIII. Professor Ayyangar reviews the same episode, in the history of the Hindu states in Southern India, from the other side.

Sir Wolseley then returns to Northern India, and fills in the remaining gaps with a brief account of Sind and Multan (Chapter XIX.) and the fortunes of the bewildering multitude of Hindu states in the North (Chapter XX.).

With this ends the section on the history of India proper. After reading it through one is inclined to ask if the amount of space which has been devoted to these dynasties in the framework of the history of India is not out of all proportion to their importance. Even to one who is fairly familiar with sections of Oriental history their history appears to be a record of utterly uninspiring and historically insignificant campaigns, like nothing so much as

> A tale,
> . . . full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

Indeed, there is a good case for anyone who likes to argue that the greater the quantity of facts the more confused becomes the perspective, and the more obscured whatever there is of movement and development in the period. The climax in the history of this period is the reign of Muhammad Tughluq; what precedes it ought to and does lead up to this; but in the succeeding chapters the implacable process of dismemberment which resulted from Delhi's failure to grasp its opportunity is blurred by the jostling mass of trivial detail involved in full-length histories of the minor dynasties.

To do Sir Wolseley Haig justice, he has lightened the reader's path by anecdotes and pithy observations which are often more enlightening

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than a hundred pages of dynastic squabbles. On page 56, for example, he says of the vaunted quality of royal generosity :

"The useless and mischievous prodigality of Eastern rulers is more often the fruit of vanity than of any finer feeling, and at a Court at which a neat epigram or a smart repartee is almost as profitable as a successful campaign the resources of a country are wasted on worthless objects."

To the meaningless turmoil which fills these chapters Mr. G. E. Harvey's account of Burma and the Shan Immigration (Chapter XXI.) forms a pleasant contrast. The names, to be sure, are rather awe-inspiring to the simple reader, and he will probably find his geography of Burma not quite adequate to the situation in the absence of a map ; but here there is a story and a perspective and something about the underlying facts of population and economics, and a few words on literature and commerce. And who can resist reading a history which starts off with

"Wareru (1287-96), a Shan pedlar, born at Donwun in the Thaton district, took service in the elephant stables of the chief of Sukhotai, became Captain of the Guard, eloped with the chief's daughter, and set up as lord of his native village"?

With the next chapter, however, we come to lists of kings, who compose, with some Buddhist literature, all that Dr. Wickremasinghe has to tell us of the history of Ceylon.

Finally, in Chapter XXIII., Sir John Marshall gives a comprehensive survey of the pre-Mughul monuments of Muslim India, in language which, with the aid of the excellent plates provided, is fully intelligible to the non-technical reader. The tale of the achievements of the obscure architects and decorators who fused Islamic and Hindu ideals into a new synthesis of beauty brings back sanity and balance into the story. It is no disparagement to Sir Wolseley Haig to say that one of the chapters which will be most looked forward to in the next volume will be Sir John Marshall's account of Mughul architecture.

H. A. R. GIBB.

ARABIA OF THE WAHHABIS. By H. StJ. B. Philby. 5¼ × 9. Pp. ix + 422. Illustrations and plans. Constable. 1929.

Mr. Philby needs no introduction to the public. His latest volume, "Arabia of the Wahhabis," is a continuation of "The Heart of Arabia," and concludes the account of his travels in the Arabian peninsula during the war.

No other traveller has ever been privileged to travel far and wide over Central Arabia under the same advantageous conditions as Mr. Philby enjoyed. A personal friend of Ibn Saud on the one hand, the representative of His Majesty's Government on the other hand, he was

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enabled to travel at leisure, to meet most of the notable Shaikhs and citizens, and openly to collect geographical data, where the majority of his predecessors had travelled, if not in disguise, at least at considerable risk.

Mr. Philby has not neglected these advantages, especially in the interests of geography. He is undoubtedly the most meticulous of diarists, and his new work, like its predecessor, contains a vast amount of detailed information regarding a little-known part of the world.

It must be admitted, however, that to the ordinary reader, the minute description of every spring and date garden, the careful noting of endless meals, and the record of Mr. Philby's frequent quarrels with his travelling companions, is at times apt to become somewhat tedious. Public opinion is peculiarly ill-informed regarding Arabia, and Mr. Philby has not done very much to enlighten it. His work contains little that would enable the layman to form a correct idea of the general life and character of the people of Central Arabia. Mr. Philby, it is true, scorns to write a so-called popular work or to play to the gallery. But he is at present a long way from erring in this direction, and some general sketches of the lives and habits of the bedouins might well have had a greater educative value for general circulation than the careful descriptions of geographical detail of which the book so largely consists. Invaluable as this information doubtless has been to geography, it is yet difficult to avoid monotony when such observations are recorded at length in a work of nearly four hundred pages.

Regarding Mr. Philby's political views there may be more than one opinion. An ardent admirer of Ibn Saud and a life devotee to Arabia, he is perhaps at times somewhat carried away by his hopes and visions. Conquerors have risen and fallen in Arabia before today, and the outside observer may venture to doubt whether the rise of the present Ibn Saud has in reality ushered in the golden age which Mr. Philby acclaims.

The conquests of the Wahhabi state have been chiefly won, firstly, by the skill and personality of Ibn Saud himself, and, secondly, by the efforts of the 'Ikhwan tribes proper, which do not, however, by any means, include all Ibn Saud's present subjects. As long as the 'Ikhwan tribes remain loyal, they may be counted upon to keep the remainder of the population in order. But there is scarcely anything in the way of paid government forces to keep the 'Ikhwan themselves loyal. This end has for many years been secured by the fostering of fanaticism, liberal subsidies to the chiefs, and the hopes of loot in successive wars. A state, however, can never be really stable as long as it depends so largely on the life of one man, and as long as that man himself depends on a privileged class, whom he is obliged to cajole and bribe.

It is curious that Mr. Philby himself touches on these fundamental weaknesses of the Wahhabi state, but without drawing the obvious con-

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clusions. For instance, on page 217 we are informed that Ibn Saud himself reckoned that 70 per cent. of the revenues of the state were absorbed in doles, presents and subsidies, leaving only 30 per cent. for public purposes. Similarly, on page 225, referring to Ibn Saud, he says: "the whole fabric of the Wahhabi State rested on his shoulders."

Again, on page 172 it is curious to read that Mr. Philby was "dimly conscious perhaps that Ibn Saud regarded the Wahhabi movement as a means towards an end." Although Mr. Philby deplores Wahhabi fanaticism, he does not seem to have thought out to its logical conclusion the fact of which he was "dimly conscious"—namely, that Ibn Saud himself was to a considerable extent responsible for the encouragement of this fanaticism in the interests of policy. Enlightened though Ibn Saud himself may be, it is difficult entirely to absolve him from responsibility for some of the uglier sides of the 'Ikhwan movement, such, for example, as massacre, greatly though these aspects of the revival have assisted him as a means towards his end.

In brief, it is not easy to see the stable basis of Arab Unity in a government which maintains its position chiefly through the fostered fanaticism of a privileged and well-subsidised class, and through the magnetic personality of one man. Nor does a people who murder or maltreat those who do not belong to their own sect appear qualified to take a very exalted place in the "comity of the world's nations."

Few with any knowledge of Arabia will deny the truly remarkable attributes of the King of the Hijaz and Najd, and perhaps fewer still, who have met him, will question the charm or the magnetism of his personality. But the impartial observer will venture to question whether the primitive and fanatical kingdom which he has built up has yet proved itself to contain the elements either of stability or of progress in civilization. Earnestly as all well-wishers of the Arabs may desire a new era of peace and prosperity in Najd, that golden era can scarcely be said yet to have opened.

For the rest, the book contains a few small errors not of great importance. They are, however, somewhat unexpected from an author with Mr. Philby's experience of Arabia. We find, for example, Faisal al Duwish referred to as Ibn Duwish. Duwish is, of course, a family "nick-name" (called by the bedouins "Labaj"), not the name of Faisal's father or ancestor, and is therefore invariably preceded by the article. Faisal is the Duwish, not the son of Duwish. The same error is made in the case of Al Mutallaqqam (p. 37), and Al Haidhal (p. 122).

It is curious also that Mr. Philby makes such heavy weather over the word jazi' (page 110), one of the commonest words in the bedouin vocabulary. It is, of course, applied to animals which do not drink, as Mr. Philby discovers when we reach page 223.

These, however, are trivial errors, which, were it not for Mr. Philby's

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usual meticulous care and thoroughness, would scarcely have merited mention. In brief, "Arabia of the Wahhabis," though a trifle too detailed in places, and though some of the political views expressed therein may be open to discussion, is yet a book which no student of Arabia can afford to miss, and which will undoubtedly secure a place amongst the standard works on that little-known country. J. B. G.

SIR EDWARD HORNBY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Pp. x+396. 6×9. Constable. 18s. 1928.

A fine memoir of a fine man! Sir Edward was a great and industrious representative of England in many parts of the world. He takes us to Germany, Portugal, Spain, Turkey, Egypt, and Japan. Of each country he has splendid yarns to tell, and it can be safely said there is not a dull page in the book.

A strong man, he never fails to pronounce keen judgments on the many personages he meets, nor does he hesitate to lay down his views on the proper methods of dealing imperially or diplomatically with Oriental peoples. His many encounters with missionaries are told with vigour, but he had sympathies with many creeds, and tells us how he gathered around him in Constantinople the representatives of all. A very interesting account is given of how he converted a church into a cathedral, and created a Dean and two Canons.

The first good story is his encounter with the Rothschilds at Frankfurt. Sir Edward and his brother had been to Germany for study, and after two years of varied adventures were on their way home, aged about sixteen. Their father had sent them a draft for £33, and on arrival at Frankfurt they went to cash the draft at Rothschilds' bank. It being Friday and lunch-time, there were but few clerks about, and none would pay any attention to the brothers. Thinking that the bank would be unable to find such a large amount at a moment's notice, they boldly marched in to see a gentleman sitting at a desk in an inner room. They explained to him that if the bank could not meet the whole of the amount, they would be satisfied with £10 down and the rest later! No wonder the manager was taken by surprise. However, he asked them to lunch, and by degrees the joke came out.

Next comes a somewhat racy description of diplomatic life and love-making in Spain and Portugal in the forties. It was here he first came across his *bête noire*, Sir Henry Bulwer.

Having made some success in law, and having been employed by the Foreign Office to clear up some outstandings with the U.S.A., he was sent to Constantinople to manage the loan of £5,000,000 which France and England had forwarded to the Turks to enable them to carry on the Crimean War. As can be imagined, this required some close looking after. It was then that Sir Edward first met Lord Stratford de Red-

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cliffe, and the meeting was a fiery one. However, they became good friends, and Hornby remained a fervent admirer of Lord Stratford from that day onwards.

The organization of the Judicial Branch of the Consular Service in the East was the next task, and a tremendous improvement was quickly effected, so that after some twelve years Hornby could leave it to other hands to carry on. His description of Jerusalem is a fine one, and his intercourse with M. Michel Borg, the doyen of the Soudan merchants, was most interesting.

Having established the Judicial System in the Near East, Hornby was asked to do the same for the Far East. Here he found things much easier, as the Chinese Consular Service was manned by a far better type, and there really was an organization to build on. He visited the treaty ports and Japan, and has much to say of interest about them all. H. S.

[NOTE.—As, owing to a printer's error, the last paragraphs of Sir Francis Aglen's review in Part I. of this volume of the JOURNAL were spoilt, he has kindly allowed us to reprint it in full.]

FOREIGN DIPLOMACY IN CHINA, 1894-1900. A Study in Political and Economic Relations with China. By Philip Joseph, LL.B. (McGill), Ph.D. (London). With an Introduction by Sir A. Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., LL.D. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6$. 458 pp. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 16s.

This book makes its appearance at an opportune moment. The cessation of civil war in China and the setting up of a Nationalist Government, which in outward appearance and aspiration controls the state, have been regarded by the world at large as the beginning of a new chapter in the history of China's international relations. To many this year 1928 marks one more of those clearly defined stages in China's progress towards the goal of a modern state since the year when Japan forced the China question on the world with such startling effect. Whether in the present state of Chinese politics, with no real solution of the conflict between military and civil authority in sight, this may not be too sanguine a view is perhaps open to question, but the breathing time afforded undoubtedly makes a retrospect, such as Dr. Joseph's book supplies, peculiarly appropriate. He will certainly be read with interest by a great many people who have no special acquaintance with Far Eastern affairs: he will be read with greater interest by all those who were residents in Peking during those eventful years; but it may be safely affirmed that he will be read by the Chinese themselves, either in original or in translation, with something more than interest. The history of the so-called Battle of the Concessions, as it is unfolded by Dr.

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Joseph with so much painstaking research into post-war documents, constitutes a case for China against the Foreign Powers that no amount of casuistical argument can defend. Resentment which has hitherto made the unequal treaties a slogan for attack will here find a surer and a safer target. It is a tale which has scarcely one redeeming feature. Never in the history of foreign diplomacy has there been exposure so complete.

The book has many merits and few blemishes. The arrangement is orderly, and it is written in a lucid and narrative form which guides the reader through all the mazes of negotiation, carried on simultaneously, not alone at Peking, but in London and in every capital of Europe. The task of the reviewer has to a great extent been forestalled by the admirable introduction written for the author by Sir Frederick Whyte. He lays emphasis on what, indeed, is the main thread of Dr. Joseph's argument—his apology for the British Government. Although in his preface he does not say so, the author has evidently been impressed by the attempts of various American publicists to represent the United States as the one white lamb in a diplomatic flock of the deepest black. All honour must, of course, be paid to Mr. Hay for his somewhat belated attempt to establish the principle of the Open Door. And, until he intervened, search may be made in vain in all the writings and speeches of contemporary foreign statesmen, from the marginal notes of the ex-Kaiser to electioneering utterances from British party platforms, for any suggestion that the welfare and interest of the Chinese people might properly be made the subject of debate. Nevertheless, Dr. Joseph shows very clearly that the Open Door did not originate with Mr. Hay. Great Britain, true to her policy of keeping channels and opportunities for her trade open throughout China's dominions, had from the outset endeavoured to assert the policy of the Open Door. And it was only when her isolation and preoccupation elsewhere made it impossible for her to prevail in the teeth of Russian, French, and German opposition, that, with reluctance, she adopted the modified policy of spheres of interest and was forced, step by step, to her final acquisition of territory. While this is made abundantly clear by Dr. Joseph, British subjects have no reason to contemplate with any special complacency or pride the achievements of British diplomacy during the orgy of claim and counterclaim at Peking with which the bewildered Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamên were bombarded. The British Minister of the day did his share of "table thumping," and if his bag of concessions was hardly so spectacular as that of neighbouring Legations, it was accepted as making an adequate showing in the profit and loss account of British prestige in China. Of these concessions, two were acclaimed with very general satisfaction by the public, though they were regarded with misgiving by the late Sir Robert Hart. The stipulation concerning the

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Inspector-Generalship of Customs was obviously double-edged, and this did not escape the cautious mind of the late Lord Salisbury. Those who were in China at the time were somewhat surprised by the interpolation of a demand for which there did not appear to be any special urgency. But the British Government's insistence is sufficiently explained by the fact that the Russians had put forward a demand not only for Sir Robert's dismissal but for the reversion of his official post. Although there was internal evidence pointing to the existence of this demand, and even to the personality of the successor whom the Russian Government had in view, it was not generally known. The Inland Waters Concession was a demand of quite another category. It was conceived on the broadest lines for the furtherance of British trade on the principle that trade will follow the flag. To the man in the street it seemed but a logical extension of the policy which had successfully battered down the doors of Chinese exclusiveness. At a moment when the break-up of China loomed largely in the imagination of the uninformed, a case could perhaps be made out for it as a means of preserving the integrity of China. But, in effect, it was one of the most serious encroachments on Chinese sovereignty that has ever been perpetrated, and it may be claimed that the appearance of the foreign flag on the inland waterways, providing ocular demonstration to intelligent but illiterate masses of foreign penetration over a widespread area, was one of the most potent causes of that stiffening opinion which, as Dr. Joseph shows, had for its first result determined opposition to any more foreign demands, and later exploded in the Boxer outbreak of 1900. With this demand to the credit of the British Government, it has always seemed strange that, in these later times and changed circumstances, eagerness to throw out ballast should have taken the form of relinquishing rights and interests secured by treaty, in preference to relinquishing a concession extorted as make-weight for loss of prestige, due to no arrogance of China, but merely to her weakness in the grip of powerful neighbours. And it is one of those little ironies, of which China alone seems capable of affording examples, that while Great Britain has been making almost pathetic attempts to rid herself of her only territorial acquisition from the Battle of the Concessions, a concession of no territorial significance, granted willingly by China for a particular purpose and secured by treaty of long standing, has been wrested from her in every circumstance damaging to her prestige.

A word may be said on the subject of the bibliography listed by Dr. Joseph. The first thought that will strike the reader is the wealth of the material gathered and the laborious research which examination of so large a number of documents must have demanded. Indeed, the author seems to suffer sometimes from an embarrassment of riches. This is not a reticent age, and it may well be that considerable light

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may be thrown on any given period by the self-revelation of contemporary memoirs and by State documents which but for post-war conditions would never have been accessible, but it is permissible to wonder whether too much importance may not sometimes be attached to opinions and inferences in documents of this kind.

Dr. Joseph has alluded in his preface to the absence of Japanese and Chinese state papers from his list. It is not to be supposed that the Japanese Government, with its almost meticulous care in the matter of documentation, has not preserved in secret archives a very complete record of these pregnant years. Perusal of those documents would provide an amazing commentary on contemporary international politics. But public opinion in Japan was, and is still, guided by very closely held leading strings, and the Japanese Government is wont to confront the people with accomplished facts rather than with the explanation of them. It will probably be many years before such illuminating documents as the British Command Papers of 1897 and 1898 will be laid before the Japanese public. Japanese statesmen, too, display in their public utterances a reticence which would be impossible in this country.

In the case of China, records of a kind may possibly exist in the archives handed down from the Tsung-li-Yamên, although elaborate note-taking was never a feature of important diplomatic interviews. Chinese ministers under the dynasty were never eager to place themselves on record in matters connected with foreign diplomacy. The result of Yamên interviews was generally reported by word of mouth at Imperial audiences, and it was only when negotiations had reached conclusion that they were submitted in memorial form. One of the most curious effects in the art of face saving was to be seen in the Government's habitual attitude towards foreign questions. The Tsung-li-Yamên was a very Cinderella among the Boards, and it was not until near the close of the Imperial régime that it was given full status. Its ministers derived their chief importance from their position in one or other of the six Boards. Allusion to foreign affairs was extremely rare in the pages of the *Peking Gazette*, which at that time was practically the only medium for public enlightenment. State papers in the modern sense were entirely unknown.

Matter for serious criticism of the contents of Dr. Joseph's work, of which the merits are so obvious, is singularly wanting. In the light, however, of present-day knowledge of Chinese finance, it is difficult to follow him in the conclusion recorded in the opening chapter, headed "Commercial Privileges," even when apparently fortified by an authority so eminent as Dr. H. B. Morse, that fiscal arrangements introduced by the Treaties restricted the growth of Chinese revenue, and that the new fiscal machinery imposed by foreign governments disorganized the internal fiscal organization of China. By introducing

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order, method, and strict impartiality in the conduct of China's foreign trade the treaties were instrumental in promoting growth of revenue. A Maritime Customs collection, which doubled itself in little more than two decades, is no evidence of restriction, and it is incontestable that in purely Chinese hands this growth would have been unattainable. It is true that the advent of the Maritime Customs, taking its place in the Chinese system as essentially a state institution, was regarded with misgiving by the higher provincial authorities, but this was rather from its implications than from any adverse effect it had upon provincial finance. In those days when state revenue was to a considerable extent receivable in kind, and when provincial exchequers, subject to the remittance of inconsiderable sums in bullion for Court purposes, were practically autonomous, the creation of a department, which recorded receipts in cash instead of conventional estimates, naturally gave food for thought of a disquieting nature. Since, however, all revenue, including the Maritime Customs collection, flowed in the first instance into provincial treasuries, Maritime Customs receipts, remaining in provincial hands, actually provided a sure and steadily increasing income. It was their liability to be called to the uttermost "cash" that aroused provincial misgivings. Until 1895 China's financial machinery may be said to have been adequate for the task it had to perform. Disorganization was caused by the war indemnities to Japan, and more especially by the Boxer indemnity, with their accompaniment of loan services and fixed period payments.

One slight error may be noticed in conclusion. In a list of railways, cited as having been constructed, Dr. Joseph mentions the section Ichang to Wanhsien (p. 331). In anyone who has recently trodden the grass-grown, derelict platform of the Ichang terminus this statement will provoke a smile.

Dr. Joseph has promised the public a work to which this book under review is merely the introduction. If this foretaste be any criterion, the larger work will be awaited with eagerness and read with interest by all to whom the Chinese question is one of the most serious problems of the time.

FRANCIS A. AGLEN.

MODERN CHINESE CIVILIZATION. By Dr. A. F. Legendre. Translated from the French by Elsie Martin Jones. (London: Jonathan Cape, 30, Bedford Street, W.C. 2.)

Dr. Legendre was for twenty years teacher and latterly director in the Imperial School of Medicine at Chengtufu, now officially styled Chengtu, as some years ago the term of "Fu" (prefecture) was abolished.

The book was written in 1926, since when there have been great political changes. Civil warfare has died down (though still smoulder-

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ing), the capital has been changed from Peking to Nanking, the Manchurian War Lord and his two most powerful generals have been killed, new treaties have been evolved, Nationalism has got the upper hand of Russian Soviet control, and the new Customs Tariff has been agreed to by all the Powers.

During his time in Chengtu the good doctor evidently had his notebook ever ready at hand to jot down all he saw, and the result is on the whole pleasingly accurate as far as his observations on the Chinese people, their homes, methods of living, and arts and industries are concerned.

From the time that Williams' "Middle Kingdom" was published sixty years ago, itself a regular Thesaurus of information on all these subjects, there has been a never-failing supply of books on China, the authors of which nearly all find such a wealth of quaint ways in the life of the Oriental that they cannot refrain from describing it. Unlike some of these books, "Modern Chinese Civilization" cannot be accused of plagiarism, and even those of us who are familiar with the subject will find it refreshingly readable.

Few there be who will have any quarrel with Dr. Legendre's personal observations, and those who do not know China can feel that what they are reading is set forth in an un-exaggerated manner, and is typically true of life in the greater part of inland China today.

The volume begins with some general considerations which deal with the impossibility of China being able to change abruptly its long patriarchal period for a modern democratic system,

"as if the ideas and impressions dating from thousands of years could dissolve in a day and make room for a new civilization fundamentally foreign—the civilization of very advanced peoples, infinitely more so than the Chinese masses."

The author says that in order to transform a people and to effect an organic change in a race it is not enough to fly the Republican flag, and he hopes in his book to foreshadow the consequences of such a delusion.

He shows that while the land is fertile, famines from drought and floods have been far too prevalent, and are largely due to deep-rooted agricultural errors, so that now there is partial ruin as a violation of the most sacred conditions. The real China he describes, such as she has been for thousands of years and still is today, away from the Treaty Ports,

"is riddled with extreme poverty because of the biological characteristics of the people, dread of effort and fatalism, the latter a tendency of weak races who are disquieted by the struggle for life."

No Chinese seems to live further than his present necessities, the needs of his ancestors (to procreate descendant sons) and his own

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and this does not in his eyes justify any effort directed towards the future.

"Never has a country undergone so many revolutions, civil wars, and wholesale massacres. Apart from certain brilliant periods, which have been as rare as they were short, the whole history is lamentable and painful. If this worm-eaten Empire has survived up to last century, it may be affirmed that its continuance has been due to its great distance from Europe and to the mutual jealousies of the Powers."

The last sentence of this quotation would find little acquiescence among Chinese. It takes no account of the fundamental antagonism between Eastern and Western civilization and the ignorance and often contempt of the one for the other. The mutual jealousies and aggressions of the Powers have brought nothing but trouble in China, which, left to itself, would never have sought intercourse with the West.

Let us cite the Anglo-French expedition of 1869 with its looting of the Summer Palace, Russian aggression in Manchuria, England's so-called Opium Wars, and the German occupation of Kiaochow, which all left China with sores that have never properly healed. "Spheres of influence" in China once bid fair to cause endless international trouble until the whole question had to be abandoned by the Powers during the reign of the late Empress Dowager.

The author confirms this when he states that

"today, hatred of the foreigner still remains the peculiar expression of Chinese nationality and of that racial pride which has never ceased to consider foreigners as barbarians to be thrust out by every possible means."

At the back of the whole recent wave of Nationalism there is a deep current of anti-foreignism; not so much racial as a feeling that the foreigner has done well for himself and got a lot of the good things of the country, and if he were pushed aside the good things would fall into Chinese hands. This anti-foreignism is one of the strongest incentives to the Nationalist movement.

Dr. Legendre says the Chinese "want to get rid of all Imperialists —of English, French, Americans, and Japanese"—and asks: "What will be the result?" His answer is, "Undoubtedly a new yoke heavier and more brutal than any other—that of Moscow—upheld by a Germany which is resuming its advance towards the East."

Since this somewhat contentious conclusion was made the danger of the threatened yoke of Moscow has been removed by the late Marshal Chang Tso Lin's raid on the Russian Embassy at Peking, which revealed and thereby annulled, as did the Arcos raid in England, the cankerous workings of the Bolsheviks.

The chapter on the Chinese character is the outcome of close observation and adequately reflects the psychology of the people. The latter part of the book deals with China's ethnical characteristics and the

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results arising from twenty years of observation and from his travels through 12,500 miles of the country.

The chief facts of his researches are that all over China there exist two clearly distinguishable human types: one of white race, frequently of Semitic or Assyrian type; the other frankly negroid. Between these two extreme types

"it is impossible to constitute one or more biological units, yellows or browns, because of the lack of a group of common characteristics which would definitely isolate such units from the black and white types."

This is another way of saying what is already well known—viz., that the Chinese people spring from two roots: (1) the Ideal Mongolic Type, and (2) the Ideal Caucasic Type; and that both these races have got very much mixed up, though there still remain in various localities aboriginal tribes and sub-tribes occupying large districts in many parts of the country, who have held their own against the Chinese, and who have their own chiefs, languages, customs and manners.

The doctor's personal observations, which he claims are original, do not do more than confirm the data already noted in Keene's "Asia," edited by Sir R. Temple, and Shirokogoroff's long and technical researches.

With regard to the sciences, he gives little credit to the Chinese for originality and real creative work in art and science. Even the Chinese astronomical system, which dates from the very ancient Hsia Dynasty, is quoted as being an evident application of the Indo-Iranian cosmological system, and the merit of the discovery of gunpowder is attributed to the Greek fire of the Byzantine Greeks.

The rest of the book, including a chapter on Young China, has a number of unpleasant "home truths" in it, and unfortunately for China many are only too true. They bring the author to his final chapter on the Future of China, and the summation of his twenty-five years indicates that we should still for some time to come shoulder the white man's burden in the Far East, no matter how little the Chinese may like it.

"I do not hesitate to declare that the problem of the establishment of order and peace, an indispensable condition of all economic transformation, is insoluble for the Chinaman unaided: he has neither the will nor the capacity, nor the technical and financial means, to set about it. Modern organization, political and economic, recently introduced, is manifestly too complex for a Chinese brain. It is a question of evolution which cannot be solved overnight."

The same might be said of the Indian today, who, in spite of our long years of British rule, is showing that the cry of "India for the Indians" is as futile as "China for the Chinese."

The translation has been well done by Elsie Martin Jones. Mr.

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Jonathan Cape, as publisher, might have seen to it that British readers should be treated to the Chinese names and terms according to the Romanized Wade system, instead of that of the French, which is quite different. The book has many of these orthographical errors. The well-known "Christian" General Feng Yu Hsiang is called Feng Ya Hsiang in one place, and Feng Tu Hsiang in others; while the late President Yuan Shih Kai is called Yuan Che Kai, and the progressive Governor of Shansi, Yen Hsi Shan, is described as Yen Han Shan.

Eul Fang, a side house, is the French way of pronouncing Erh Fang, and Wen Chang (literature) is given as Ouen Tchang, and there is no lack of other examples which are only confusing and of no use to English readers.

Taken as a whole "Modern Chinese Civilization" can be read with interest and profit by anyone wishing to gain further insight to the many whys and wherefores of the present-day Chinese problem.

G. DOUGLAS GRAY, M.D.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN CHINA. By T'ang Leang-li. With a Preface by Wang Ching-Wei. $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 8''$. Pp. x + 290. (Published by Noel Douglas.) Price 12s. 6d.

Mr. T'ang Leang-li, an ardent protagonist of the Kuo Min Tang, divides his volume into three parts. In the first he describes "The Celestial Empire"; in the second "The New China"; and in the third "The Attitude of the West." He appends an annotated bibliography.

If Mr. T'ang is spokesman for a large number of his countrymen—and presumably he is—it behoves Western lovers of China to read his book with attention. No friend of China could have imagined that so prejudiced and sweeping an indictment of all non-Chinese races (with the qualified exception of Soviet Russia) could be made. He can but be stunned as he reads, and can but ask: "Is this ideal but downtrodden State so movingly described in truth the China I have seen? Are these rapidly developing masses the simple peasants I have known? Is it true that the only difficulties in China are the result of 'the inhuman treatment of Chinese labour by foreign capitalism under the system of extraterritorial jurisdiction'? Why, if nothing that the West produces is good, does Mr. T'ang desire that his people follow in the pathway the West has worn?"

It is truly a most puzzling book. Facts are ignored, misstated, and distorted to prove the main thesis of Mr. T'ang's argument, which is an impassioned denunciation of Western traders, politicians, missionaries, and educationists; no attempt at an analysis of the complicated causes which have resulted in so much friction between the East and West is made. There is no suggestion that a beam may with

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propriety be sought in one's own eye: Mr. T'ang concentrates his attention entirely upon the mote in the eye of his Western brother. He blames the "foreigners" for not mixing with the Chinese, but does not explain that the indigenous social structure entirely precluded social intercourse. He condemns the European in Shanghai for building houses for the Chinese to live in, for enticing them to the Settlement, but gives no account of the causes which during a rebellion brought about an influx of refugees from the Chinese city—refugees who were thankful to live under a municipality where the taxes were devoted to local improvement.

His critical notes to the bibliography are an excellent index of his historical treatment. Referring to that standard work, "The International Relations of China," by H. B. Morse, he says, "the facts must not be taken at their face value"; while that extraordinarily fair exposition, "China and the Powers," by H. K. Norton, is described as the "mouthpiece of American capitalism." Several times in the course of the narrative Mr. T'ang expresses the hope that close relations with the U.S.S.R. may be resumed.

Refutation and argument are idle in the face of vituperation. The book is an excellent example of that frenzy of self-pity which is, of all moods, the most worthless to mankind, and in which the intelligentzia of Asia is especially prone to indulge. Curiously enough, pity is not extended to the miserable population of China who suffer taxation and abuse to "make a politician's holiday." The Kuo Min Tang may—it is to be hoped that it eventually will—produce an ideal state; meanwhile, in many of the famine-racked provinces of the country they hope to rule, although Mr. T'ang Leang-li does not hint that misery exists, "Chang is eating Li's son."

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GALLIPOLI. By Hans Kannengiesser. With 28 Illustrations and 3 Maps. Hutchinson. Price 21s.

In delaying publication of his Gallipoli experiences until this date, General Kannengiesser occupies the possibly desirable position of saying the last word. It is unlikely that anyone from among our late opponents will be found to add anything further, or more fully, or with a closer adherence to fact. His opportunities for narrating events accurately have been exceptional. On the outbreak of war he was employed under Marshal Liman von Sanders at the Turkish War Office. He was fully conversant with all that was going on. Liman, like the wise man he was, did not at once denude the War Office of all the most able staff officers, as did our High Command. He insisted on Kannengiesser remaining at his post instead of rushing off to the fighting zone. The author therefore was not present at The Landing on

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April 25, but on the 26th Liman wired for him. On the way to Kilia he very narrowly escaped being torpedoed by a British submarine. Almost the first man he met on landing was Kemal, whom he thus describes ". . . a clear-thinking, active, quiet man, who knew what he wanted. He weighed and decided everything for himself without looking elsewhere for support or agreement to his opinions . . . he did not appear to be very strong bodily, although extremely wiry. His stubborn energy gave him apparently complete control both of his troops and of himself." An excellent little pen-picture, that, of the Ghazi, and one typical of the soldier-like, clear way of writing that is consistent throughout the book.

Early in May, Kannengiesser received orders to join the staff of the 9th Division near Krithia, as adviser to Colonel Sami Bey, the Divisional Commander. Sami Bey, he says, "was a man of comfortable, passive nature, mostly to be found in his tent, which lay much too far backwards in the neighbourhood of the field hospital." The attack of June 4 upset poor Sami considerably. Kannengiesser was anxious about the line giving at one stage and moved his headquarters further up towards the front, at the same time sending for Sami. "He did not come," the General remarks; "on the contrary, in a few minutes, we saw the whole staff in full gallop toward his tent, the sparks flying from their horses' hoofs. There was nothing left for me to do," he continues, "but to follow." After that incident he felt he could no longer collaborate with Sami. In fact, he succeeded him.

Whilst disembarkation was taking place at Suvla on August 7, he received orders to occupy the Sari Bair heights dominating the Anzac position, and whilst up there, watching the leisurely proceedings on the Suvla beaches, enemy infantry suddenly appeared 500 yards to his front. As luck would have it for him, he quickly collected two companies of passing infantry and, with their aid, managed to hold on to the position. This incident serves to illustrate by what a narrow margin were our efforts separated from success. That day he was wounded, getting a bullet wound in the middle of the chest, close to the heart. "Most annoying," he says. He was evacuated to Constantinople, but continues the story of the operations, so preserving the sequence of the narrative for his German readers. He was back again at the Front by the end of the second week in September and assumed command of the XIV. Corps.

As time went on and news filtered in from Athens, the Turko-German Command had to decide whether they were being faced with a withdrawal preparatory to a fresh attack elsewhere, or whether there was to be a complete evacuation. He refers to the preparations being made at this stage for a great attack on the part of the Turks in which they were to use gas. Such an experiment would probably have

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recoiled on the Turk in view of the direction of the prevailing wind and their ineffective means of anti-gas protection. In October he contracted an attack of paratyphoid instead, and again had to be evacuated, but this hardened soldier was back again at his headquarters within a few weeks.

He tells the story of the withdrawal from the Peninsula very well. He admits he was considerably mystified by what was going on, and when, at 3 a.m. on December 20-21, it was reported to him that "two great lanterns" had been lighted on Suvla beach, he could not determine whether this was a signal for a large-scale attack or not. He could not determine in which direction troops in lighters were being conveyed. It was not till 5.30 a.m. that his patrols discovered that the bird had flown and that the trenches were empty. At that hour, General Maude and his staff were peaceably being embarked on to their launch, so much so in fact, that the General insisted on a distinguished member of this Society returning to the office and bringing off a hurricane lamp which had been forgotten. On the Turkish side, however, matters were not so quiet ". . . mines continually detonated around us and still cost many unnecessary lives. I took with me five Arabs and sent them ahead to look for mines. My Staff had never remained so respectfully behind me." But why were the lives "unnecessary"?

The above gives a summary of the events he records in this most interesting book. As he says: ". . . never in the course of the world's history has a campaign been fought, so rich in dramatic pictures of different types of warfare, which, in spite of its wealth of incidents, has been compressed into such narrow limits of time and space." In giving us a general picture of the battles, not from the point of view of military science only, the General has done his work satisfactorily. The writing of the book throughout is vivid and arresting. His descriptions of scene and operation alike are simple yet graphic. He reviews the story fairly and in a soldier-like spirit. He pays his tribute to the courage and tenacity of his enemy as well as to the grit of the simple, hard Anatolian soldiers whom he had to command. It is not to be said that he throws any new light on either the political or on the military situation. In order to maintain a consecutive narrative, he has been compelled to consult the writings of others, British as well as German, but his book does not suffer on that account.

Major Ball, the translator, who served throughout the campaign with the 29th Division, has, on the whole, done his work well, though there are times when he has not been able to get away from making his rendering stilted through adhering too closely to the German construction. Had the Muirs translated Feuchtwanger in this fashion the British public would not so readily have fallen to *Jew Süss*. After all, even in

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German, there exist particles which may not be split from their infinitive verbs. D. S.

SIBERIAN DAYS. By Algernon Noble. 5¾ × 9. Pp. 223. Photographs. Witherby. 1928. 12s. 6d.

After reading this book one is inclined to say "What a nuisance revolutions are!" Here is a vast and practically virgin country only awaiting development, able to support a large population, but requiring transport facilities to become one of the great metal-producing portions of the globe. The writer travelled and prospected in Siberia before the war of 1914, and this book is really of more use for the miner than for the ordinary reader, though the latter will find many chapters of interest, especially those who are interested in wild animal life—a bag of 2,600 snakes in a fortnight is amazing and probably a record.

Mr. Noble made full uses of the local products to house himself and his workmen, even to the extent of plastering the walls and ceilings with locally obtained gypsum, and was finally successful in obtaining a sufficient stock of hay and fuel to see him through the severe winter.

The second half of the book deals with gold-mining in Northern Siberia, where he was once offered the chance to buy a mammoth, another offer he rejected was to buy a gold-mine which afterwards became very valuable, and yet a third time a bag of sapphires.

The country from the Caspian to the Alaska Sea seems to offer great opportunities for the adventurous, but with the present unsettled state of government there is "nothing doing." W. B.

DESERT BLADES. By Estore. 5¼ × 7½. Pp. 254. Matthews and Marrots. 1928. 7s. 6d.

"Estore" seems to have had a partiality for seeking trouble and amazing luck in getting out with a whole skin. His stories range through Iraq, Southern India, the North-West Frontier, and Baluchistan, though sometimes his description of frontier lands is so vague as to be annoying. He is a great admirer of the trained Indian soldier and equally detests the untrustworthy and vindictive Arab. The wiles of political officers in lonely stations make interesting reading, but he has little respect for the methods of the modern civilian and is ruthless in his criticism of the new Indian-born officials who are "educated beyond their capacity for learning, overrating present evils, and incapable of distinguishing what is visionary and what is substantial." W. B.

LEIPZIG TO CABUL. By G. Stratil-Sauer; translated by Frederic Whyte. With fifty illustrations. (Hutchinson.) Price 18s.

In one of his letters Dr. Sauer describes himself, rather pleasantly, as a "geographer"—that is, we take it, as one who interests himself in

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the science of the earth's form, physical features, climate, population, etc. It was principally in this capacity, though secondarily, in order to pay expenses, as a salesman and advertiser of German goods, that he set off to journey from Leipzig to Cabul. This book forms the record of his trip, and in it is set forth his adventures, which, it will be seen, were by no means of a commonplace variety. In fact, we may say that had he designed a tour through the Middle East in which adventures were to be guaranteed, he could not have selected (*a*) a more likely route on which to encounter them, or (*b*) a more inconvenient means of transport. As regards the last item, the author chose a motor-cycle. It is true that there remain only a few rare spots on the world's face where the motor-car is still an object of curiosity, but the motor-bicycle yet has the power of bringing a small thrill no doubt to the youth of Turkey, Persia, or Afghanistan.

Dr. Sauer travelled (not by cycle) from Leipzig to Constantinople, where he was held up for about six weeks. Thence by sea he proceeded to Trebizond, and in this home of rest, well snowed up, he remained for a few months. Perhaps at the end of this time he had come to realize that mid-winter is no time in which to travel by any form of land transport either in Turkey or in Persia. Eventually, his orological difficulties having become lessened by the melting of the snows, he pushed on via Baiburt to Erzeroum. From here to Kars he still stuck to the road, in spite of the counter-attraction of the narrow-gauge railway running alongside. In Kars, as in Erzeroum, there is always a shortage of wood fuel, which the onset of winter is apt to make the traveller realize to the full. The inhabitants, however, undismayed, get over this difficulty by demolishing empty houses, of which there is still a full supply. But the Doctor was by now nice and warm in the valley of the Araxes, and was, in fact, able, almost, to keep himself cool by maintaining a moderate speed along the broad highway that runs to Erivan and Julfa. We are thus in what the author and his translator insist on calling Aserbeidschan, and it would seem that he appreciates the amenities of the land as little as we do his translator's way of spelling that old friend of a portion of the British army—Azerbaijan. We also assume that his reference to the Gotschka Lake means Lake Sevanga or Geukche. From now on his route is easy to follow: the road, still a broad one, conforms to the line of the Araxes, with Ararat standing well out on his right hand, until he comes to Dschulfa, which we may identify as Julfa. Here he has to cross the river by the old Persian bridge, and at last he is on Persian soil. From now onwards we are at least freed from the necessity of having to face a Teuto-Turkish system of orthography, which to the English ear is not even phonetic.

Instead of following the railway to Tabriz, Dr. Sauer made a slight

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diversion westward to Khoi, and in attempting to regain the main road at Marand nearly came to grief through lack of water. He made a picnic visit to Lake Urmia, the setting of which he admires as much as does your reviewer. Thence to Tehran his route is conventional, and his difficulties were chiefly mechanical. At one time, on this stretch, he must have come very near to losing his way, as he says "the iron poles of the *Eastern* Telegraph Company showed him his direction." "Via Indo-" would possibly have proved a shorter cut.

Now comes the great switch. Dr. Sauer does not tell us by what route he had intended entering Afghanistan. Possibly he had thought of going via Herat, or up the Helmand valley, or even of persuading the Bolshies to allow him to travel via Merv, and so get on to the main road running through Termez; but, anyway, at Tabriz he got the usual telegram forbidding all these interesting alternatives. It seems as if the whole world is so disgracefully governed today, or that each little part of it thinks that all the rest is, so that hardly any national dare allow a stranger to peep inside and see what is going on; whilst the very air is so hot, what with peace and pacts all about, that all military and political moves must be carried out in complete secrecy. In these circumstances the unfortunate Doctor was forced to continue his journey from Tehran to Cabul by so prosaic a route as through Hamadan, Bagdad, Basra, the Persian Gulf, Karachi, and Peshawar. They would not even let him get out at Lahore! However, on the way he had time to notice the Anglo-Persian oil works on the left bank of what he calls the *Shatelmandeb*! From Peshawar onwards his route again may have been conventional—*i.e.*, over the Khyber and through Nimla to Cabul, but the incidents were at least uncommon and far-reaching in their consequences. Already, in the environs of Trebizond, he had come within measurable distance of being murdered, but in this instance he had succeeded in stunning his assailant with a blow on the head from a heavy camera. Here he escaped the peril of the attack and the consequences of his defence, whereas within thirty miles of Cabul matters worked out differently. The noise of his machine caused a horse to bolt, and in due course its rider got thrown. The author, with that guilelessness which occasionally characterizes the more polite German, was so utterly foolish as to stop, in order to help the indifferent and sorely shaken rider to his feet. This was in Afghanistan, remember! Naturally, no question of a mutual apology had a chance of arising. On the frontier such things are managed otherwise. Fortunately for Dr. Sauer, the Ghazi took an unexpectedly long time in "drawing a bead" on the disturber of his peace—long enough in fact for the Doctor to realize that it was going to be a question of quick shooting. Out came a handy revolver and down went the Ghazi with a bullet through his shoulder. On arrival in Cabul, after

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that, we cannot believe that Dr. Sauer could have been a popular visitor when he reported his misfortune at the German Legation. He was advised to quit the country, but it was too late. He was hauled back to Cabul and flung into jail. Meanwhile the Ghazi died of his wound. Dr. Sauer spent nine months in his Afghan prison. He was tried for murder. Had he been a professional Chicago gunman the legal process could not have been more involved or more protracted. Whilst all this is going on, we are treated to extracts from the author's diary, many of them, naturally, not entirely free from hysteria. To our mind, this is not the most interesting part of the book.

From the above it will be seen that the work divides itself into three sections. In the first the author tells us vividly of scenes in some of the lesser known parts of North Anatolia. The old Trebizond-Tabriz road, 500 miles in length, used to be better known to Europeans than it is now. Curzon described it in his meticulous way in about 1890. But before the war it was more or less a regular carriage route, and it was always an important caravan highway, for, travelling this road, the Russian customs were avoided. In the second section, that part which includes his Persian experiences, he has nothing new to tell us. In fact, all the standard Persian travel books are to be preferred, if only for the reason that the Doctor spoke no Persian, and although Turkish is well understood by the better educated in Western Persia, the author was apparently in no position to profit by it, as his knowledge of that language was merely colloquial. We can well believe that the third section, dealing with his disastrous Afghan experiences, is more thrilling to the writer than of interest to the general public.

The book therefore gives the impression of uneven interest. At times the story lacks detail and at others it is overwhelmed with it. We must admit, however, that the duller parts are illustrated by some very beautiful photographs, especially those of Anatolian scenery, and in this connection the Doctor was unfortunate, too, in losing his Persian pictures.

With the exception of the transliteration of Turkish and Persian words and of certain geographical names, to which reference already has been made, the translation work from the German has very capably been carried out by Mr. Frederic Whyte, the rendering being very easy and set out in a most readable style. D. S.

THE SOUL OF CHINA. By Richard Wilhelm. The text translated by John Holroyd Reece; the poems by Arthur Waley. $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$. 382 pp. Jonathan Cape. 15s.

That the increase in facility of communication has revolutionized the modern world is a remark so trite as to be scarcely worth the utterance,

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yet the implication lingering behind the utterance is, as yet, barely realized. If inter-communication between the proverbial ends of the earth be established, the inhabitants of those two ends must perforce learn mutual comprehension—a long and painful task demanding the by no means universal qualities of application, sympathy, imagination, and tolerance.

Probably imagination is, of all four qualities, the least easy to command. It is so incalculably difficult to imagine a social system different from one's own; one with a different code of morals, a different outlook on life, and, most important of all, a different sense of values; one which is nevertheless a system, not merely a manner of living, and one which has stood the buffeting of ages. Yet it can, and must, be done.

Take the case of China; her inhabitants number approximately a quarter of the world's population; her confines, stretching to the four points, cover a territory in which Europe could easily be deposited; her literature is probably the most voluminous extant, her art universal in its appeal; yet the ideals supporting her social structure are but dimly understood. Such a state of affairs should not persist, nor is there any reason that it should. Interpreters, although few, exist, and among them none is more inspired than Richard Wilhelm. That he has had unique opportunity may be said; that he has made unique use of such opportunity must be added. Called to China to the newly formed Germany colony at Tsingtao at the turn of the century, he saw what was then considered the unchanging East. For twenty-five years and more he watched the "changeless" change with bewildering rapidity, and yet his vision has discerned a certain continuity, a thread of logical development which has prevented the wheel of transmutation from whirling into space. Two points, however, must be kept in mind when reading this description of the land so long described as the Central Flowery State.

Firstly, the book describes the "indigenous soul of the people"—if one may so express oneself; a soul which ceased to develop on indigenous lines when, in 1905, by a stroke of the writing-brush, the Confucian culture was abolished as a foundation to the State.

Secondly, the book was written several years ago; it appeared in Germany early in 1926, and it is obvious that the writer has not witnessed the cataclysmic events of the last two years. His point of view in regard to modern affairs is that held by the great majority of thinking people until the end of 1926; I found it freely expressed by all classes of the community on reaching Shanghai in the autumn of that year. It is a point of view later falsified by facts. Be that as it may, the value of Dr. Wilhelm's book lies in the extraordinarily vivid picture it gives of conditions during the years he spent in China, of the years packed with incident which brought experience of infinite variety,

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brought intercourse with the sages of old China, with princes of the Manchu house who, when revolution made their position untenable in Peking, took refuge within the colony; with the Japanese, who at the outbreak of the World War besieged the place; with the terrified Chinese multitudes who fled; and through this kaleidoscopic experience Dr. Wilhelm trod with even step, always observant, always sympathetic, tolerant, and imaginative.

The zest, too, for travel possessed him, and he accomplished journeys to many places seldom visited by strangers from the West, seeing each with a comprehensive and discriminating eye. The web of Chinese life with its intricate strands was unfolded as he watched, and one by one he followed the strands through the warp and weft of village experience. This unravelling results in a fascinating record, as varied and as vivid as it is sincere and accurate; country life as it follows the calendar, well punctuated by festival pilgrimages to holy sites carried out in simple faith; visits to cave temples on northern boundaries, to magic gardens in southern mountains; beggars, thieves, and robbers; missionaries and their struggles; occultism and religious movements; Chinese reforms; the Revolution, and an analysis of social intercourse are among the subjects treated in a forceful style.

A curious error has crept in. On page 234 Dr. Wilhelm says: "English opium ships carried the first Protestant missionaries to China." Now it is well known that the English regulations regarding missionary travel were very strict, and his statement is not in accordance with fact. Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, wrote on December 23, 1806, to his brother Thomas as follows:

"You must understand that none of our missionaries can go out to India in an English vessel without the express leave of the East India Company. Their leave was solicited for the Baptist missionaries who are now at Serampore, and they refused it. Our missionaries who are now in India went out in foreign neutral vessels. Our Society never asked their leave, but now think of doing so for me."

This permission was not granted, and Robert Morrison was obliged to travel to China via New York. This route was adopted by other early missionaries.

A word, too, of protest must be entered in regard to the utter chaos which exists in the transliteration of Chinese names. These are spelt throughout the book in complete disregard of existing systems. It is essential, if comprehension of China is to grow in the West, that publishers make a stand in this important matter; that they demand of their authors care in following some recognized scheme. The system most widely used is of course that known as the "Wade" system; the principal dictionaries are compiled according to its tenets.

"The Soul of China" is translated from the German in a convincing

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style ; it is a record in no sense academic, but tingles with the actuality of experience, an experience which has convinced Dr. Wilhelm that in the period we are now entering, East and West alike must contribute their quota to world development. He says :

"If we sum up, we find that Chinese culture reveals an ideal essentially bent upon harmony, and closely tied to reasonableness in the organization of the cosmos and society. . . .

"If we enquire what China, with the rich inheritance of the past, has to offer us, it is hardly possible to suppress the view that the maintenance of China into the modern era is of positively providential significance for the development of mankind. . . .

It is in this sense that Chinese wisdom is the cure and salvation of modern Europe. Curious as it may sound, the old Chinese philosophy and wisdom possess the power of childishness. Old as the Chinese people is, there is nothing servile about it, but it lives in that spirit of innocence peculiar to children. The innocence is far removed from ignorance or primitiveness. It is the innocence of the man who is anchored in the deepest depths of the being, there where springs of life well up."

With this opinion I am in full agreement. Some eighteen months ago an impulsive American friend said to me: "What can America do for China? We are a generous people who long to help others." "By realizing what you can learn from China—the real China," was my reply, received with a look of blank amazement.

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH.

A HISTORY OF PERSIAN NAVIGATION. By Hadi Hasan. Methuen and Co. 1928. £5 net.

This beautifully printed, magnificently illustrated, and well written work, by the Professor of Persian in the Muslim University of Aligarh, is a most valuable contribution to a historical phase of Persian commercial activity which has been almost wholly ignored by European chroniclers. Writer after writer has declared that the Persian dreaded and abhorred the sea: Lord Curzon treated the Persian navy as a subject for mirth ; even Sir Percy Sykes sees in Persian navigation almost a contradiction in terms. Yet those whose daily tasks bring us into close touch with the Persians of the Gulf littoral, are not unaware that the pilots who board all steamers at the bar on behalf of the Basrah Port Authority are almost all Persians of Kharag origin, that Persians as well as Arabs man and manage sailing and motor craft all over the Gulf and in all weathers ; and it is not Arabs but Persians who were the principal offenders in Arms Traffic days and are still the most successful in evading the watchful eye of the Imperial Customs on the Persian coast. The writer himself has met many Persians who have served for years at a time as deck hands and stokers on British ships in

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Eastern waters and even as far as Cardiff, where one, at least, had a wife and children; he was a man of Qishm. When Nearchus sought a pilot, in B.C. 326, it was on the Persian coast that he found one, and without difficulty. The evidence of everyday experience contradicts the verdict of historians, but not, as Hadi Hasan conclusively demonstrates, that of history. It was Darius, a Persian, who sent ships, manned by his own men, from the Indus to Suez, and in his day Persian admirals commanded the Persian fleet and conquered the Mediterranean Islands, at first defeating the Greeks, but at last defeated by Themistocles, when the fate of Europe was decided, who shall say for the better?

Persian ships, in later centuries, opened the way to China, enabled Persians to conquer Oman and overrun the Hejaz, and even, in the sixth century, Ceylon.

The points of the Arabic compass are largely Persian: the word *jah* in Qutbal Jah is the Persian *gah*; the word *tir* in Mutla'al Tir or E.S.E. is the fourth month of the Persian solar year and the planet Mercury, just as the word *sulbar* in Mutla'al Sulbar or W.S.W. is equivalent of the Persian *sarbar* and represents the star Centauri; the very Arabic word for "a point of the compass," *khann*, is an abbreviation of the Persian *khana*. These facts tend to confirm the evidence of history that the Persians were first on the water, and were followed by the Arabs, who, living in an inhospitable land, found, like the denizens of the bleak island in which this journal is published, that they must travel in order to live.

The book is too costly to be widely read, but it will undoubtedly for years to come be a mine of information for students of Persia.

A. T. W.

OBITUARY

THE Council very much regret the loss within the last six weeks of five very valuable members—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Mrs. Beveridge, Captain Eccles, Mrs. Whitwell, and Mrs. Starkie. Obituary notices have already appeared in *The Times*.

Captain Eccles, one of the younger members, whose career was most promising, was writing an account of his recent journey in the Elburz Mountains to the stronghold of the Assasins for this number of the Journal. His sudden death after an operation is a great loss to his many friends in Arabia and Persia and to the Society.

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NOTES

NEW Russian and German air services are rapidly opening up Central Asia and Siberia to quick and regular intercourse with Europe, as the following account shows:

NEW GERMAN AIR LINE TO CENTRAL SIBERIA

In 1926, it will be remembered, the German Lufthansa sent two large aeroplanes on a trial flight via Russia and Siberia to Peking.

Following on this successful flight, the Lufthansa entered into negotiations with the Soviet Government for the organization of a regular line of air communications with the Far East, and the project was taken up and considered most carefully by both parties. Various difficulties arose, however, and the scheme was not put into immediate operation.

The Russian flying company "Dobrolyot" is now organizing a regular aeroplane service between Moscow and Novorossisk. The German Lufthansa is co-operating with them in this, and has already made a few flights with passengers over the area in question. The organization of these German flights has been entrusted to Herr Joachim von Schroeder, a member of the headquarters staff of the Lufthansa.

On Monday, August 27, the Hansa plane "Ural" took off from the Tempelhofer aerodrome in Berlin at twenty minutes past midnight. Herr von Schroeder was in command with two companions. Moscow was reached at ten minutes past ten the same morning. From here the flight was continued via Kazan-Sverdlovsk-Omsk-Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk, where the plane landed safely at 10.15 a.m. on August 30.

The distance flown, some 4,062 miles, was covered in less than three and a half days, with an average daily stage of nine flying hours, and with a speed ranging up to 112 miles per hour.

The flight is said to have made a good impression on both the Russian authorities and the local population, who are said to have been much impressed by the arrival of German machines so far afield as in Central Siberia.—*Mitropa Zeitung*, No. 234.

German enterprise had also secured a contract for running the air services in Afghanistan for the duration of forty years.

A new service will be opened on May 1 across Russia to Baku (Oukrosdoubpout, Moscow, Tiflis, Baku).

The following articles on Asiatic subjects have appeared in the Quarterlies:

January:

The Edinburgh Review: "A Survey of China in 1928," by O. M. Green. "The Later Years of Warren Hastings," by the Dean of Winchester.

The Quarterly Review: "Education in India," by Sir Verney Lovett. "Agriculture in India," by C. F. Strickland.

The Dublin Review: "The Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture," by Lieut.-Colonel Aubrey O'Brien, C.I.E., C.B.E. "The First Englishman in India," by F. M. D'Mello.

The Fortnightly Review: "A Constitution for India," by "Nomad." "Feng Yu-Hsiang, the Christian General," by W. E. Leveson.

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Blackwood's Magazine: "From Quetta to the Sea by Car," by Captain G. S. Mackay.

The Contemporary Review: "Foreign Affairs," by George Glasgow. (A New Constitution for China.)

February:

The Contemporary Review: "British Influence in Japan," by H. Vere Redman. "The Modernization of Islam," by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah.

The Nineteenth Century and After: "The Indian Princes and the British Empire," by Major-General His Highness the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., A.D.C.

The English Review: "The Soviets and China," by Mencius Junior.

The Empire Review: "The New Treaty with China," by W. P. Ker, C.M.G. (late H.M. Consul-General at Tientsin).

Blackwood's Magazine: "A Footnote," by Pousse Cailloux (a most interesting account of Younghusband's march to Lhasa).

March:

The Round Table: "The Ceylon Report." "The War against Poverty in India."

The Cornhill Magazine: "The Lost Garden," by Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

The National Review: "The Indian Princes," by Ian D. Colvin.

The English Review: "China's Road to Ruin," by J. O. P. Bland.

The Fortnightly Review: "Miss Mayo and her Critics," by H. G. Dalway Turnbull.

The following books have been received for review:

"The Baghdad Air Mail," by Wing-Commander Roderic Hill. 6″ × 9″. x + 328 pp. Illustrations and maps. (London: Ed. Arnold and Co. 1929. 18s.)

"Sir Edmund Hornby: An Autobiography." 6″ × 9″. x + 396 pp. (London: Constable. 1928. 18s.)

"British Routes to India," by Halford Lancaster Hoskins. 6½″ × 9¼″. xii + 494 pp. Illustrations. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1928. 30s.)

"Modern Chinese Civilization," by Dr. A. F. Legendre. Translation from the French by E. H. Jones. (London: Jonathan Cape.)

"A Baghdad Chronicle," by R. Levy. 6″ × 7¾″. 279 pp. Illustrations. (London: Cambridge University Press. 1929. 15s.)

"The Land of the Lama," by David Macdonald. 5¾″ × 8¾″. 283 pp. Illustrations and map. (London: Seeley, Service and Co. 1929. 21s.)

"The Manners and Customs of the Rwala Bedouins," by Alois Musil. 7½″ × 10″. xiv + 712 pp. Illustrations. (New York: Wright. 1928.)

"From Leipzig to Cabul," by G. Stratil-Sauer. 6½″ × 9½″. 284 pp. 50 illustrations. (London: Hutchinson. 1929. 18s.)

"The Sumerians," by C. Leonard Woolley. 5″ × 7¼″. xi + 198 pp. Illustrations and map. (London: Oxford University Press. 1928. 6s.)

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JOURNAL

OF THE

CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY

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NOTICES

MEMBERS are asked to send in their changes of address, and to notify the office as soon as possible if they are not receiving their cards and JOURNALS. JOURNALS have been returned addressed to: S. H. Whitbred, Esq., 11, Mansfield Street, W., and Miss Nita Mylne.

Through the kindness of the author, members of this Society are able to purchase "Said Bin Sultan," by Mr. R. Said-Ruete, with a foreword by Sir Percy Cox, at the special price of 12s. 6d. Applications should be made to the Secretary, accompanied by remittance. Cheques to be made out to the Central Asian Society and crossed.

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FLYING ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.*

By WING-COMMANDER A. A. WALSER.

LORD ALLENBY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

My only excuse for being on this platform today, to talk about a part of the world which is well known to many members of this Society, is that I have seen the North-West Frontier, possibly, from a somewhat new point of view.

I have divided my lecture into two parts, and shall try, in the short time available, first to tell you something about the work of the Royal Air Force on the Frontier, and, secondly, to give you an account of some of my personal experiences while searching for landing grounds in the remoter districts which lie to the north.

The North-West Frontier Province—as is well known to most of you—is an area which lies to the east of Afghanistan. It is bounded on the north by the Hindu Kush, on the south by Baluchistan and the Punjab, and on the east by Kashmir and territories that owe allegiance to the Maharajah of Kashmir.

The Province is made up partly of British administered territory, which includes the districts of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, Dera-ismail-Kahn, and a tongue of territory called Hazara, which juts out east of the Indus.

In addition to these districts there is a wide strip of rugged and mountainous country which lies between British administered territory and the Afghan border.

To the north again lie the semi-independent states of Dir, Swat, and Chitral, which are supervised by a Political Agent whose headquarters are at Malakand.

The Province contains scenery of great variety: the barren rocks of Waziristan so familiar to our frontier forces; the pine forests and grassy maidans of the Tirah which form the summer home of the turbulent Afridi; the fertile valleys and Deodar forests of Swat, or again the glaciers and alpine views which can be found in the upper reaches of Chitral and which can rival some of the finest scenery of Europe.

South-west are the Mohmand hills, a rugged tract of country inhabited by an unruly tribe with whom we have had many tribal wars in the past.

* Lecture given by Wing-Commander A. A. Walser, M.C., D.F.C., before the Central Asian Society on March 20, 1929, Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in the Chair.

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South of this again comes the Khyber Pass, a narrow corridor, now traversed by a good road and railway which leads to the Afghan border.

South of the Khyber lies the Tirah, a strip of very mountainous country inhabited by the Afridi and Oraksai clans who are probably the most warlike and intractable group on the Frontier. Again, to the west of this, lies the Safed Koh (white mountain) range, the crest of which actually forms the border of Afghanistan. The highest peak of this range is Sikharam (15,620) feet, which forms its north-west corner and juts out into Afghanistan. From this range one can obtain a magnificent view on the one side down into the Jalalabad plain of Afghanistan and on the other into the Kurram valley, and—on a fine day—right into Waziristan.

This range has many pleasant memories for me, as in company with the Political Agent of the Kurram valley (a well-known member of this Society), I explored most of its peaks.

It was here also that I went for my first Indian ski-ing expedition, and where the idea of forming an Indian ski club first entered my head.

You will observe that this district of the Kurram juts out into Afghanistan. It was taken over by us at the request of the tribesmen themselves who are Turis, a section of Mohammedans hated by the remainder, who in this part of the world are nearly all Sunnis.

The Kurram valley is a most fascinating place, and would itself afford an interesting subject for a lecture. Its people are an attractive "lot" with a sense of humour and many curious legends and proverbs of their own.

South of the Kurram lies Waziristan, a country which consists largely of barren rock intersected on the north by the Tochi valley and on the south by the gorges that descend to the Wana plain.

This is roughly the "lie" of the country, and as regards the system of its administration, this can be summed up briefly as non-interference with tribal affairs as long as these do not affect the security of our territory or the lives and property of British subjects. The actions of the various tribes are, however, watched by our political service who are in close touch with the people and are always ready to advise and help them in settling their intersectional disputes.

The influence of Afghanistan over the tribes is a difficult one to gauge; it varies from time to time, but it is always a factor to be reckoned with especially in times of religious unrest. Now that the whole of Afghanistan is again in a turmoil it is impossible for anyone to tell what the outcome will be; but it is, of course, obvious that the Afghan revolution must have an unsettling effect on the tribes of the border.

This brings me to the end of my somewhat "sketchy" intro-

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duction, for which I must apologize to all those who are familiar with the Frontier.

The Air Force on the Frontier.

Now as regards the part that flying plays in the life of the Frontier. As you know, the Air Force is a comparatively recent arrival, and its experience in India dates back only a few years.

During its early days in India the Air Force went through difficult times: the aftermath of the war with the disorganization produced by general demobilization, the shortage of suitable equipment, lack of proper landing grounds and buildings all tended to hamper the development of flying. But three or four years after the war matters changed for the better, and it was possible for the Air Force to play a more active part.

I will now explain very briefly how the Air Force in India is organized.

Headquarters, like the heads of most of the great State departments, are stationed at Delhi in winter and Simla in summer.

At Ambala there is one squadron which acts directly under Air Force headquarters, the work of which consists largely of co-operation and training with the local army commands.

At Quetta there are two squadrons and an organization for running special courses of training, in various subjects, with the army.

On the North-West Frontier there is a group with headquarters at Peshawar. The squadrons are stationed: one at Peshawar, two at Risalpur, two at Kohat, and a detached flight at Miran Shah.

There is a summer hill station at Lower Topa, an aircraft park at Lahore, and a depôt at Karachi.

In addition to this, we have a large number of landing grounds all over the country, which are being added to from time to time. These, of course, have to be inspected at regular intervals, and are invaluable as links in our communications as well as being available for permanent use if ever the situation should demand it.

This gives you roughly the location of units, and shows you how they can be disposed.

Both officers and men do a five years' tour in India.

Flying conditions vary according to the time of the year. In summer, where shade temperatures go up as high as 125 degrees, the atmosphere is liable to be a somewhat unpleasant place.

Aeroplanes are thrown about by the disturbances in the air, especially in the vicinity of the hills, to a far greater extent than in European countries. In winter there is often frost on the ground, and the most intense cold is experienced when flying high.

A phenomenon which struck me very forcibly when I first arrived

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in India was the way in which the warmer air hung at between 2,500 and 3,000 feet.

In those days—it was summer—we used to do most of our routine flying between five and nine in the morning. At that hour it was still comparatively cool on the ground; but as the aeroplane climbed to higher altitudes it became warmer and warmer, and the inexperienced pilot would sometimes think that his aeroplane was on fire. This, I suppose, is merely due to the fact that the warmer air being lighter rises during the night while the earth is cooling down.

At certain times of the year hailstorms are of frequent occurrence, especially in the vicinity of the Tirah, which seems to attract the worst weather in the Province. Without wishing to exaggerate, I have seen these hailstones as large as pigeon's eggs, and as the result of one of these sudden storms last summer we had seven aeroplanes put out of action. The stones came down like bullets and penetrated the wings, tearing large gaps in the fabric.

But our biggest enemy, I suppose, is the dust-storm which at certain times of the year almost invariably springs up about tea-time. To get caught in one of these while flying is the reverse of pleasant; they sometimes reach an altitude of 7,000 or 8,000 feet, are as opaque as a fog, and are often full of "dust devils" (columns of dust that rise in a vertical spiral to a height of several thousand feet) that send an aeroplane temporarily out of control.

Flying through a bad dust-storm is worse than fog, and your only hope if you cannot circumvent it is to land in some suitable spot. This is not easy in the north of India.

It will be readily understood that with such vicissitudes of weather and with such extremes of heat and cold, *matériel*, especially wood and rubber, deteriorates rapidly.

We are overcoming these difficulties to a certain extent by re-equipping our squadrons with all-metal aeroplanes, which will make a great difference.

We have also instituted a meteorological service on the Frontier, which is improving rapidly, and has already proved a great boon to pilots who are starting on a long cross-country flight.

One of the unpleasant risks of flying amongst the mountains is the fact that if a fog descends upon you, you may get shut in, and, while trying to find your way, run into the hillside. This unfortunately happened to some of our aeroplanes during a bomb raid in 1924, when, unfortunately, we had several casualties. Here, again, the meteorological service will help us in the future.

The country in the vicinity of the Frontier is not like Salisbury Plain; it consists largely of serrated rock interspersed by dry river-beds, small terraced villages, and patches of cultivation. If an engine

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failure occurs, it is very much a question of "how" and "where" to "put your aeroplane down."

However, I am glad to say that with the improvement in engines, forced landings due to engine failure are becoming much less frequent, and should in time be eliminated altogether.

Now I will try and tell you something about the work that is carried out.

The Air Force in India has, in a way, to perform a dual rôle. We have to train our pilots to co-operate with the army so as to be able to render assistance to troops on the ground in a frontier or even in a major war; and, secondly, we have to train them to be able to undertake independent action against any unruly tribes which the Government may decide to undertake with air forces alone.

This means that each pilot on arrival in India has to undergo a great deal of training; and to make it more difficult, most of the advanced training has to be condensed into the cold-weather season, which in every way is the busiest time of the year.

Air operations, when called for, are generally rendered necessary by the commission of repeated crimes by one or more sections of the tribes. These crimes are often brought to a head by the kidnapping or murder of British subjects or by raids into British territory. As the result of these crimes the Government is forced to take action, but never does so without giving the tribesmen previous warning that they will be bombed if they do not comply with the demands of Government.

These "small wars" of recent years have been directed chiefly against the Mahsuds and Mohmands, and have all of them terminated successfully after a comparatively short period.

In the aeroplane we have a weapon which the tribesmen cannot counter. If they do bring one down, as occasionally happens, they do not even gain a rifle—that most coveted loot of the Frontier.

Bombing has a great moral effect and often produces the necessary result without causing a large number of casualties. The fact of the matter is, that the tribesmen, when they see aeroplanes flying over their territory, never know when they are going to be attacked, and are therefore forced continually to take cover. This means that they cannot tend their flocks nor cultivate their fields satisfactorily, which affects not only their comfort but their "pockets," and this to the Pathan—as you know—is no minor consideration.

The tribesmen undoubtedly look upon the aeroplane as a very unpleasant enemy, and there is no doubt that the various bombing operations carried out against the tribesmen during the past few years have done a good deal in keeping the Frontier quiet. In this connection I can remember an amusing incident that happened in 1927 when there was a disturbance in Mohmand country caused by a fanatical mullah.

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This priest was trying to cause the Mohmands to attack tribesmen friendly to us, but found few supporters owing to fear of bombing, an account of the results of which had undoubtedly reached the Mohmands from the Mahsuds. Just about the time when the mullah in question was trying to cause trouble we happened to be flying in the vicinity of this area, and the pilot, having engine trouble, came down on the landing ground. A short time afterwards the squadron commander sent out another pilot to the landing ground with spare parts for the engine of the aeroplane that had had a forced landing. Unfortunately the relief pilot misjudged his distance, overshot the landing ground and crashed.

News of this accident at once spread, and the mullah seized the opportunity to say that he had cast a spell over our machines and "lo and behold two were down already." He then went on to say that if we tried to bomb the Mohmands he would turn the bombs into rain. This small adventure was undoubtedly a considerable factor in causing the Mohmands to rally to the standard of the mullah and forcing us to start operations against them. However, I may say that three or four days' bombing was enough to persuade them that the rain that fell upon them was not as beneficial as usual, and so they came to terms.

Tribal disturbances often start in a very small way—quarrels about women, irrigation-water or grazing rights are the chief causes and often lead to intersectional feuds, which in their turn leave a train of hereditary vendettas. These give cause to a never-ending source of friction and inter-tribal disputes, and sometimes lead to more serious troubles which may, if unchecked, spread to other sections, and lead to the molestation or murder of British subjects.

Distances are so great, roads so few, and the disturbed area often so "ungetatable," that much time elapses before the responsible Political Officer can visit the scene by the older methods of travel. Nowadays it is possible for the responsible Political Agent to summon a "jirga" to some suitable spot, preferably near a landing ground, to which he proceeds by air. This procedure will, of course, be facilitated as the number of our landing grounds is increased.

There is no doubt that in settling disputes time is an important factor, and that an early visit may often nip a conflagration in the bud.

As an example of how speed of travel is increased in northern India by flying, I will give you two or three examples from my everyday experience.

One of my stations was at Miran Shah in Waziristan. I naturally had to visit this place at frequent intervals. By road it would have taken me the best part of a day to get there and, moreover, the road, which is carefully picketed all the way, is only "open" for certain hours during the day.

A visit would therefore have taken me two, or if I had had any considerable amount of work to do at Miran Shah, three full days.

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By air the journey took 1¼ hours, so that I was able to inspect the station and be back in Peshawar in a few hours.

Dera Ismail Kahn, the headquarters of Waziristan district, was a day's journey by car and took nearly twenty-four hours to reach by train. By air it took from one hour fifty minutes to two hours.

I will give you a still better illustration of the advantages of air travel.

A few months ago—last summer—I had to proceed to Chitral to inspect a landing ground which had had to be enlarged. The journey up took five days, going double marches on a hot and dusty road where the rocks gave off a temperature many degrees above a hundred, where nights were made horrible by sand-flies and every other unimaginable kind of "bug," and where one soon became very tired of the "jog jog" of a native pony.

On arrival I was able to get into touch with Peshawar by W/T, which we had brought up with us, ordered up some aeroplanes, and returned to Peshawar in under two hours.

One cannot help being impressed by the immense value of air communications to these isolated districts north of India, where roads are almost non-existent, and where high passes have to be crossed which are snowbound for six months in the year.

Take, for instance, Chilas and Gilgit. In the former place there is an Assistant Political Agent and his wife; in the latter, a few British officers and their wives. These people are practically cut off from British India for five months in the year.

We are now constructing landing grounds which as a matter of fact were surveyed in 1926, but for which we have only recently received the money. I hope that they will be fit for use before long.*

One of the principal advantages of aircraft as a means of transport is, of course, that it enables one to transport sick and wounded rapidly and with comparative comfort from a frontier post to a more or less civilized centre, where there are hospitals, surgeons, and even nurses. Think what this may mean to a severe case in midsummer—those of you who know the Frontier at its worst will not require me to paint the picture.

Before I terminate this part of my lecture I think you may be interested to hear some details about the evacuation of the European population from Kabul.

On December 17 all communication with our Legation at Kabul ceased. The Air Force knew that the situation was very critical at Kabul, and so a pilot was sent to Kabul on the 19th to see what he could find out.

Unfortunately he was shot down by the Afghans, but managed before landing to send through a W/T message to Peshawar.

* These landing grounds are now in use.

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On the next day another pilot was sent, who managed, though heavily fired upon, to drop a signalling apparatus on the Legation, with which they were able to signal to him not to try to land. The signalling apparatus was now used to convey messages to aeroplanes, and in this way for several days communication was maintained with the Legation. On the 23rd the situation so improved that it was possible to land at Kabul, and the evacuation of the civilian population was commenced.

Meanwhile, it had been arranged to transfer some heavy troop-carrying aeroplanes from Iraq to India to assist in the evacuation. Eight of these were flown in two days from Iraq to India (two took an extra day on the journey owing to passport difficulties with the Persian Government).

Five hundred and eighty-six persons and a large quantity of baggage were thus conveyed successfully from Kabul to Peshawar.

There are several interesting features about this enterprise.

In the first place, the aeroplanes used for this work were of the old type; the new Service types which are now coming into use are of metal construction, and are actually about 1,200 pounds lighter and have a much higher "ceiling." The aeroplanes that were used were of wood, and their Service "ceiling" was several hundred feet lower than the Kabul aerodrome upon which they had to land. They were, of course, used with a greatly reduced quantity of petrol in their tanks in order to lighten them.

The weather was by no means propitious, and heavy snow fell during the last few days. On February 24, when twenty-seven persons were evacuated, the aeroplanes were actually landed on a track beaten down in the snow.

Another interesting feature of this operation was the fact that it was carried out with aircraft which had been conveyed rapidly by air from Iraq, their places being taken almost immediately by similar aeroplanes flown from Egypt; Egypt in its turn being reinforced from home. This to my mind is a good illustration of the mobility of the Air Force, and shows how, when once our air routes are well established, different parts of the Empire can be reinforced at short notice.

I think this evacuation of Kabul also illustrates the immense value of air travel in parts of the world where communications on the ground are scanty or practically non-existent.

To the north of India there are large tracts of territory for which we are responsible, although they are still in the hands of independent or semi-independent rulers. There are the States of Chitral, Dir, and Swat, which I have already mentioned, and in addition a number of other districts which lie between India proper and the adjoining countries of Afghanistan, Russia, and China.

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In some of these territories we have Political Agents; in others there are British officers engaged in training the local militias or in building roads.

These officers are practically isolated during many months in winter by the fact that the narrow road or track which leads to British India crosses high mountain passes, which are snowbound, and over which only an occasional *dak* runner can find his way. Moreover, the road winds its way across precipices, over rocky heights, and through narrow gorges, and could be cut by a few rebels in times of unrest.

The predicament of these officers, and in some cases of their wives as well, would be unpleasant if we were faced with unrest on a large scale in the north of India or in case of war with one of our neighbours, because it would take an army to extricate them, and this would only be possible during the summer months.

But it is not altogether easy in the mountainous regions north of India to find the necessary piece of flat ground; so much so, that local games of polo often have to be played in the main street of the village.

This concludes the first part of my lecture. I hope I have been able to show you without touching upon any military details that the Air Force is not the aggressive and cruel weapon that it is sometimes made out to be by uninformed writers. Used properly, aircraft can be made to "open up" the wilder districts, and help to bring the authorities into closer touch with the tribesmen.

The Air Force can certainly be employed to exercise great punitive effect against offending tribes, but it is also a means for removing sources of friction, and for helping to bring about a better understanding between all concerned. (Applause.)

The Lecturer then gave an account of a journey lately taken through Dir over the Laori Pass to Chitral, and on to Gilgit, Astor, and Chilas, and so back to Kashmir, illustrating the lecture by lantern slides, an account of which, it is hoped, will appear in the next JOURMAL.

In thanking him for his lecture the CHAIRMAN said: You will remember that the first Duke of Wellington said his greatest difficulty lay in finding out what was on the other side of a hill; he had not got our Lecturer with him or he would have had no trouble at all; thanks to our intrepid airmen, we always know what is on the other side. I would like to remind you of what was done at Kabul, when all the Europeans, nearly six hundred people, were evacuated by air. That was a wonderful feat, and it was accomplished without loss of life. I would ask you to give a very hearty vote of thanks to our Lecturer for his most interesting and instructive evening, and for the beautiful slides he has shown of that difficult mountainous country on the borders of India. (Applause.)

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MY CENTRAL ASIAN EXPEDITION OF 1925-28*

By W. FILCHNER

WHEN an explorer has the good fortune to return home safely after an adventurous journey extending over several years, especially if he has been reported dead, as in my own case, the welcome accorded him is somewhat warmer than usual; nevertheless, the recognition shown to explorers is a peculiar matter. Many people ask themselves, What has the traveller done to deserve such a friendly welcome?

On my last expedition to Central Asia, although my main task was a strictly scientific one, this by no means exhausted the aims of my undertaking. The scientific objective was to me only the backbone, but, apart from this, I hoped during my long sojourn in the heart of Asia to make other observations, such as the history of civilization and ethnological matters. I was able to accomplish not only the scientific but the more popular tasks, and in spite of the many difficulties to secure by means of my camera photographs showing the habits and customs of the inhabitants of these strange countries.

After many months of patient and thorough preparation I started my last journey to Central Asia in the closing days of the year 1925. The first stage led via Leningrad and Moscow to Tashkent. My astronomic magnetic task was the connecting up of the European-Western-Asiatic survey system with the Chinese, which had been created by the Carnegie Institute. It was proposed to lay down a continuous chain of survey stations along the line Tashkent or Kuldja-Sining-fu to Kansu, the north-western province of China proper. The distance between each station was not to exceed fifty to sixty kilometres. The first winter was to be spent in the neighbourhood of Sining-fu. In the following spring the earth-magnetic work was transferred to Tibet with the idea of joining up the Chinese survey system with that of India in a similar manner to that in the first part of my programme. In spite of all obstacles I was able to accomplish this task along the line Sining-fu—East Tsaidam—Tangla—Nga-tshu-ka (north of Lhasa), thence in the direction of Leh in Kashmir via Tshang-ling-körr—Se-li-pu across the lake district. I was able to accomplish this scientific task, which is of particular importance in the making of maps,

* Lecture given before a joint meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society and the Central Asian Society on April 22, 1929, the Marquess of Zetland in the Chair.

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according to plan and finally carried out the linking-up survey in Dehra-Dun in India.

Altitudes were determined exclusively by means of a boiling thermometer (Siedethermometer) and theodolites, and mainly at the astronomically fixed magnetic stations, the number of which exceeds 160. The whole length of the route covered in Tibet was determined by mapping out with the aid of a fluid compass. These points will be plotted in the gaps between the astronomically fixed points when working out the whole of the data. The expedition lasted over two and a half years and finished last June.

To the comprehensive preparations which a voyage of exploration into such far-off trackless regions demand even nowadays it is most important that thorough special training, both scientific and technical, be added. Thus before starting off I completed my knowledge of the very complicated measuring instruments at the observatories of Potsdam and Königsberg. I also studied cinematography with a well-known producer. The resources at my disposal were very small and I was particularly aware of this at times in those vast and far-off regions. Money talks not only in Europe, but also in Asia; thus necessity in its many guises was not spared me. In addition, I knew from the outset that my way was not an easy one, especially as the political sky in Asia is also darkened by thunder-clouds. The experience I gained on previous expeditions, knowledge of the country and its people, and the ability to adapt oneself to all situations which is so indispensable to the explorer, were of the greatest assistance to me. It is, of course, impossible on such expeditions to keep religiously to a hard-and-fast programme, no matter how well it has been laid down. One law only applies: Keep the eyes fixed on the goal and do not be discouraged by the hardest of trials and bitterest disappointments.

My undertaking was hindered by the inner political condition of China right from the outset. Landed in the midst of civil war, my way soon led me from one opposing camp to the other. Original distrust was soon displaced, however, by friendly assistance, and from this lively state of affairs I was, of course, able to gain a most interesting insight into the racial characteristics, country, and mind of the Chinese.

Unfortunately the endless privations and suffering from hunger and frost resulted in my falling seriously ill with gall-stones just before the winter of 1926-27. Nevertheless, I was able to carry on my daily surveys, sometimes of twelve hours' duration, without a break. I was also fortunate enough to find a real friend and helper in a highly educated Chinese salt mandarin, named Lü, who saved me from certain death by his devoted nursing. The Catholic Steyler Mission and the China Inland Mission also rendered me invaluable assistance as soon as they heard of my plight. I was given material aid in the darkest days before

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continuing my journey across Tibet by friendly representatives of England, America, and Italy.

My journey across the Tibet Plateau brought me increased difficulties. The well-known enmity of the Tibetans towards all foreigners whom they call "philing," and especially against explorers, caused me many an unwished-for delay. My scientific observations suffered on account of the mistrust of the natives, and every now and then, owing to their superstition, I was forbidden to use my instruments. As all persuasive efforts failed I was driven to cunning. My astronomical observations could only be carried out from time to time in unwatched moments or from the interior of my tent. The people were told I wished to rest, but in reality I was working hard. I was able through a hole in the tent to make the necessary calculations and thus complete the unbroken chain of observations. On the road my work was continually at a standstill on account of the protests of the Tibetans, but I was always lucky enough to find moments in which to carry out the most necessary of my daily tasks. While my companions were resting at the stopping-places I often had to work the whole night through. The astronomic magnetic observations had to be carried out, diaries had to be written up, surveys checked, and dispositions for the next march-day had to be made. At this time my feet were frozen, a few ribs, the right hand and right foot broken. But I carried on in spite of all these difficulties, and after overcoming the distrust of the Tibetans I received much assistance from them.

In view of the increasing insecurity on Tibetan territory we addressed letters to the Viceroy of India and to the Dalai-Lama; this was, of course, only possible by smuggling, but it succeeded.

In this strained situation it was not improbable that we should be pushed up North without completing our task, even if nothing worse happened. Then one day a special messenger from the Dalai-Lama brought instructions that I and my two white companions—Jack Mathewson of Brisbane, my faithful friend and assistant, and an American—should be given freedom to pass across Tibet in a westerly direction to Leh in Kashmir and that we were to be treated in a proper manner, and to make matters still better he sent us by a Tibetan dignitary a very welcome gift in the form of foodstuffs, of which we were badly in need. The ice was broken, and from now on we enjoyed not only the best treatment, but were also supplied with provisions by the naturally hospitable Tibetans. At the various camps and places where an exchange of animals took place the Tibetans were always there, ready to help, and welcomed us in accordance with their custom with outstretched tongue and with their forearm held out horizontally and the palm turned upward. In a tent specially reserved for us we were given Tsamba, a mixture of roasted barley and tea, and enjoyed

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more hospitality than we expected. Thus the early critical state of affairs in Tibet was succeeded at last by friendship which was all the more welcome to me as my physical and mental powers were almost exhausted and my financial condition extremely deplorable. However, unpleasant experiences are soon forgotten. In addition to this, I had the advantage of having completed my scientific programme.

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Owing to the short time which I have at my disposal and the large amount of scientific material collected I must confine myself to a rough outline of the Tibetan family life, their dwellings and animals, and then lastly something of their cloisters.

In Eastern Tibet the Tibetan confines himself generally to one wife, as in this part of the country the sexes are approximately equal in number, in fact the number of women slightly exceeds that of men. It is quite different in Central and Southern Tibet, where the number of women is considerably less, and in consequence polyandry is usual, that is to say, one woman has several husbands, who must always be brothers. It must be stated in the marriage contract, when the eldest brother marries, that the younger ones who are mentioned by name are also included therein. When this is not laid down in the contract, then the younger brothers can marry any woman they choose. The children of the polyandrous marriage belong to the eldest brother, who is called "father" by the children; the other husbands are called "uncle." Should such polyandrous marriage be childless, then a new marriage can take place in which all the brothers are again included. Children of this marriage call the first wife the "Great Mother" and the second wife "Little Mother." By means of this polyandrous system the Tibetans are better able to retain their property. Petticoat government obtains to a large extent in Tibet. The better half is a real daughter of Eve; she is master in the house, in fact it goes so far that the proud Tibetan sings very small when in the presence of his loved one. The wife is very inquisitive, wants to know where the husband spends his time, what he has done, how much he has won, etc. Evasions are useless; he has to speak out or he is put on short commons.

The women are usually rather shy, but distinctly determined in their dealings with their husbands.

The women carry on their backs, suspended by two broad ribbons, a pendant richly ornamented with silver, coral, and turquoises, which is also fastened sometimes to the hair. Poor women wear instead of this a bead pendant. The women also wear large ear-rings in each ear; aristocratic men, on the other hand, wear a large jewelled ear-ring in the right ear, and a small stud in the left. Every man carries a sword in a leather or wooden scabbard, which in the case of rich men is ornamented by precious stones or silver, and is slung on a belt carried

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in a horizontal position. Both men and women wear round the neck a charm-box suspended on a cord. This is a box made of silver or copper containing a talisman or relic, or a minature figure of Buddha or papers inscribed with magic diagrams supposed to protect the wearer from sickness or misfortune. Children do not receive the same attention as with us. They are sent out in the open at temperatures which would expose us to certain death in the most primitive clothing, and naturally as a result of such spartan training the weaker children die and only the strong and healthy remain to continue the breed; thus it is that the Tibetans are a very hardy and strong race.

In the northern sparsely populated districts of Tibet, mainly inhabited by nomads and herdsmen, the Tibetan lives in tents made of yak hair; in the southern districts, however, he lives in houses built of stone, clay and earth, and in these larger stone settlements a much sharper discipline is carried out by officials of the Dalai-Lama. The people are not only intensely religious but also extremely superstitious and largely under the influence of the magicians or Nagpas. I have had to suffer much owing to the machinations of these mischief-makers.

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Not all Tibetans are hunters, as the eating of meat is forbidden. In no case dare he eat the flesh of carnivorous animals. When he does eat meat he confines himself to the flesh of gazelles or sheep. The priests are under the strictest orders to refrain from meat-eating, but peculiarly enough I have found that in cloisters enormous amounts of meat are consumed. Wild yak and bear hunting provide the Tibetan with skins. He seldom pursues the wild horse. In addition to the wild yak we also find the domestic yak in Tibet; this, together with the dog and the sheep, are the Tibetans' domestic animals. The yak supplies the hair from which the women weave the black tent material, the sheep provides the wool from which the women make pulo, the clothing material for the wealthy Tibetans and monks.

The yak, the piennü, the camel, the horse, and the mule represent the country's transport system. The mule is mostly found in Southern and South-Eastern Tibet, the horse everywhere, and the camel on the great caravan routes between Kansu and Lhasa and also between Lhasa and Mongolia. Piennü and yak are found everywhere Tibetans foregather; the piennü is a cross between the yak and the ox, it is very hardy and can carry more than the yak and is therefore rather more expensive. The loading of a yak is an art which requires learning—the catching of one is an even greater art. It is only possible by means of shrill whistling to which the animal is accustomed, and continuous petting and employment of terms of endearment. The smallest sudden movement scares him off and often spoils the labour of hours. Directly

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he has been called within reach, one must seize the guide-rope fastened to the nose ring and wrapped round the horns. The yak knows what is wrong, snorts and shakes his head furiously, but as a rule he cannot resist being spoken to in the most caressing manner, and thus in an ecstasy of delight he allows himself to be captured.

The yak can carry approximately a hundredweight. At the beginning of the expedition I possessed about thirty-five of them, but lost most of the caravan between Koko-nor and Tsaidam by robbery and shortage of water in the mountainous desert districts. After being miraculously saved by a camel troop I was forced with my remaining money to get together another yak caravan. It may be mentioned here that robbery flourishes in Tibet, especially in the north-east, the land of the Ngoloks, which I visited in the years 1903 and 1904. "Pinching" is considered a most honourable sport in Tibet; the Tibetan is by no means ashamed of his brigandage, rather the robbed one is ashamed for not being able to prevent the robbery.

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Let us now visit a Tibetan cloister, for it is there we can gain best insight into the Tibetan character. Indeed, Tibet is the land of cloisters and religious orders not only for men but also for women; every other man is a Lama. These cloisters, which also run farms, keep cattle and carry on trade, are small towns in themselves of about ten thousand population. They consist of a system of streets and squares, temples, meeting halls, palaces, Lama houses and high schools in which Tantrism, magic ritual, and the occult sciences are taught. Among the largest Tibetan cloisters are Sera, Potala, and Däpung; Kumbum must also be mentioned.

Every year hundreds of thousands of pilgrims stream from all parts of Asia to such famous cloisters, generally founded by some saint, in order to take part in the cloister celebrations. They are usually lodged in a caravanserai in the outskirts of the cloister. Benefactors or relatives of the monks of either sex are even allowed to stay from one to three days in the cloister itself in the houses of wealthy monks. The sexes are usually put up in separate rooms, but may also sleep all together, but then only fully dressed. Except during these festivals women are forbidden access to the cloisters. In these outskirts of the cloisters or in the grounds at festival time a motley crowd moves about between the stalls and itinerant hawkers who sell foodstuffs, religious articles, such as small brass butter lamps, incense, or rosaries.

The Lamas are divided into three classes, the Shabis, that is the pupils, the Getshul, and the Geslong, who are already ordained priests. They are under vows of chastity, may not drink alcohol, nor kill any animal. Each monk has his own house of at least two rooms in the cloister; rich monks possess larger houses with courtyard, servants' quarters, stabling, etc. Unlike the laymen the monks carry no sword, but wear a dagger

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under their robes; on a journey, however, they wear lay clothing and carry weapons with them.

I spent several months in the Kumbum temple, and was able to take many photos and a cinematograph of one of their religious ceremonies and dances. The golden-roofed temple houses the great religious treasure of Kumbum, the golden statue of Tsong-kapa, the founder of the cloister. Here rest the bones of this Tibetan Martin Luther, the reformer of the Red Sect and the founder of the Yellow Sect. The roof of the big prayer hall stands away at the back of the temple, and on it the great embossed metal ornaments, known as Gyaltsen, or banner of victory, tower several metres high. These ornaments are in the form of large cylinders, emblems, or animals.

From the ravine we reach the courtyard through the entrance of the large prayer hall. Tall masts stand at the side of the entrance from which flutter the prayer flags, the religious purpose of which is known to us. In Kumbum, apart from the Golden Roof Temple, we notice another religious treasure famed throughout the whole of Asia—the holy tree, on the bark and leaves of which can be clearly recognized the holy prayer, "Om mani padme hum." The image of Tsong-kapa is also visible. In front of the holy tree is seen the stone of sacrifice with the footprint of Tsong-kapa. This sacrificial stone, Dochoed, is smeared with butter, in which believers press their money offerings. According to legend, the holy tree is said to have sprung up on the spot at which the mother of Tsong-kapa sacrificed her hair. This holy tree is a shoot of the actual holiest tree under the roof of the Holy Roof Temple, where the Lamas transferred it between the holy walls to save it from destruction at the time of the Mohammedan Rebellion. The tree became mummified in this shrine. In front of the tree are small reliquaries called Bunkan, which are intimately connected with the holy tree owing to their containing burnt parts thereof; the priests carry out their worship during the morning walk.

The greatest festival at Kumbum is known as the Butter Feast, its object being a polite invitation to the gods to listen to the recital of the holy scripture in the tents. Two enormous platforms of masts and precious carpets are erected in the cloister compound, under these platforms, wonderfully formed and beautifully painted images and symbols made of butter are displayed, and in the middle is a sea of light from butter lamps. Flutes, trumpets, cymbals and drums play continuously in the same monotonous rythm. The spectators crowd perilously together, sacrificing in holy awe to these butter gods. The Lama police open up a way through the crowd for saints or distinguished visitors by means of whips.

In the courtyard in front of the Halls of Pearl (Tsora) philosophical discussions take place between students and members of the faculty of

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philosophy. The students sit on the ground wearing a yellow padded helmet; the examiners stand in front of them, and clap their hands at each question. The answer has to follow immediately.

A Lama of high rank, Tsorä-tsungo, who superintends the other Lamas, circles round the praying monks relentlessly punishing the inattentive or other offenders. A Geslong leads the prayer in a deep base voice, the others chanting in melodiously. Tea and dried fruit are served in the intervals. I, too, who spent the terrible winter of 1926-27 almost starved and frozen in this cloister, always received from my friends the Lamas alms of tea and dried fruit on these occasions. The Lamas counted me more or less one of themselves.

At the end of each year the far-famed dances take place at Kumbum, the significance of which can be compared with the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. A full knowledge of lamaistic mythology is necessary to understand their symbolism. In these dances Atzaras may be seen; these are phantastic beings who are supposed to meet the souls of the dead in *Bardo*—that is, purgatory.

The object of these dances is to guide the thoughts of the spectators to the impermanency of things. They remind them of how quickly time flies and how suddenly death can overtake even the youngest of them.

The dance is performed by the Lamas themselves to their own orchestra. The masks are artistic to the last degree and richly painted; the robes also are costly and extraordinarily fine.

A grand procession takes place at the end of each festival in which symbols of Tsamba and butter are carried on high poles.

At the end of the procession these are burnt in a large straw fire. This sacrifice symbolizes the redemption of the cloister from sin and evil spirits. The remains of the sacrificed symbols glow at the foot of the eight Tsorts which are erected to the memory of eight Lamas of the cloister who were executed by a brutal Chinese prince.

In the meantime the eternal chain of prayers continues. The holiest prayer, "Om mani padme hum," flows uninterruptedly from the lips of all the spectators at the Butter Feast. Outside the cloister also, in all Buddhistic countries, in all cloisters, in all tents, is the same all-sufficient prayer murmured, rattled off by prayer wheels, scratched on rocks and stones, written on strips of paper and thrown to the winds, lisped by children, continuously repeated by the traveller, called out hopefully by the warrior, and groaned out by the dying.

"Om mani padme hum" (O thou holy jewel in the lotus, Amen) prays in meditation my good friend the guardian of the holy gigantic Latza at the top of his high mountain peak.

"Om mani padme hum."

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In spite of all sufferings I succeed in completing my scientific programme in this strange country in the midst of a mistrustful populace. Even the outside difficulties and dangers were overcome. I would mention here that, like all other strangers travelling or exploring in this wild, mountainous country, cut off from the world, that I stood under suspicion of being accompanied by the devil. Bears, wolves, and robbers threatened my unarmed expedition. Heavy losses in caravan animals continually threatened to prepare an unlooked-for termination to the journey and to the explorer himself.

How was it possible to continually overcome these almost fatal difficulties? Only because correct treatment of these children of nature enabled their humanity to gain the upper hand. This primitive folk could sympathize with me and often respect me when it realized that I exposed myself willingly to the bitterest poverty and went through great exertions in the interest of my task. Thus today am I able to thank most heartily my friends in the heart of Asia, the really humane Dalai-Lama himself, and the Royal Asiatic Society, who in such a kindly way pursued enquiries when I was reported missing.

When I review my long journey through Inner Asia and consider the valuable experiences I gained there, then all my troubles and trials sink into the background and I am drawn back to these regions more strongly than ever, where only personality counts.

One of the most valuable lessons learned on such a tour over half the earth would appear to be the ability to think in continents and to see things in their true perspective, and the realization that mutual knowledge and understanding of the nations can only result in a nearer approach of the peoples of the earth.

And now I would like to thank you all most cordially for the kind words that have been addressed to me, and for the patience with which you have listened to my lecture.

At the same time I would like to say how much genuine pleasure it affords me to have the opportunity here in England of publicly expressing my sincere gratitude to the British Indian Government for the permission granted me to enter India from Tibet. This favour was accorded me at a time when I was at the end of my resources and in most desperate straits. Without it I should most certainly have gone under. Thanks to it I am able to appear here today, and I have been able to complete the programme of scientific work I set out to do. This generous action on the part of the British authorities I shall never forget.

I thank you all once more for your kind reception. (Applause.)

Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, in thanking Dr. Filchner for his lecture and film, said he could not praise too highly the courage and endurance which had enabled him to carry out and complete his

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scientific programme. Sir Francis said he had had some experience of the Tibetan climate and the terrible Tibetan winds, but to go through three winters short of food, ill and with broken ribs and with little money, and still to succeed, spoke of a magnificent strength of body and mind on the possession of which he congratulated the lecturer.

Turning to the film, he said that in spite of their superstitions, the Tibetans in all they did showed a very real religious sense—they referred their actions to something beyond their material advantage. The dances which had been shown on the film could well be compared to the mystery plays of the Middle Ages.

The CHAIRMAN (Lord Zetland) congratulated the two Societies on having had this opportunity of seeing Dr. Filchner's remarkable film and of hearing from him something of his expedition. Sir Francis Younghusband had spoken of the courage which the lecturer had shown in carrying through his scientific programme; perhaps only those who had travelled in Central Asia and had experienced not only the climate and the hardships of travel but the continual suspicion of the people could appreciate it at its true value. He congratulated the lecturer very heartily on his remarkable journey, and was glad his safe arrival had been in part due to an Australian, Mr. Mathewson, and to the help given him by the Government of India. He would like also to congratulate Dr. Filchner on his courage in lecturing so successfully in a foreign language, and hoped the two Societies might have an opportunity of hearing him again at some later date. (Applause.)

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ANNIVERSARY LECTURE

THE NEW MIDDLE EAST

BY SIR DENISON ROSS, C.I.E.

JUNE 12, 1929, FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY IN THE CHAIR.

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I should like to bring to your notice a very remarkable Anniversary speech made to this Society just twenty years ago by Lord Zetland, then Lord Ronaldshay, who was at the time your Chairman. He spoke of the great changes which had taken place even then in the East since the founding of the Society, and then proceeded to say: "But problems of far greater significance to the world as a whole and to Great Britain in particular are arising, which merit the most earnest thought and study on the part of members of our Society. I refer to the problems presented by the growing desire for self-assertion which is stirring the pulses of the Eastern races themselves. . . . What may be the final outcome of the collision between the cold, unimaginative, practical thought of the Western races and the devout, contemplative mind of the East it is impossible to foretell. This, however, is certain—that contact with Western thought and Western ideals has exercised a revivifying influence upon all the races of the East. . . . Japan, China, Turkey, have shown, or are showing, in greater or less degree, not only the desire but the ability to assimilate something at least of Western ways and Western ideals. Even Persia, less open, perhaps, than the countries I have named to Western influences, by reason of her geographical position, is undergoing a strange metamorphosis, a problem which in itself should prove of sufficient interest and importance to rivet the attention of the members of the Society. . . ." That Anniversary speech, given just twenty years ago, has proved a remarkable prophecy. Now Sir Denison Ross is carrying us a step further, and is telling us of what he saw in his recent journey to Persia and the Near East. (Applause.)

Sir DENISON ROSS: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I owe you an apology. I got up from my bed to come here this afternoon, and if I cannot find my voice, I shall have to call on Lord Allenby to continue the lecture for me, although it is not written out!

The main topic of my lecture this afternoon will be the material and cultural changes which have already taken place or are in process of being effected in Persia.

To deal first of all with the material changes, I would say that they may be summed up in the one word "communications."

By the creation of military roads during the Great War and immediately after, intercourse between Persia and the outside world was for ever changed, and the pace was suddenly altered from that of the

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slowest camel to that of the most sturdy American light car; and on the top of that aviation has come to outstrip both.

The history of Persia between 1907 and 1917 is not very edifying from the point of view of the Persians. In 1907 Persia was, to all intents and purposes, divided into two spheres of influence—one the Russian, extending from the north as far south as Yazd and Ispahan; the other the English, which embraced the rest of Southern Persia. When the Great War came Persia naturally remained neutral, as Russia and England were fighting on the same side. In 1917, with the outbreak of the Russian Revolution and the establishment of the Soviet Government, the Russians withdrew entirely from Persia, and renounced all their former claims. In 1919 the English on their side withdrew from their occupation of Persian territory. In this manner Persia, which seemed more likely to lose her independence at the beginning of the War than any other Eastern country, was probably the only country in the East which retained her independence without any loss of territory whatever.

Persia, though thus relieved of the presence of the rival nations who had so long quarrelled over their conflicting interests, was in a state of financial chaos and unrest, and at this juncture there appeared on the scene Reza Khan, a simple soldier belonging to the Cossack brigade commanded by Russian officers, who, by his bravery and his great military talents, soon found himself at the head of what was left of the old Persian Army. He became Minister of War and practical dictator of the country. In 1924 the Shah was banished to Europe, and Reza Khan became the actual ruler of Persia, and was ultimately induced to assume the title of king.

I do not want to bother you with my personal adventures, but I think I must just take you to Teheran from Baghdad, because I would like to convince you that I really went there. On February 24 I started with my wife by rail from Baghdad to Khaniqin. Thence we proceeded in a Buick car, on what I regard as one of the least comfortable journeys in the world. The chief reason why Persia has remained behind other countries is the fact that she is surrounded by three impenetrable walls of mountains, which can only be crossed by passes varying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet. In the old days before the roads were built it did not seem so bad, because you went so many miles, stopped where you liked, went on when you liked, and it all seemed quite friendly and comfortable. But, like other modern improvements, motoring has not only its blessings but its curses, and travelling by car is uncomfortable for the simple reason that Persia contains very few towns—between Baghdad and Teheran there are only four—and when you leave one you have got to reach the other before you can halt, and there is always the uncomfortable feeling when you are in a car that

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you cannot break your journey until you get to the next large town. So it means starting very early, to allow for breakdowns, and you rely a good deal on luck to get through by daylight. The roads are not what they were when first built, for the Persians cannot afford to keep them in repair; but it is only just to say that no effort is spared to keep them free of snow. There must have been hundreds of thousands of men thus engaged all along those roads from Qasr-i-Shirin to Teheran. And that is both laudable and very necessary, because snow falls in great quantities, and you cannot cross a narrow pass simply by clearing your own way. Another disadvantage of high roads is the introduction into Persia of a new terror—a four-wheeled cart which is drawn by four or even five horses, and they are all abreast, not in line, with harness which seems to stick out like the rigging of a great sailing ship in every direction. These carts travel in caravan style in groups ranging from ten to twenty together. When we began our journey the first pass had only opened the day before, and carts had been accumulating for three weeks, so we had three weeks of caravans to pass. However, all went well, except that we suffered from that common form of bruise caused by the bump you get against the bar of the hood when you come to a bad place on the road, when travelling at great speed. My wife and I were both struck at the same moment, after which we had a thirty-mile drive to Qazvin, where in less than an hour we discovered a doctor, who had some iodine, and dressed my wife's wounds.

We knew that in Teheran we were to be the guests of the Persian Minister of Education, and as I had an eye rather like a football and my wife had a face tied up in four places, we felt shy of entering into the house of the Minister as representative specimens of English travellers. We asked on arrival at the city gates if they could put us into hospital or something of that sort before we made our official appearance. They said, "No"; the Minister insisted on seeing us at once. So we took our courage in both hands and presented ourselves before entire strangers. On arrival at our destination all our troubles were forgotten, it all seemed like an Arabian Night. We were ushered into a large modern house, where we were greeted in faultless French by a charming host in a large drawing-room filled with violets and other flowers. He informed us that the house was ours to live in and entertain in as long as we liked. We had two luxurious bedrooms commanding fine views of the mountains. In these palatial quarters we spent three weeks, enjoying every luxury, entertaining to lunch or dinner as we chose, and receiving visitors, mostly Persian, in the evenings. It is impossible to imagine greater hospitality than was shown us here. The great time was between six and eight, when the *literati* of Teheran used to come to the house. The great advantage from my point of view was to be in a Persian house, which gave me the opportunity

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of meeting Persians whom I could not have met in any other way. The great event of my stay in Teheran was my interview with the King, who received me alone in his private study, and discussed many matters including the encouragement of the study of Persian history and literature. He stands 6 feet 3 inches, and his fine figure is very broadly built; his hair is grizzled, his eye keen, his chin firm, his manner simple and reserved, his voice soft and mellow. One can well believe he is the hardest worker in his kingdom. There are two main objects, as I take it, of Reza Pahlevi's endeavours and enthusiasms, the first the establishment of order, and second the awakening of national pride among the Persians as a whole. The energies of the Empire should be devoted to the moral and material progress of Persia. In the establishment of order he has a great task to perform, extremely difficult for us to realize in Europe. A king like Nasir ud Din Shah in the old days had law and order in the country, if we take law and order to mean the final word of the king or his governors. When the king and the governors were strong, one could get comparative safety on the roads because of the terrible punishments meted out to highway robbers—punishments which fill us with horror to think of. That is not the sort of law and order King Pahlevi has in view. He aims at a new sort of law and order, and desires to teach the people they have never had it, an extremely difficult thing for him, and not an easy thing for them, because it hurts their feelings. His first object is the establishment of order—that is, the introduction of official control where none existed before. We are used to that sort of thing and very seldom complain, except in *The Times*! You can imagine how the people resent having to submit to inspection when they arrive at towns which they have hitherto entered and left just as they pleased. This control is the thin end of the wedge representing the law and order of Persia.

The first essential to the introduction of law and order is the firm establishment of the existing régime. This, of course, necessitates a strong army paid up to date, a thing almost unknown in the East, where pay is so often months in arrears. If you wish to have order, you must have an army to enforce it. King Reza has the equipment and the soldiers, and, thanks to the new roads, is able to send troops to any district at quite short notice. These troops represent a very heavy expenditure, but they are a necessary means to an end, although Persia is a poor country. The second thing he wishes to introduce is the inculcation of a national spirit throughout the various races and tribes that make up the Persian people. The latest estimate of the population of Persia is roughly about ten millions, and of those I should say about three millions are dwellers in towns. There are over a million in Teheran. A large proportion of the population are nomads. That

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is one of the big problems. For these people, who are nothing if not Persians, belong to a great variety of religious sects and nationalities. The King is determined to develop a national spirit among these people. It occurred to him that what would contribute most to this end in a general way would be a national uniform; that is to say, for every Persian subject to wear the same style of dress, to show he was a Persian. The King devised the cap himself. It is the civilian pill-box as worn by clerks and town gentry with a little peak added in front to protect the eyes. Nothing could be simpler or less expensive to make. The King ordered that by New Year's Day of this year, March 21, everybody in Persia who was a Persian subject should wear this cap. The cap has not yet stood the test of a whole Persian year, and whether it will withstand the snow and rain we cannot tell, and it will certainly offer very little protection against the sun in the south. What is true of this hat is true of all hats, except possibly the fez—it depends on the wearer. I have never seen anybody that did not look nice in a fez: it is the most picturesque headdress ever invented. Some people look extremely well in these hats; Ministers of State look very dignified in black ones. You can have any colour you like—green, grey, khaki, or black—and it is only the form that does not admit of variation. It only became universal in March last. In January of this year, however, one saw little else in the towns. The transition stage in the country gave rise to curious sights. For instance, you saw a man who had been brought up to dress in Southern Persia very much like an Arab, with his head-kerchief and agâl, who, in order to satisfy both his tradition and his Government, retained the old headdress and balanced the Pahlevi cap on the top. That was the transition stage. Little boys at school looked charming. Their caps were mostly khaki-coloured with a little badge in front.

They are doing wonderful work down in Southern Persia in the district of the oilfields, where the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are building and equipping schools for the Persians to run themselves, and they are some of the best primary and secondary schools I have ever seen. The buildings are good. The children all wear a khaki uniform. They are recruited from all classes; some of them had lived in holes in the hills. In one school I saw four little boys who had never been out of their little village on the hillside, never seen a house—all sitting dangling their feet on the front bench. They could hardly understand Persian. Three of them had little Pahlevi caps, but one had not got a cap at all. I looked at him as if I were going to say something. His neighbour assured me, just to save his honour, that he had got a Pahlevi cap at home. Those little boys, whose parents had never had a word of education, at the end of

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three months can read and write. One little boy who could barely reach the bottom of the board wrote in accurate Pahlevi: "We are delighted with your visit." Dress reform does not stop with the headdress. It is further enjoined that all males in Persia should wear what we call lounge suits. To the Europeanized Persian in the towns this represents no very great change, but for the country folk, the shepherd, the cultivator, it may mean a severe blow to his tradition and his vanity, for I have always thought that one of the most picturesque costumes in the world is that of the Persian peasant. It is not within our province to demand that the East should be picturesque: it is not there for that purpose. I think it is a pity when the picturesque perishes, but I suppose it all has to go, and we do not want to delay the progress of a foreign country in order that it may look pretty to us. I am sure there is a feeling in Persia, as there is a feeling in Turkey, that being picturesque in the eyes of the West is a political disadvantage.

The only people who are allowed to continue the old wear are the doctors of religion. One still sees in the towns *mujtahids* with their long flowing robes and turbans which are strictly confined to the doctors of the law, and nowadays, as the King himself told me, there are severe tests whereby it is impossible for a man to pose as a priest if he is not qualified.

With regard to the wearing and removal of the Pahlevi cap, no definite rule seemed to have been established when I was there at the beginning of the year. In the Majlis I found the members were copying our own Parliament and retaining or removing their caps at will; but in society, out of a group of men visiting, some would leave their hats in the hall, some carry them in their hands, while others kept them on their heads.

Another great enterprise of the present Shah is the embellishment of Teheran and other great towns. The situation of Teheran is one of the most beautiful in the world, lying as it does in the hollow of a cup formed by lovely snow-clad mountains over which the great cone of Damavand towers in its bright splendour. But Teheran has grown up, like all Oriental towns, round a tightly packed bazaar, and no thought has been taken for the movement of modern traffic. All this, excepting only the bazaar, is being changed. In every direction fine avenues and boulevards (*khiyzbān*) are being constructed, and old buildings are being pulled down to make way for modern structures. Alas! the architecture is not what it should be in the land that gave birth to Persepolis and the like. The only fine modern building I saw in Persia was the American College at Teheran, which is built in the old Sassanian style, and goes to show what might be done today.

This slavish copying of Western styles is indeed one of the great

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sources of regret in the Near and Middle East; for here it is not a question of being picturesque for its own sake, but merely the missing of wonderful opportunities to continue a fine tradition.

It is deplorable, for example, to think that new Cairo is composed of huge private houses built after nineteenth-century architecture at its worst in Europe, whereas it would have been so easy to have houses built with every modern convenience in the old Cairene style. There is actually only one modern house in Cairo built by native architects, and very lovely it is, though I regret to say it is at the moment deserted.

So, too, in Persia I saw no attempt in the modern palaces to go back to the styles of the past.

Nevertheless, the town of Teheran has been improved out of all recognition, and I have good authority for stating that the King supervises all this work personally, and is often up at six o'clock in the morning going his rounds.

You expect me, naturally, to say something about the religion of Persia. Every writer on Persia in the last hundred years has pointed out that the main curse of that country has been the bigotry of the *mujtahid*—that is to say, the unhealthy influence which the priest has had over the people. It is a curious thing that the whole of their religion, apart from their services in the mosque, seems to be mostly connected with tragedy, and tragedy on a large scale.

One of the main objects of the present régime is to break the influence of the priestly class, although no direct attack has been made on Islam. The awakening of the people to their own interests and to a belief in themselves is a very difficult thing, because they are for the most part extraordinarily indifferent. There are two classes in Persia—one the cultivated class, the other the Persian who lacks ordinary education. It must not, however, be forgotten that every Persian, however uneducated he may be in other respects, has a natural taste for poetry, and your servant and your muleteer can quote the poets. The national education and culture of Persia never advanced beyond the tenth century—their medicine, botany, etc., all stopped short with the translations from the Greek, and they have never added to it since. They have never studied at first hand the natural sciences. The Persians who have studied modern sciences are those who have come to Europe (Germany, France, and England), and many of these have shown themselves absolutely brilliant. I remember meeting in Berlin, two years ago, a Persian who had written a thesis on modern German philosophy, and his professor told me there was no German student who could have written it in better German or with a better understanding of his subject. But only a certain number of Persians can be sent to Europe, and when they are sent there they are apt to feel that the problem of their own country is a hopeless one. They go back dissatisfied. What they

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still have to learn is self-reliance and public spirit. There are only two colleges existing in Persia today. The Americans have a first-class college in Teheran, which, of course, is a missionary college. It could not have been built without missionary money. They do not proselytize here, and, of course, restrictions are imposed by the Persian Government. The college has 500 students. They have a number of very good football teams; everybody seems to have a bicycle. They are all happy and jolly, and those boys, who come from all parts of Persia, directly they pass their courses are at once snapped up by the Persian authorities to be employed in Government offices. The purpose of this college is to train men within their own country to serve the land of their birth. The Persians themselves say, "The Americans in Teheran have a factory where they manufacture men." The changing conditions brought about by the new progress in Persia demand more than ever that young men be trained to meet the need for enlightened and patriotic citizens. One could not fail to observe that there is among Persians a marked prejudice—and perhaps a natural one—against Christian colleges: it is only to be regretted that they cannot themselves institute a college of their own on similar lines. There is a smaller college in Ispahan not so richly endowed as the American, and I hope if any of you see an appeal for the college in Ispahan you will put your hands in your pockets and help. As foreign trade and industry increase, there will be openings for the boys who have passed through the secondary schools, if they can be sent to technical schools. It is merely a question of encouraging the importation of foreign expert labour and the granting of concessions, and of inviting other people to help them to do what they cannot at present do for themselves. If a liberal policy on these lines were encouraged, then in a very short time work would be provided for these boys who have been through the primary and technical school training. I am full of hope for the future of Persia under its present ruler. It only remains for the spirit of real national endeavour to percolate through to the people. (Applause.)

Sir PERCY SYKES: My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,—We have listened to a most interesting account of Persia by Sir Denison Ross, and as he has mentioned my name among other things for making the roads in South Persia during the War, I would say that I think he has rather praised me too highly. A road such as I made in Persia was a simple caravan route, with the stone swept to one side, and the only actual making was for the passes, where, with a good deal of difficulty, we cut a track where a car could get through. But in Persia, which is very dry and hard, people now go all over the country in their cars; and I saw in a recent book I was reviewing that a man who wanted to travel by caravan was told by his friends that that was an absolutely

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obsolete mode of progression. And obviously there is progress in being able to get about so much quicker than used to be the case. The question of law and order I viewed from rather a different point of view. I found out that the people who were at the bottom of this were the ladies. When the spring came the ladies all wanted new clothes, so they said to their husbands the tribesmen, "You must go out and rob on the roads, and get us new clothes and lots of sugar and tea." So they all went out and robbed, and this has been going on from time immemorial. When I was in charge in South Persia I warned the tribes that if they robbed they would be punished. I knew they would not believe me at once, and they did not. When we got a very clear case of their having robbed a certain caravan and killed some of the drivers, that tribe was attacked. We killed and wounded about fifty of them, and that lesson only had to be given twice, once on the western side and once on the eastern side. After that the women would never allow their men to go out and rob; it stopped the whole thing.

The question of the hat has been touched on by Sir Denison Ross at some length. Personally I think, so far as Persians are concerned, they are copying Turkey. The Persians were Persians before the wearing of that hat, and in my opinion it is a pity.

As regards communications, the Lecturer has not touched on the question of the railway, which really seems to me the big question in Persia: whether it can be constructed and whether it will pay—this is the most essential—and I hope he will make some remarks on that point.

Although, being a man, I did not see a great deal of Persian women, at the end of the War, about 1918, I had several great friends in Shiraz, which was my headquarters. I had known them and their fathers, and one of my Persian friends had a daughter who had been educated at the American school at Teheran. He said to me, "My daughter says she knows English, but I do not believe it unless you testify to it yourself; so can she come and join us?" I said I would be delighted. A little girl of sixteen came along and talked away in very good English, with an American accent of course, and after that she always came whenever I met her father. About a year later she married one of my officers in the South Persia Rifles. She wrote me a note saying that, of course, Persia was not sufficiently civilized for her to appear at her own wedding, but she hoped I would come and see her after her wedding. I was shy about it, but her father, her father-in-law, and the husband pressed me, and after the wedding I went and congratulated her in their company, when we had talk and tea; and that is just the beginning of the change. There is a group of those girls in each town, especially Teheran, and naturally they want to have European customs, and I think in time they will get them, and by

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a very wise policy they are doing it gradually. I think the Shah is showing great sense in merely reforming the mullahs, and not attacking them or the splendid religion of Islam.

In replying, Sir DENISON ROSS said that he did not refer to the railways because it seemed a very delicate subject. He thought that all the money being spent on railways in Persia would be better spent in improving the roads and increasing the air service, but he felt it was not for him to criticize people who had been so kind to him, and of whom he was so fond. (Applause,)

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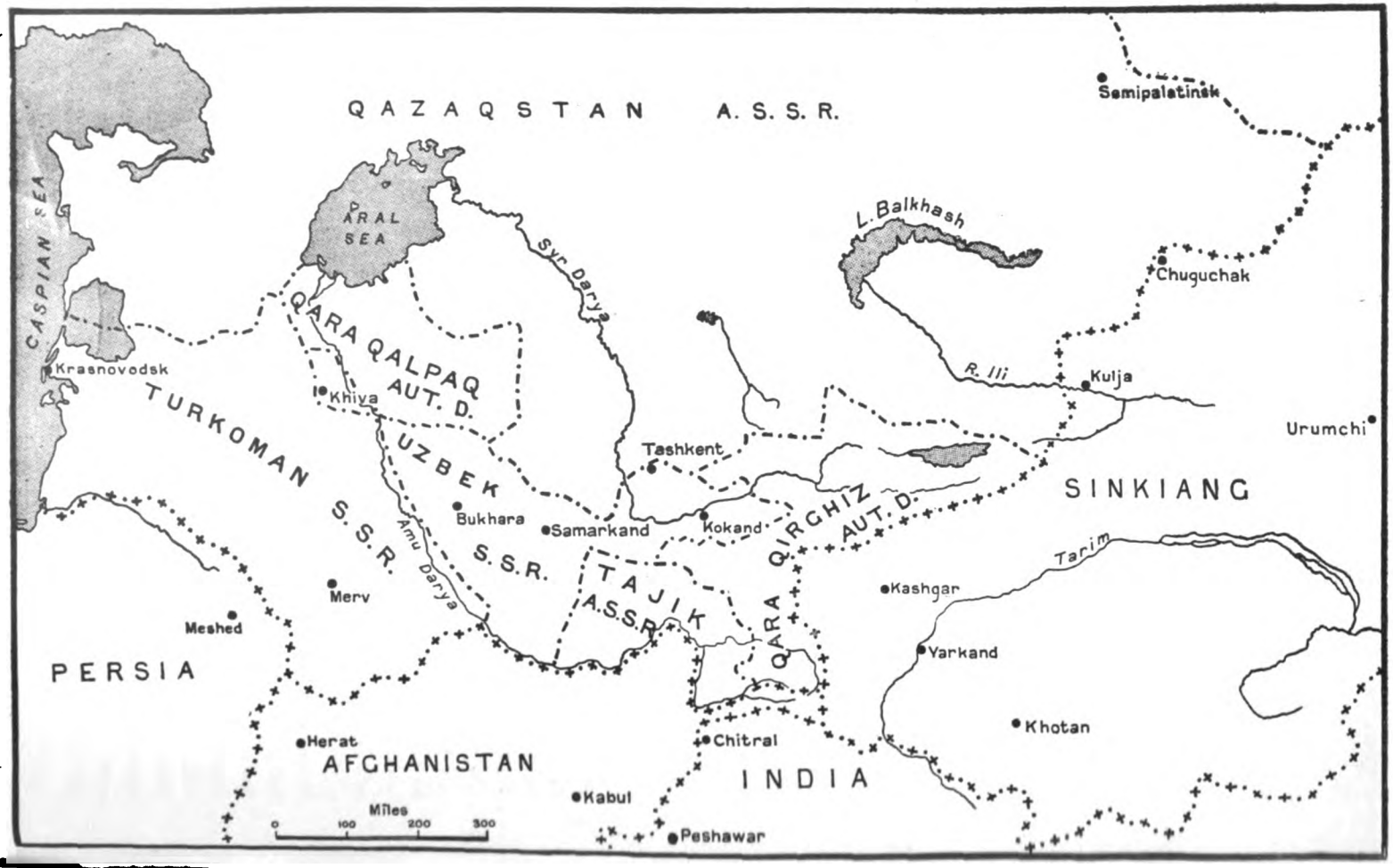

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EDUCATION IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

WHEN one comes to East Turkestan, the first thing that one discovers is that it is almost as far from the rest of the world in time as in space. It is often said that India is still in the Middle Ages; this statement may be true; but if true of India, it is far more true of Central Asia east of the Alai Mountains. How long it will remain true it is impossible to say. The bulk of the people, for instance, are still clad in locally woven cotton cloth. But flimsy machine-made chintz from Russian Turkestan is sold below cost-price in the bazaars of Kashgar and Yarkand; and its rivalry, if unchecked, must soon ruin the local industry. Similarly, the vast majority of the population still holds the principles of mediæval Islam. But, since life in Constantinople and Bukhara is westernized, it can only be a question of time, and perhaps a short time, before East Turkis find themselves criticized for their conservative ways by those very Russian Turkis and Ottoman Turks whom they have always been used to look up to, as their intellectual leaders.

However, at the present time conditions of life in Chinese Turkestan are practically those that obtained all over Europe, and over much of the East, in the days when Marco Polo found himself so much at home in Central Asia. To anyone who has read mediæval history, it is sometimes almost uncanny to see how life in Turkestan reproduces the distinctive features of life in Europe during the Middle Ages.

Therefore it is to be expected that education in East Turkestan will have much the character that it bore here in the time of our ancestors. In England today we think that a knowledge of reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic at least, forms a desirable preliminary to every possible career. Hence " compulsory education " in our mouths means that everyone is obliged to learn the three R's. The Turki view of education is different. They no more think that every child ought to know how to read, or to write, or to reckon, than we think that every child ought to learn shorthand or book-keeping by double entry. The Turki learns arithmetic if, and so far as, he finds it necessary in his business, or for money transactions in general. You will often find a man who can reckon quite complicated sums in mental arithmetic, who yet never attended a school in his life. A boy learns to read, if his father thinks him sufficiently clever to be able to spend time profitably

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in continuing his studies after the age of twelve. He learns to write if he intends to go on to the University, or if he wishes to earn his living as a professional scribe. But the irreducible minimum of schooling consists, not in learning the three R's, but in learning by heart social and ethical maxims, and those Arabic prayers and verses that the boy will most often come across in after life. He does not learn the meaning of the words; but he does learn enough by heart to enable him to follow the service at a wedding, or to keep him from feeling an outsider when he rides over to Kashgar to take part in the first prayer on the morning of Ramazan 'Aid: the day after the end of the Fast, when perhaps 80,000 Muslims are present in the great 'Aid Kar mosque.

But apart from what you can put down on paper that he has learnt in school; when you meet him you feel that the Turki has had a measure of culture of a different sort. The poorest man, living in the most crowded quarter of a city, has yet a certain self-reliance and personal dignity that is rarely to be found in the inhabitant of a London slum. In a country whose resources are still more than adequate to the needs of its population, the individual does not feel himself to be an insignificant atom in the multitude, but a valuable unit with his own place and importance in the whole social scheme. The very beggar is aware that he has a mission in life, that of enabling others to acquire merit by obeying the religious duty of alms-giving. In a higher walk of life, the boy who left school at eleven years old learns a sense of responsibility by sharing in his father's farm work or craft, and later is able to play a real part in the life of his village or guild. Everyone feels that he is wanted in some capacity by the community to which he belongs. He has his own definite place allotted to him, and he knows it and lives up to it; though for most it may not be a position carrying the prestige and influence enjoyed by a literate man, or "mullah."

Again, in a simple society, largely dependent on the relations between a small group of people for its interests, the small events of daily life are always invested with more of a ritual of ceremonial observance than we could think of allowing them in our hurried existence. Paying a social call must be done in a certain way; an almost unvarying procedure belongs to the lying-in of a mother or the naming of a child; not to speak of bigger occasions such as funerals or weddings. Chaffering and bargaining are reduced to fine arts. And the children, when they are babies, play at "dialogues of business, love, or strife," and as they grow older are apt pupils at learning the whole code of social procedure. To know the correct thing to do on every possible occasion, and to have one's own position in society fixed, and recognized both by one's superiors and one's inferiors, is likely to give one a certain poise and assurance, a social culture that is not always a product of book-learning.

There is another thing that is a mark of education among us, but in

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Turkestan will be found noticeable in quite illiterate people—that is, a broad-minded tolerance of other manners and customs than their own. Situated in the centre of the ancient world, Turkis have from the earliest times been in perpetual contact with people of other races, cultures, and religions. Fiery, lawless Afghans, money-grubbing Hindus, primitive mountain folk, degraded Tibetans and Mongols; Muslims, Christians, and idolaters; Slavs, Chinese, and Aryans, all travel along the roads that encircle the Takla Makan desert. So the Turki of the southern cities is as tolerant of foreigners as a Londoner might be, while he adopts a less superior attitude towards them. His friendliness and openness to new impressions may partly be due to the fact that he still belongs to a mediæval civilization, where a strong national self-consciousness has not yet appeared.

The wants of the population being still few, and its whole way of life simpler than that of the West, it is far more on the roads than was the population of Europe between the times of Chaucer and the appearance of motor transport. We all know the educational value of travel; and Turkis travel not only for amusement or trade, but frequently as a religious duty. The spring is the great season for visiting the tombs of departed saints. So besides the hundreds who depart annually for Mecca, many hundreds more spend a couple of weeks each year on pilgrimage to neighbouring holy places. The children go with their parents, and see the world far more adequately than they could do were they merely to be whirled from one centre to another by train.

Thus, Turkis on the whole are possessed of a broad-minded tolerance, self-reliance, and dignity. But these virtues they learn from the conditions of their environment and society. What are they directly taught? Up to the age of six, Turki children are allowed to do almost exactly as they please. They go through life without learning any self-control. A boy of sixteen will cry for a caning. A middle-aged mullah, engaged in a grave religious discussion, has been known to arise and whack his adversary on the head with the holy book about which they were speaking. The mother of a large family, if crossed in some quite small whim, may begin to shriek; and, brandishing a knife, threaten to commit suicide. Obedience, too, is not a virtue that is sufficiently emphasized at that age. Employers and teachers enforce it with the aid of a stick; but sons at least are often wonderfully independent of their parents; they are good friends, only each takes his own way almost from the beginning.

It may be partly due to Chinese influence, partly to the havoc that frequent divorce plays with the home life of the lower classes; but it is the schoolmaster who stands in *loco parentis* to the child, once he has entered upon school age. The master is responsible for what he does, not only in school, but also in his playtime. He is not only mentor, but the boy's natural defender against the rest of the world.

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Normally, a schoolmaster has spent some years in reading at a madrissah, or college, before taking up his post. Therefore he, at least, can read and write; and very often he is the only literate person in the village. Schools are plentiful everywhere. The upkeep of the building and the support of the teacher are normally provided for out of some "waqf," religious bequest. Therefore the teacher has his bare means of subsistence, but not often more, assured to him. Besides this, in Turki schools, pupils are expected to pay at the rate of a farthing a week, and in winter each brings a piece of firewood also, as a contribution towards the warming of school and schoolmaster.

In both city and village schools equipment is of the most primitive, and lighting arrangements are generally extremely bad; which would matter more if teaching were not so largely oral. Each child will have a primer, containing the more frequently used and important verses from the Quran, prayers in Arabic, and moral precepts. This book he will commit to memory before learning to read it. The production of these primers was formerly done in Russian Turkestan, but of recent years they have not been printed, as the Bolsheviks discourage all religious instruction. Consequently the supply of them in Chinese Turkestan is running very short, and the price of a copy has doubled. Besides his primer the child will have a piece of board on which the master writes the individual characters of the alphabet large, for him to learn when he gets so far in his studies, and on which he may ultimately practise copies himself. I was told recently by a child of eight, a bright little fellow who had been two years in a city school, that he had not yet got through the stage of learning by heart, to the promotion of starting on the alphabet. The ordinary boy in such a school would leave at any age between eleven and thirteen, without being able to read anything that he did not already know by rote; without, for example, being able to read a letter. This may partly be because poorer boys are so very erratic in their attendance, often only attending school in the winter months. You will sometimes meet an exceptional child who has taught himself to read at the age of nine or ten. But, on the other hand, I came across a rather stupid Afghan boy who, at sixteen, after eight years at school, barely knew the alphabet. He proved that his ignorance was not invincible, by learning to read words of three letters within a couple of weeks after entering the mission school at Yarkand. Unluckily for such boys there are no courses on teaching methods provided at any madrissah in the country.

In the villages, especially among the Dolanis of the Maralbashi district, small girls go to school with their brothers until they reach the age of about eleven. There are villages where there appear to be as many girls as there are boys at school. But leaving so early, they have not often got beyond the stage when they know the contents of the

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primer by heart, and can sit still and obey orders. These last are lessons they do not learn outside school, and it is sometimes rather extraordinary to see how a child that has perhaps run wild until nine years old will improve in manners and appearance after even six months at school.

Even in school, discipline is rather spasmodic than strict. In moments of wrath a Turki schoolmaster will box or tweak his pupils' ears, or hit a forgetful boy on the head. In Chinese schools the restless pupil may come in for an unpleasant punishment that consists in being put to kneel in the dampest and darkest corner of the place, with a couple of heavy bricks on his head. Even apart from the weight, it is not comfortable to have to keep one's arms raised to support the bricks for perhaps a quarter of an hour. And far too many teachers seem to have taken Dr. Faustus with his stick as their model. As a little boy rather gravely remarked one day: "My father explained to me that without much beating one can never become educated." All schools are extremely noisy places. Everyone learns everything aloud, and the greater the zeal of the pupils the greater the din. In such a place it is difficult to concentrate, and easy to carry on a little conversation under cover of the general uproar. The Turki master does not take life so seriously as his European colleague. And altogether there is less mechanical uniformity about school life, and more liberty for the pupil, than is usual in the West.

In the suburbs of the cities the schools are similar to those of the villages, though the tone is not generally so good. For the parents of most of the children will be those less attractive members of society—pawnbrokers, gamblers, waggoners (a despised class in Turkestan), opium smugglers, etc.—who are apt to foregather on the outskirts of towns. Also the general morality of the towns is much worse than that of the country. In the cities girls are usually quite uneducated. For one thing, the moral tone of almost any of the prominent and fashionable city schools is such that no father would think his little daughters could safely attend. But for another, there is, as in all Muslim countries, a prejudice against educated women. I met only one in four years, and her learning seemed merely to have made her thoroughly discontented, for she found she had no community of interests with the other women of the family. Occasionally a Turki merchant who has been over to Russian territory to trade, will bring back a Noghai (Russianized Turki) wife with him; and such girls are also apt to complain bitterly of how cramped they find their life in Kashgar, and of how childish are the other women of the household of which they have become inmates.

But to consider the boys whose education goes beyond the quite elementary stage. For them there are two possible kinds of education, answering roughly to our Classical and Modern sides at home.

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First there are the boys who are going to be mullahs, in the narrower sense of the word; for strictly speaking every literate person, whether man or woman, is a mullah. But in the narrower sense, corresponding to the old use of the word "cleric," a mullah is a man who intends to devote his life to religious or educational interests. He will remain at his local school until he has learnt all that his master can teach him. Then he will go to the nearest college and "read" there for a while. There are colleges scattered here and there through the country, but in Chinese Turkestan the colleges of Kashgar are regarded as very much superior to all others; and therefore boys educated at Kashgar will think themselves possessed of much better qualifications than those who have studied elsewhere. Kashgar, in fact, is reckoned the University town of Turkestan south of the Tian Shan; though its fame is very much inferior to that of Samarkand, not to say Bukhara. As from time immemorial in the East, the student is far less an alumuus of a certain college than the disciple of a certain master. He is required to pass no examinations, but his learning is measured by the number of years that he has spent in study, the number of books he can claim to have read, and his skill in disputations. Prestige rather than wealth is his reward. The number of men dependent for the support of themselves and their families, on religious foundations, is so large that they mostly exist on a mere pittance. The young men studying at Kashgar often go round begging, to get the money they want to enable them to pass their lives in study instead of in secular employment. Their studies are altogether on religious subjects, scholastic philosophy, or matters allied thereto—the Quran, Arabic, Grammar, the Traditions, Islamic Jurisprudence and Case Law, Logic, Rhetoric, and the rest of the Orthodox and Mediæval curriculum.

Like students all over the world, they are apt to have a good deal too much spare time on their hands, and many of them are popularly reputed to lead dissolute lives. However that may be, in Kashgar, because it is the University town, women are not allowed to go about unveiled as freely as they do in other cities. There is a certain shrine called Hezrat al Afak, or Afak Khojah, near Kashgar, which is a popular place of resort in the warm weather. The men are supposed to visit it to perform their devotions on four or five consecutive Saturdays preceeding the Corban 'Aid, and on those days no woman is allowed to leave the city; though they can go out there on other days. Similarly, during Ramazan women must not go about the city unveiled, and if the supervisors of public morals see a woman with her veil up they are entitled to beat her. Still, though Kashgar gives itself the airs of a University town, the degree of learning attained by its mullahs has always been regarded as very much inferior to that of their brethren of Bukhara or Persia.

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The mullah, when he leaves college and becomes the schoolmaster or Imam of some small village, has a very great deal of influence among his unlettered neighbours. The Du'a mullah, the authority on questions of religious law and usage, or the Cadi, who deals with all cases affecting Turkis before they can come near the Chinese magistrates; have yet more influence. Indeed they are the leaders of public opinion in the country. But nowadays their authority is sometimes questioned, the value of their learning disputed, by young men who have received not a Classical, but a Modern education.

Of this last there are two sorts. First there is that provided by the Chinese authorities in all big towns for the benefit of the Chinese population. Chinese are fully aware of the value of a broad culture, and their children, at least in Sinkiang, frequently stop at school until the age of twenty. The most of their time is occupied in learning to read and write their own language—a task for a lifetime. But connected with this, especially in Urumtchi, they attempt the curriculum proposed for all registered schools throughout China. For a short time the Government school in Kashgar was similarly ambitious, only they lacked qualified teachers and the necessary books. South of the Tian Shan the only teacher whose qualifications are such that his school can be, and is, recognized and registered as a Middle School by the educational authorities in Urumtchi, is the Chinese headmaster of the Swedish mission school at Hancheng. But the number of Chinese children in the province is limited. It is true that many of the Chinese who come to Sinkiang, in lieu of bringing a Chinese wife with them, take a temporary Turki wife, and more than fifty per cent. of their children (qachir, or " mule," the Turki calls these half-breeds) are brought up as Chinese, and attend the Chinese schools. But even so, in Kashgar at least, it was found so difficult to fill the Government school adequately that Turki children were accepted for admission, and all the scholars were provided with free uniforms, and were promised one tael a month payment for attendance.

A knowledge of Chinese is useful toward getting certain employments, though, of course, many Turkis learn to talk Chinese without ever having attended a Chinese school. But the pupils who pass out at the top can obtain well-paid jobs in the Post or Telegraph Offices, or as tutors to the families of big Chinese officials. To such ends they make strenuous efforts to learn English or Russian—difficult as Chinese find all foreign languages. In that direction the Turki boy is a far quicker pupil. To this class of Chinese-educated Turki belong the Begs, or official interpreters—the intermediaries between the Chinese magistrates and rulers and their subjects. They have more power and more opportunities to amass wealth than perhaps any other class or community in the country, excepting only the officials themselves.

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The Chinese official has his sons and daughters educated at home by tutors, and later may send them back to Peking to be "finished." The wealthy Turki merchant sends his boy to the city schools until he is ten or twelve years old, and then in certain cases he may send him to Constantinople to learn all that can be taught in the metropolis of the Turkish world. There was a certain merchant who sent his nephew to Turkey to learn the latest business methods, that he might be fitted to take a prominent and successful part in the family trading enterprises. And great was the annoyance of that merchant when, after some years, the young man returned, proficient in French, and able to discuss the movements of Western thought, but with less ability to run a shop than he possessed before a penny had been spent on his education. However, the same merchant recently summoned up courage again, and sent quite a batch of grandchildren to be brought up in Constantinople.

Several of the wealthier men are constantly travelling to and fro in Russian Turkestan; some go on business even as far as to Moscow. So their sons, even if educated at home, eventually come to learn Russian, and are much in contact with the ideals of Bolshevism as understood in Tashkent. Like the merchant families of Europe in the sixteenth century, they are the first to be affected by new ways of life, and among the foremost to criticize the conservative and "out-worn" views of the mullahs.

But it is not only members of wealthy families that come into contact with Bolshevik propaganda. It has attractions for many go-ahead young fellows in East Turkestan. They are not so drawn to the principles of Communism, perhaps. That is more attractive to people who live on the verge of starvation, whereas the Turki is fairly prosperous. But the ambitious young workman from Kashgar or Ili goes over to Russia to get a temporary job, and at once finds himself in a land of unveiled women, railways, motor-cars, cinemas, and all that he believes to constitute the acme of modern civilization. What one sees of the East in Russian Turkestan or India would be more obvious to us; and we cannot think a Turki notably more cultivated for adding to his possessions a blaring trumpet of a gramophone and a pair of elastic-sided boots. But, naturally, the boy from Sinkiang does not see through our eyes. He has been brought up on tales of King Solomon and his flying carpet, and, while he is told that a flying carpet is nonsense, he hears that in Russia there are lots of flying trains—*i.e.*, aeroplanes. He feels himself a man of the world when he tries to scoff at Jinn; and then he is adjured to give up his belief in God. He hears from the same teacher that women and men are equal; and that all authority is toppling, and the butcher and baker of the King of England are on strike.

How is he to know how to discriminate between what is true and

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what is false? The simple farmer may dismiss all he sees as being simply the foreign and infidel custom of the Russians; but the town boy is certain to be influenced by these westernized Turki neighbours. When he comes home he and his friends will spend a good deal of time studying Russian, and trying to pick up information about life in the West, while their state of mind is apt to be a pathetic mixture of bewilderment and the desire to be up-to-date. They criticize the mullahs with some vehemence for being unable to give them any education that will fit them to take their rightful place in the modern world. They call the country-folk "sheep" to let themselves be led by such incompetent and antiquated teachers. But at the same time they are not pro-Russian, and all the sanctions and traditions of their upbringing are too strong for them easily to turn atheist or Bolshevik, while, on the other hand, they do not want to turn into Chinese.

We may wish they could cling to their mediæval teaching, for we are acutely conscious of the weak points in our own civilization, and aware of the merits of theirs. But it would seem as though it were impossible to keep any country hermetically closed to the products of Western machinery; and when they take from us tin pails, calico, and bicycles, there seem to be always a few among them who become infected with our restlessness, our questioning, and our iconoclastic humours. Certainly will this be the case in Chinese Turkestan, which of all Oriental countries lies nearest to Russia, that most iconoclastic State of all.

It is true that at the present time the demand for a broader education than that of scholastic theology, is heard almost solely in Kashgar and the northern parts of Sinkiang. But it will certainly be an increasingly widespread demand in the future. The Chinese already are beginning to be aware that they must meet it in the case of their own people. The Russians are busy with big educational schemes in the Tartar and Turki Soviet Republics. A few of the more thoughtful Turkis of the southern cities of Sinkiang have lately been more friendly to the efforts of Christian mission work, to which belong the only facilities for a wider education that are open to the Turki, unless he goes to school with Chinese or Bolshevik.

Nevertheless, most people in that land of the lotus-eaters are still slumbrously unaware of the movements among the peoples to east and to west of them. There life is even yet altogether that of the Middle Ages. Those of them who have any desire to be educated in our sense of the word, are few indeed. And one might say that where such ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise, were it not that they may pay dearly for their lack of modern wisdom when the world which they forget begins to remember them.

R. O. WINGATE.

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A TRIP TO ALAMUT, LAHIJAN AND RASHT

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TAKEN BY THE LATE CAPTAIN G. J. ECCLES WITH TWO COMPANIONS TO THE RUINED STRONGHOLD OF THE ASSASSINS. (*Kindly sent by Dr. Eccles.*)

JULY AND AUGUST, 1928.

AFTER a certain amount of preparation and consultation of maps, etc., we decided that the best thing was to fix certain definite spots and to find our way between them. These spots were Qazvin, Alamut, Pul-i-Anbu and Lahijan. The only snag was that Alamut is a district, and we didn't know where in it the castle was. However, we trusted to villagers' local knowledge for that.

The party consisted of L——, Captain G. J. Eccles, and self, with two servants, Sultan Ali and Ahmed.

On Thursday, July 26, I took Sultan Ali and Ahmed down town with most of the luggage, picked up L——'s stuff at Stump's pension and went to the A.P.O.C. office, where Arsene, their Armenian store-keeper, was to meet me. He soon turned up, and we went round to a garage, where we dumped the stuff, and went back to the Nazmieh, where Sultan Ali had already arranged about having the servants put on a separate javaz (permission to leave the town), a thing the munshis had omitted to do. We then got tickets for the servants, and left them to go off with the heavy luggage. After an early lunch I came away with Eccles and very little luggage in the car, picked up L——, and set off.

The car went beautifully and we did the journey to Qazvin in three and a half hours, only stopping twice, once for water for the car and once for a melon for ourselves. At Qazvin we went to Soukias' house, and were hospitably received with tea and cake. After a trip round the town we put the car in the Grand Hotel garage and had an enormous dinner at the hotel. Then back to Soukias' for the night, after an interlude for music and conversation. The beds had thin mattresses on the top of what felt like very solid boards, and not being accustomed to that form of comfort, we slept very little. The mosquitoes and sand-flies also helped to get us up by 4 a.m.

Friday, July 27.

Tea, which should have arrived at 4 o'clock, did not turn up till 5, as the samovar went out, and Soukias' servants were not about to unlock the cupboard with the tea-cups. We were nearly ready when it

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did come, and the charvardar (muleteer) was at the door with seven mules. L—— had told Soukias to order six mules and to get an option on a seventh, but either he had not understood or the broker hadn't, or it was simply a try-on, because they swore that we had ordered seven. They refused to go without the seventh, and also to take it without pay. We all got very annoyed with the broker, who was making most of the trouble, the charvardar's only contribution being that he had nowhere to leave the extra mule, which struck me as a reasonable objection, if true. At last Soukias got really annoyed (he was in an early morning temper, anyway) and started taking the luggage down off the mules, saying that we would get others. The broker then accepted defeat, but to save his face, demanded one day's hire for leaving the extra mule behind. To save time we agreed, as I knew that if we had an extra mule we should be sure to use it, or the servants would, and anyway, we should have had the same fuss about loading every morning. We eventually got away at six, instead of five, as we intended, which, considering F—— had reckoned on it taking five hours, was not bad.

The charvardar's name was Qorban Ali (the sacrifice of Ali) and his assistant's name was Moses. He had so far rather recommended himself by his silence, when everybody else was chattering, but we found out later that it was simply because he had nothing to say.

We left Qazvin by the Panbehraz Gate and walked along a motorable path among vineyards and fruit-trees. Then came a stretch across the plain and some rather dull walking through foothills till we reached a village called Rashtagan (a Turki name, meaning 'Rainstones'). There were a lot of small rounded stones lying about and they looked water-worn — hence the name. At this village we found cheese, cucumber and tea, and after consuming these, we moved on a bit to a wood beside a stream, a little higher up, bathed and had a cold lunch. We all felt like a sleep, so we stayed there until three o'clock, and then moved on to Razigird, a little further up the hill. We waited there for the mules, and as they never turned up, we went on, and at last met a man who said he had seen them come by a different path and go on ahead.

After a fair amount of hard climbing up the Simiyar Pass we caught up the mules, and L—— and I got on, jolly glad of the rest, but Eccles, who said he wanted to do the whole journey on foot, sprang on ahead like an ibex. Once on the mules we were able to appreciate the view, and it was a great pity that we didn't reach the top a little earlier, as there would have been excellent light for photography. As it was, we were too late. The path was very steep, and we had a fierce and rather cold wind in our faces till the top of the pass, which was 7,200 feet up—that is, 3,100 feet above Qazvin, where we had started. We fell rapidly on the other side to just short of Simiyar village, where

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we camped. The servants were rather tired and in a bad temper, and the charvardar grumbled that we had stopped in a cornfield. We had done twenty-three miles and a very stiff climb, so we settled down to food and sleep. We were not to be left alone, however. The villagers had seen our light in the cornfield, and came chasing up to the place and had a long argument with the charvardar and Sultan Ali. The matter was satisfactorily settled somehow, and I didn't ask how, for fear of being drawn into the argument.

Saturday, July 28.

At Simiyar we were on a sort of plateau, and we moved off downhill towards the Shahrud. It was a drop of about 2,000 feet and took a long time, especially as we picked blackberries on the way. At last we reached the river, which is a swift, muddy stream, very shallow at that point, and about 20 feet wide, though the bed must be about 300 feet wide in places. The water is led off into small ricefields along the side of the bed. The banks are very precipitous in most places, and on one side were cliffs about 300 feet high. Even in the most precipitous places they have patches of corn and barley.

After the bathe we went to a cool place, where there were some grapes growing, but naturally all the ripe ones were out of reach. In due course the mules appeared. Sultan Ali was glowing with self-righteous indignation because he had been unable to buy bread or indeed much else from the very poor villages we passed through. He had been annoyed with me from the start for not allowing him to bring provisions for an army, and now he was pleased in a perverse way that his lugubrious prophecies had proved to be right. I discovered later that it was provisions for himself that he had been unable to buy, a fact that rather took the edge off his complaint, as I had never placed any veto on the amount he was intending to bring for himself, only on my own luggage.

When we had finished lunch we went ahead of the mules again and passed the mouth of the gorge out of which the Alamut River pours into the Shahrud. At that point on the Shahrud there is an old wooden bridge, and there we bathed again and waited for the mules, which were not long in catching us up. The charvadar had impressed the services of a villager to show us the way up the gorge, as there is no path; one simply has to wade upstream, and it is a little difficult if one doesn't know the shallow places. The gorge is very narrow and the stream fills it right up in places, and is swift and deep into the bargain. L——, Eccles, and I mounted our mules, and we only got our feet wet, but the others had to struggle against a foaming torrent, in many places up to their waists. They seemed quite to enjoy it, and soon got dry afterwards in the hot sun.

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The gorge is very fine, about a mile long, with sheer rock sides about 200 feet high in places, and looking even higher from their closeness to one another. The river winds about, and at the top end one debouches into a wide open grassy plain, with the river flowing in several streams through it, in some places so slowly as to have dropped its mud and gathered waterweed.

The first village we reached was called Badasht, and belonged to Prince Firuz. We had thought of camping there, but were deterred by the sight of high wooden platforms on the roofs. The villagers erect those platforms to a height of about 15 feet above the level of the roof, and put their bedding on the top in the hope of avoiding the mosquitoes, which are supposed not to fly so high. They may avoid a few, but from personal experience I can vouch for the fact that mosquitoes do fly as high as these platforms, and in quite sufficient numbers to make a night pretty uncomfortable.

We walked up the river through the ricefields till we came to a dry flat place near Shahrek, and there we camped for the night. There was a stream of clear water coming down from the mountain, which the villagers asserted was shour (salty), but I can't say I noticed it. There were a few odd mosquitoes even there and in spite of the strong west wind that was blowing, but they didn't worry me, and I slept all right. The total distance for that day was 20 miles.

Sunday, July 29.

We had been told by the villagers that Hassan es Sabaa's castle was quite close, and thought it was in the valley, so started off, leaving the mules to catch us up for lunch. There was indeed a castle of sorts at Shahrek, commanding the confluence of four rivers, but it was only on a sort of earthwork mound, and of no particular interest. The village of Shahrek also had mosquito platforms, and the people looked poor and miserable. We had to ford one of the rivers, and then went on up the valley. Everybody we met asked us if we were going to Gazir Khan, which being the name of the village at the foot of the red castle, we said "Yes." When they heard this answer, they at once thought that we had something to do with the conscript service, which evidently had its headquarters there. From what we heard of it on the way along it became evident that it employed press-gang methods, and was very unpopular. They took from a small and poor village eight or ten men and from a big rich one the same number, because the latter were able to buy themselves off. They took no account whether a man was married or had children, and wrote down men of thirty as twenty-one, or so the villagers said. I expect there was exaggeration on both sides. A little further up the river we met a crowd of about 200 people, a detachment of sixty conscripts being marched off by four

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very peaceable-looking soldiers, and the members of the conscripts' families walking with them, embracing them and beating breast and wailing, some appealing to the soldiers' feelings, some trying to get in their way as far as was consonant with the avoidance of bodily harm to themselves. Rather a piteous sight, but not only because of the grief of the people, also because a large district like Alamut, about the size of a small English county, and quite well populated, should allow twenty-five soldiers (for that was the total number come to collect conscripts) to remove them and to practise such arbitrary methods without putting up some resistance. The Lurs or Khamseh wouldn't have allowed one of these soldiers to go back alive. Everybody we met was inclined to be tearful or sulky, and we were quite surprised when at Shutur Khan a man in a short coat appeared and politely asked us to come to his house. We said we had to get on, and he said he had to go up to the next village anyway and would act as guide. He was right when he said "go up," because it was a very steep ascent, and we did it in record time, which earned his respect and that of a man who brought up his son on a mule. He was Kadkhoda or Headman of Shutur Khan, and evidently a man of some influence, because all the local people approached him with their worries, and he quickly made up his mind and told them succinctly, but not roughly, what to do.

At Gazir Khan, the village just below the castle, he found various people of influence, got provisions for us, selected a good camping place, and told the history and legends of Hassan es Sabas while we waited for our mules.

We had lunch, and then a guide whom he had left with us partly to chase off villagers who only wanted to stare out of curiosity and partly to take us up to the castle, showed impatience to start, because he would have to go down to Shutur Khan again for his lunch and would be late. So we started immediately after lunch, and what with the hard climb and the hot sun, etc., I felt giddy on the top, and had to lie down.

The rock is a tilted piece of ground at an angle of about 70 degrees, one side overhanging slightly, and the other a fairly smooth face of rock, except in places where terraces had been made either by natural or artificial means. It is sort of pudding-stone rock, not hard, and easy enough to carve steps or tanks in. One goes up by the path on the overhanging side, under the rock for a bit, then zigzagging up a steep place where a false step means a roll over rough stones for about 500 feet. There used to be a wall at all accessible places, but it has been broken down there, and one climbs up over the rough stones and mortar. The higher part of the backbone of the rock is about 60 or 70 feet broad, and has some remains of rooms with here and there

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a cellar. On the south side there are two terrace gardens about half-way down, but no way of reaching them without a rope, with vines and roses, and one terrace with no vegetation but a sort of balustrade. The lower part has a tunnel going through it, which appeared to serve no very practical purpose, but provided shade and a through draught for me, and further east there is a tank with rain-water in it. It was obviously a very strong place, but could probably have been thirsted out in a week during the summer. It was built about 1100 A.D., and was destroyed in 1262 by Hulagu Khan.

I took a few photos, and then came down to the stream, which was muddy but drinkable. The camp moved up to the base of the castle and we went to bed. That day we probably did only fifteen miles in all.

Monday, July 30.

The mules went down to the river again and round by Shahrek, and we were to meet them at Moallim Kalayeh. We took a path over the hills, which was said to be impossible for mules, and I certainly pity the poor beasts if they had had to do it. We went up and down some steep slopes to a village called Tavan, where they had evidently heard of us, because the Kadkhoda came running out and with many polite phrases offered us first water, then doogh (sour milk), and then arrack (native liquor) to induce us to stay. We accepted the water, but did not stay. We then lost the way but got on to it again, and stumbled down a very rough road to the village of Anbij, where we ate cucumbers and had a bathe. The latter proceeding confirmed the villagers in their impression that we were mad. When we said that we were going to bathe, our guide asked us if we meant that we were going into the river. We said that such was our intention. "But you are not going to put your bodies under the water?" We said we were, and then with an incredulous smile he left us to our fate. We then climbed up a terribly steep path to the summit of the hill, where we got an excellent view, and came down on to a sort of plateau guided by a man whom we found lying asleep by a spring. He was some sort of worthy from Moallim Kalayeh, and when we reached the village we went to his house and had tea with him. He sent people to reconnoitre, and they found our servants near the house of Amir Assad. It was quite a good place, and as it was 3 p.m. and we had breakfasted at 6 a.m. we were fairly ready for a meal. A big meal, of course, made us sleepy, and it was nearly 5 p.m. before we got off again. The people in the big house, whose name we didn't catch, asked us to stay the night, but our stage was Dikin, about seven miles on, and we said we must push on. A terrific west wind sprang up, and we had literally to push; then it came on pelting rain, and we

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lost the way and ploughed through heavy mud, which stuck to our shoes in thick clods. At last we reached the village of Kushk, where the miserable villagers were trying to save a sodden remainder of their corn from the threshing-floors. They pointed us the way to Dikin, and we arrived only a few minutes later than our mules, though, if anything, somewhat wetter.

The Kadkhoda of this village was a very fanatical man, and didn't like having unbelievers in the village at all, and even less in his house, but we persuaded him to let us have a room. He took the carpets out for fear that they should be defiled by the Ferangis, as he politely told our servants; and we hoped that he might have removed any of the humbler members of his household that might be living in the carpets, but it was not to be, and those left behind attacked us with inhospitable vigour.

Tuesday, July 31.

The morning was fair but apt to be steamy, and we found the climb up the gullies rather stiff work. However, we found to our relief that we had shortened our stage by taking the road straight to Hassanabad, instead of round by Siahdasht as we originally intended. The route book hadn't shown that road, and we had hit on it quite by chance. We found some excellent blackberries on our way, and, in fact, Hassanabad was a perfect fruit-garden, though most of the fruit wasn't ripe yet.

We bathed in the Shahrud, which was the colour of milk chocolate, and then had lunch at a spring. After lunch a strong wind sprang up, and we had to push against it all the way to Shahristan. Besides this, the path ran for most of the way along the river bed and, besides the hard going, the wind whipped up the sand and it blew in our faces. I felt like getting there, so I pushed on while the others were consuming more blackberries, and they caught me up again before Shahristan. We were rather depressed to find Shahristan surrounded with rice-fields, and with a perfect forest of mosquito-platforms rising from the roofs of the houses, as it boded ill for our rest that night. The next village was too far to go on to, and besides, we were all rather tired, owing to the wind and dust. So we decided to stay there, and made for a little hill on the other side of the village, when the rain came on, and Sultan Ali arriving murmured something about how useful tents would have been. I reminded him that rain was a gift of Allah, which made his reference to tents almost blasphemous, and prevented any further grumbling for the time being. The Kadkhoda, a very pleasant man, took us to a garden, and installed us on the roof of a house, where we hoped to be above the attentions of the mosquitoes, in a physical sense. There was one of the wooden platforms on the roof, but it didn't look very secure, and there was a violent wind springing up, so we decided to sleep

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underneath, in the hope that it might keep off some of the rain. We rigged up a sort of shelter with a waterproof sheet and a zilu, and put up our nets for the mosquitoes, but the rain dripped through the branches of the shelter, and we were bitten by the mosquitoes, suffering also from a flank attack by some fleas which L—— shook down from the shelter.

Wednesday, August 1.

We were soon up and under way, though it was rather unpleasant putting on damp things. I gave the gardener two tomans at Sultan Ali's instigation, though I thought it rather excessive for the rather doubtful privilege of being drenched on his roof. He also supplied a few rather measly cucumbers, which are the cheapest and easiest things in the vegetable line to grow in these parts. However, the morning was sunny, and we set off along the river among the rice-fields. They were all flooded at that time of year (hence the mosquitoes), and it was difficult balancing on the mud barriers between them. We eventually reached the path along the hills to Dehdushab, a very dirty Turki-speaking village, where we had some difficulty in making the villagers understand that we wanted to know the way to the bridge. Some people tried to get us to stop and drink tea with them, and in particular one large coarse-looking woman who was making tea for her men-folk on the balcony.

The women in the villages are all unveiled, and only wear a little circlet of beadwork on their forehead and a white three-cornered cloth attached to the top of it, with the point of the triangle about halfway down their back. In some villages they had long black trousers with short coloured skirts nearly reaching the knee; some the same, only white trousers; and in the hills only a very full skirt just touching the knee-cap. The women don't usually wear shoes, but the men do. The men all wear the long trousers, the long blue cotton coat called sardari, with a cummerbund, and a melon-like felt hat, like a bowler with no brim. A few wore sort of thick knitted woollen garments, knitted in very bright "Fair Isle" patterns and strong colours, but not many. The shirts are mostly short, and often outside the trousers. The slit is at the right-hand side, and the chest is pleated, among the richer people. The colour is either white or black. It was noticeable that as one went further north the trousers got less baggy and the coats shorter, till in the jungle they were practically skin-tights and Eton jackets. Near Qazvin the trousers were very baggy, and the sardari came down to the knees.

After struggling through sticky mud up to our ankles at Dehdushab, we crossed the bridge, a one-span affair, very solidly constructed in wood. A dozen loaded mules could cross together without danger. At

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this point the river enters a big gorge, and the path along the sides was said to have fallen away in places, and in any case to be impracticable for mules, so we took a hill path which was perhaps a little longer, but much better going. I was very glad to get away from the river for a little while, as the going in the rice-fields was so bad, and also the air was hot and damp. We started off up the hill, but as we were all feeling a bit enervated, we sat down to wait for the mules, and L—— and I got on. Eccles had to keep up the reputation of the Army for hardiness and endurance, so he bounded on ahead, while the effete business men and diplomats came on in comfort behind.

We reached the village of Khorru for lunch, and Musa went off to see his relations, as it was his home town. It was quite a long way, but it was pleasent getting the fresh breezes off the hills after the stuffiness of the Shahrud valley. We had lunch and a short sleep, and then the breeze freshened to a gale, which from previous experience we knew portended rain. So we hurried on, and fortunately reached a clump of trees in time to get a little shelter. It cleared up and we went on dry, but plastered with mud, till we got close to the Pul-i-Anbu, the Anbu bridge, when we got soaked. The bridge is strong and solidly built of brick and stone, though it has an unexplained bend in the middle. It is wide enough for two cars to pass, if there were any cars there, and the roadway is of cobblestones.

There is a well-built brick chaikhaneh on the north side, and there we found F——, Gurney (an American teacher from Resht) and Ali Gholi Khan, the nephew of the Governor of Deiliman district, a fat, but, as afterwards turned out, an energetic man. He had blue eyes and a sense of humour. We sat and had tea and raisins for about an hour, and then started off up the pass to climb 2,000 feet to Anbu village, which is a matter of six miles or so from the bridge which bears its name. I said I would walk, and started off with Gurney, but it soon got dark, and as I was already very tired with ploughing through mud, I rather regretted my decision. The path went in places along the edge of a precipice, and it was very stony and I kept tripping. So did Gurney, and we started uttering muffled exclamations, becoming less and less muffled as it got darker and our stumbles became more frequent.

At last F——'s mule, which he had abandoned to come up by itself, as it would not go fast enough, caught us up and I got on, while Gurney clung to the stirrup of another mule, and we went up the rest of the way letting the mules find the path, which they did very well.

At Anbu we found a clean, well-lit room, with a mangal (Persian stove) and food, all of which were very welcome, as we were cold and wet through.

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Thursday, August 2.

We got going about 8.15 and started off for Kilishum. The wind had risen even before we did, and we soon were caught by the rain. We sheltered in a hut at Kangachal and had some tea, removing at the same time some of the humbler inhabitants of the hut. We heard Gilaki for the first time, and I found it difficult to understand more than a word here and there. It cleared up soon after leaving Kangachal, and I went on ahead with Ali Gholi Khan, who made his mule trot while I kept up by taking short cuts. The mud on the path was terrible, and one got on quicker on the side. There was, of course, no view because the clouds were right down and we could only see a short way ahead.

We reached Kilishun about lunch time, and went up to quite a clean room, with hassir, or matting, on the floor, to eat lunch. This we did Persian fashion, sitting cross-legged on the floor round the mangal. Gurney had some excellent fudge, provided by his wife.

We left at three o'clock, and went up further into the clouds, I riding this time, but I soon got tired of that as the mules went so slowly, and Eccles and I started off on foot and got ahead. We kept with Ali Gholi Khan till the Chakarud valley, which was as well, because it was a thick mist, and he knew the way. We could often hear voices or sheep-bells quite close, but never saw anyone. Ali Gholi Khan was quite good fun, and we talked and joked with him on the way along.

F—— and L—— caught us up, and F—— crossed the Chakarud in a somewhat undignified position, sitting on the neck of one of the baggage mules and holding on by its ears. The others went off to find a bridge, and the mule stopped in mid-stream and debated whether to have a drink, but fortunately decided to go on.

Soon it got dark and I mounted again, the more willingly as the mud was really atrocious, and we set off uphill for Deiliman and Isbaili.

The country this side of the hills was more fertile. There were fields everywhere instead of the bare stretches of upland with only a little prickly thorn growing, and the people had put up fences and gates and better houses of stone with thatched roofs instead of the mud houses of the plateau. Some of the roofs had sort of "wooden slates," the balconies had carved balustrades, and everything looked more prosperous with cows and white sheep dotted about, instead of the brown or black ones of the rest of Persia. There were many more wild flowers of all kinds; some very pretty ones, wild pinks, bluebells, etc.

Deiliman had a well-built brick "Town Hall," with good shops, quite different from the usual squalid mud-roofed village, and had cobbled streets and hedges round the gardens. It was dark and raining again when we passed through it; and it seemed a pity to leave the

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bright lights and people, and to plunge again into the dank muddy darkness beyond; but soon the lights of Isbaili were seen up the hill, and a very tired train of muddy men and mules straggled into a village which for cleanliness and artistic effort was the best we had yet seen. We were given the Governor's house, like a big Swiss chalet, and very comfortably installed. Our meal was rather long in coming, but tea and cakes were soon produced to bridge the gap.

The Governor's brother put the resources of the village at our disposal, and we had an enormous meal of rice and several different sorts of pillau—very good but terribly filling. The rain and our general wetness decided us to cut the stage for the next day in two, and take an extra day over it. As it turned out to be about 30 miles of very hard going, we were very glad we had.

We sent a qasib (runner) down to Lahijan to order motors to meet us. There is an ordinary postman who goes up one day and down the next to Isbaili and back to Lahijan. As he does it on foot without shoes, and it is a distance of thirty miles, and as he has to go up 5,000 feet and has to carry an umbrella over his pack when it rains, he must keep in pretty good training. Most people send their own messengers, as they are more reliable; but they are supposed to stamp their letters, so as not to defraud the official post, and, strange to tell, they do.

Friday, August 3.

We slacked about in the morning and took a few photos of Isbaili, but it was cloudy. The clouds could be seen on the pass that we had to cross, and at intervals one could see the tops of the trees of the forest peeping over the crest. After a heavy lunch of pillau we started off and climbed, somewhat slowly, to the pass, where we took leave of our host. He was a pleasant man and very hospitable.

Once over the crest the change was miraculous. The sun came out, and we looked down on an impenetrable jungle stretching away as far as we could see. At the very top many of the trees had been felled by charcoal burners, and grassy slopes had taken their place, but after going down about half a mile the trees closed over one's head, and the path went plunging down into the jungle. It was steep and stony, with muddy patches, and got narrower as one descended. The trees are all deciduous. Planes of different varieties, beeches and hornbeams, elms and ashes, and several kinds of trees I have never seen before. Canterbury bells grew wild, and convolvulus hung from the branches. Most of the trees were covered with moss or ivy, and the ground was covered with elder plants, mostly in flower. At the top of the hills they only reached a height of 3 feet, but lower down, where the growth is ranker, they go up to 12 and 15 feet high.

With the sun flecking the path, it was very beautiful, and there

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was a complete stillness except for the stream running down the ravine we were descending. The hills are very steep and many trees had fallen, some across the path. They had just had pieces sawed out of the trunks wide enough for a loaded mule to go through, and the rest was left to rot. Most of the trees were enormous, though younger ones forced their way up as the moss and ivy killed the old ones. There were no birds calling, no frogs, no grasshoppers, or even cicalas. It is a very silent forest.

Where the path is not stony there are curious ridges of mud with pools between, spaced about the distance of railway sleepers apart. They are very slippery and difficult to walk on.

We came at last to a clearing where there was a hut, and we drank tea there, and then went on to Salarzamin, our camping place, a small clearing of short grass near a caravanserai. It was a very pretty place, and with the huge trees all around our lamp looked a very minute speck of light in the forest. Later, the moon came out, and a heavy dew fell.

Saturday, August 4.

We started before sunrise and went down into the so-called "fly-belt." This is a part of the jungle inhabited by a very large type of horse-fly, which is fierce and persistent. They soon attacked us, and as we had come to a place where we had to ford a stream we had to wait there for the mules. We covered up as much as we could and flicked ourselves with branches, and managed to receive the minimum amount of bites. When the mules appeared the flies transferred their attention to them, and we were not bothered any more.

We rode down the stream bed, crossing and recrossing the river, and I took a few photos of the cavalcade from the back of my mule, which may or may not come out, as the sun was not properly up. Only when we got into even denser jungle did the sun reach the bottom of the ravine, and the spots of sunlight through the leaves made a pretty picture. The vegetation became denser till it was quite impossible to miss the path because one could not have left it except with the use of a heavy axe. The creepers became more frequent and the trees bigger, with more and thicker undergrowth between them. We at last reached a clearing where there was a caravanserai called Tutaki, and after that the river-bed broadened and the river divided into several streams, while we rode down the centre, crossing where necessary. Vines became more frequent, and a tree called Gul i Abrishum, or silk-flower tree, which looks like a mimosa, but has a pink, silky flower, consisting of a lot of spikes. Here we came on rice-fields again and saw the thatched houses, very high like a dunce's cap, and thatched nearly to the ground, with big eaves. The walls are

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made of big logs upright with thin sticks woven in between, and the interstices filled up with mud. The floor is mud, and off the floor are various raised platforms made of wood and covered with hassir, for sitting or lying on. There were also wooden houses, as at Isbaili, with "wooden slates," and in the towns the houses were mostly brick, with wooden balconies and sometimes plaster walls with patterns on them in blue and tiled roofs, looking at a distance like red corrugated iron. The eaves are always very wide, about three or four feet beyond the wall of the house.

Soon after this we got into Lahijan, and then motored to Resht, where the trekking part of our trip finished. Resht is a pleasant, clean town, prosperous looking, and we also went to Pahlevi to bathe and to see the sea.

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THE BAKHTIARI ROAD

DECEMBER, 1928.

THE Bakhtiari Road can in no sense claim to be one of the little known trade routes of Asia. It is regularly traversed by Europeans each year, and the only excuse for this article is that the journey it describes took place in midwinter and under adverse conditions.

The importance of the road has in late years greatly diminished, owing chiefly to the amazing growth of motor traffic in Persia, and it is almost certain that now the new road from the Gulf to Isfahan via Khurramabad has been opened, it will, as a major trade route, cease to exist.

The chief incentive to Europeans to travel by this way is the wildness and amazing beauty of the scenery through which it passes. Even in the heat of summer the forest-clad hills and lofty ranges are a magnificent sight, but under its winter guise it makes a very deep impression on the traveller.

Our caravan left Isfahan at 8 p.m. on the night of December 19 for Pul-i-Vargun, which is the first stage. I had determined to travel independently of the caravan in order to lessen the number of days by doing double stages. My own party consisted of myself and two Bakhtiaris, who were to act both as charvadars (muleteers) and servants. Before starting I fully explained to them my intention of doing double stages all the way down the road, and they agreed to follow out everything that I wished in this respect; but anyone who has trekked in Persia or India will understand the great difficulty that I had later on in carrying out my plans.

The valley of the Zindeh Rud, through which the route starts, is a wonderful sight for Persia; it is a region of intense cultivation, which, when the fruit-trees are in blossom in April, presents a mass of colour. Parallel with the road and two or three miles to the south runs the range of Shah Kuh, where one may nearly always be sure, if one takes the trouble, of seeing mouflon or ibex. To the north, right away to the feet of the distant mountains, a vista of rice-fields and orchards is spread out. Fruit of all sorts is so plentiful in Isfahan during the summer as to practically have no value. One pays in shihs (farthings) for large quantities of grapes, peaches, pears, and melons, and all of them excellently flavoured.

Pul-i-Vargun derives its name and reputation from the quaint bridge which spans the river at the entrance of the village. The bridge starts

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off with the intention of going straight across, but in mid-stream changes its mind, and finishes at an angle of 15 degrees with its original course. Here we wakened up an old friend with whom I had many times stayed a night. He was the keeper of the local gaveh khaneh, or coffee-house, and a burly, apple-cheeked ruffian. In an excess of welcome he clasped his quilt, from which he had just risen, around my unwilling shoulders, and showed obvious grief when I callously preferred my own cold blankets to his comfortable, pre-warmed bedding.

At nearly every village of any size on the main roads in Persia the gaveh khaneh is to be found. Although the words mean coffee-house, I have never seen or heard of coffee being found in one. The guests sit on a platform made of mud, at a height of about three feet from the ground, while a gaveh-chi, or keeper, presides over the usual samovar and tray of tiny glasses. If one aspires to sleep at one of these places, it is advisable to go out to do so by the roadside; apart from the obvious reasons for this, the heavy combination of tobacco and opium smoke with which the interior is usually impregnated make it an effort to stay inside even for a short time.

Thursday, December 20.—Since we arrived at Pul-i-Vargun at 2 a.m., we made a late start on the next day; in fact, it was nine o'clock before we set our faces to the west again. This time we started alone. The road, after leaving Pul-i-Vargun, runs for eight miles through the fertile Zindeh Rud plain to Bagh Vash, from where there is a long uphill stretch to the Gav Piseh pass. At the bottom of the pass I met a small party of Bakhtiaris who were driving a herd of colts in front of them. They were all rather staggered at meeting someone who actually preferred walking to riding, and in order to make the better acquaintance of such a curiosity, they dismounted, and walked uphill for three miles. They were typical village Bakhtiaris, as voluble as magpies, and intensely curious about all my affairs. At the top of the Gav Piseh we parted, and I took the track to Bistagun. This portion of the road is decidedly uninteresting, but beyond Bistagun the river adds a certain attraction to the surroundings. Birds of the wader and diver varieties are very plentiful along this stretch, and in a 200-yards reach near Madrasseh I counted seventeen storks and herons, to say nothing of cormorants. We eventually turned in at a small village named Qaleh, with thirty-two miles to our credit since the morning. One leaves nearly all trace of purdeh behind within a very few miles of Isfahan, and the older women do not hesitate to join the circle at the evening and ask questions of the guest.

Friday, December 21.—I got up about an hour before dawn this morning, feeling distinctly bleary after sleeping on the roof in a high wind, and was glad to get on to the road again, and leave the dirt and

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smells of the village The feature of this stage is the Gardan-i-Rukh, which is the pass leading up to Qaveh Rukh. The caravan route over the pass is very broken, and covered in places with large boulders, and it revived memories of the occasion on which, eighteen months previously, I had, with Clifford Harris of Isfahan, stumbled down it in pitch darkness at 1 a.m. The top of this pass was until recently a favourite ambush for robbers, but under Reza Shah's strong hand this has very largely become a thing of the past. The road leads gently down the other side of the summit, through Qaveh Rukh to Kharaji. Khoshagan, where we spent the night, is one of the largest villages in Chehar Mahal, but being just off the main route is usually missed by caravans. Here the night was made hideous by the jubilant cries of wedding guests. There were three or four weddings going on in the village, and each vied with the others in producing a maximum of clamour. One feature of this was the extraordinary noise which the women make in their throats—shrill, clear, and very penetrating throbs, gradually descending the scale.

Saturday, December 22.—A house on fire provided us with a good deal of amusement this morning. The roof beams were blazing, and the owner of the house was beating at the flames with a small brush, while nearly a hundred of his neighbours surged round giving good advice. Half a dozen intelligent people would have had it in hand in ten minutes, but as it was it burned itself out. As I had some business to conduct in Khoshagan, we did not set off until midday, and only did twelve miles into Shalamzar. Shalamzar is a beautiful little place, and is the seat of Morteza Gholi Khan. Here I was fortunate enough to meet an old friend who would take no refusal to his invitation to his house. My pleasure in his company, however, hourly diminished, for he talked solidly from 6 p.m. until midnight, and as I had arranged to start at 3 a.m. on the following morning, my share of the conversation grew more and more abrupt. At all events, I was able to procure a room to myself, which in Persian village life is by no means always easy to do.

Sunday, December 23.—At 3 a.m. on a bitterly cold morning one is not at one's happiest, and I gloomily wondered what superlative folly it was that induced me to foot these hundreds of miles. The road leads straight out of Shalamzar on to the Zirreh pass, however, and as a large part of this was snow-covered, we had to devote our full attention to getting the baggage animals up the slippery parts, and this left no time for brooding upon fleshpots. Two or three hundred feet from the summit the loose snow on the track had been trampled into ice, and this brought the animals down one after another. The only thing to do was to unload them and carry the boxes up ourselves, and later to do practically the same for the animals. At the summit we met a long

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string of mules carrying oil up from the south, and I stayed to watch them on the ice. The leader slipped almost at once and fell off the path on to a long snow slope, down which it rolled until it was brought up by a boulder. It got up and stood trembling until one of the charvadars clambered down after it. The charvadar gibbered with rage, and spent an energetic three minutes warming himself and the mule. The poor brute did not seem much damaged, at least—not until its master reached it. The other side of the Zirreh is gradual, and was free from ice, and we very soon found ourselves in Naghan, where we all three browsed in milk and honey (literally). After an hour's wait at Naghan we got off for Dopulan. Hearing that a tributary of the Qarun crossed the road about eight miles from Naghan, I went on ahead, intent on a bathe. After bathing and performing my ablutions I sat down and waited for the baggage. Hour after hour I sat, growing more and more annoyed, and at sunset when they arrived they had no better excuse to offer than that the saddle donkey which we had with us, had fallen into a bog by the wayside, and had become exhausted. The poor old beast certainly looked so, but this may be partially accounted for by the fact that both the lusty louts were astride her, the one brooding over the head, and the other the tail.

We only did four more miles, and turned in for the night at a very small village called Baz Giran. From here our numbers swelled to five, for two gentlemen of the road who were travelling south in search of work hooked themselves on to us, and battened on my provisions for the rest of the journey. They were an amusing pair, and very anxious to help by doing odd jobs. The tramp class, as distinguished from religious faqirs, is, I believe, quite a recent development in Persia. Further down south I sometimes met two or three parties a day, and tough customers they looked for the most part. Perhaps the recent introduction of military conscription partially accounts for it.

This night at Baz Giran was an unpleasant experience. By 9 p.m. the sky looked so threatening that I reluctantly decided to sleep indoors. The only accommodation for the whole party was a dirty little hut, about seven feet by twelve. I incautiously doled out some onions for the evening meal, and as the room lacked any sort of ventilation, except for the door, which was tightly shut to keep out the icy wind, the interior in a short time became a very fair imitation of the Black Hole of Calcutta. To add to my misery, two of the party were consumptives, and behaved so.

Monday, December 24.—The beauty of the next morning quite compensated for the unpleasant night. We started off at two hours before dawn under a clear sky. The moon was sufficient to show the whole nature of the countryside changing. The bare deserts of Central Persia were giving way to scrubby jungle. The growth appeared gradually.

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At first dry thorn-bushes covered the desert, and these soon disappeared in favour of stunted trees, and by the time the sun rose the whole countryside was covered with oak forests. Dawn arrived just as we topped the descent leading down to Dopulan, and the red of the rising sun on the snows of the peaks on the other side of the valley was extremely beautiful. The scene was one which it will be hard to forget. Everything was quite still, and from far below the early morning smoke of Dopulan rose in fine columns. Beneath the village lay the thin blue streak of the Qarun, on the other side of which the oak forests rose up until they met the rose-red snow on the opposite ridge of the Barreh Murdeh. We quickly scrambled down, on fire for breakfast, and were soon deep in eggs and honey.

Dopulan, which means "two bridges," is a beautiful little place on the banks of the Qarun, but the only remaining bridge is quite a modern structure. After a short wait we started to climb the other side, and a long pull it was. These oak forests abound in birds, even at so dead a season as December. I saw a large number of tits, and spotted three species. The blue jay, of course, was everywhere, and there was such an abundance of wood-pigeons that even the sedentary sportsmen of Isfahan would have been satisfied with their bags. The *pièce de résistance*, however, was a fine eagle which I watched for about an hour through glasses. He spent most of the time scratching himself.

All along the way, people talked a great deal of robbers and Lutis, and on one or two occasions I had considerable difficulty in getting the men through a defile after sunset. At the summit of the Barreh Murdeh there is a little village called Sardab, where we reckoned on getting some provisions, but we found it snow-covered and deserted. The next village en route was Gandumkar, and here the trouble with the charvadars started. One complained that his heart was injured by the long stages, which injury, as he had ridden a large part of the way, I was disposed to question. I knew that they both had determined to spend the night here, so I let them unload and go into the gaveh khaneh for a smoke. As soon as they had gone I told one of my hangers-on to load up and drive the animals on, which he did. The chagrin of the charvadars on finding that their animals were missing was most amusing, but they accepted their strategic defeat like sportsmen, and made merry over it. From Gandumkar to Gulashu the road runs along a deep and gloomy defile, and here again there was nearly a mutiny. The defile was a sort of Harley Street of robbers, they said, and no one in his senses would traverse it after sunset. However, I went on alone, knowing that they would not dare leave me; and sure enough they came. At about three miles from Gulashu we started to rise, and at eight o'clock we came upon the village. It is boldly situated in a high position in a clearing on the edge of a steep drop. In the light of the full moon it

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seemed a most romantic place. It only consists of about two dozen log huts, but straight in front of them a long, thickly wooded valley runs far into the misty distance. It would be hard to imagine a pleasanter place in which to spend Christmas Eve. Behind and above us the snow lay thick among the trees. Far below lay the valley, bathed in blue mist, and the great stillness all round was only broken by the movement of a restless mule or the hoot of an owl. We ate our evening meal at about 9 p.m. in the open, seated round a large log fire, and soon the circle round the fire filled up with the charvadars of caravans going northwards. Soon the usual talk was in progress, ranging from the price of melons in Isfahan to the designs of Russia on the oilfields, and tired though I was, it was unwillingly that I turned my back on the calm, moonlit valley, and got into my sleeping-bag.

Christmas Day.—We started off at 2 a.m. today; a most futile proceeding, as we only had about fourteen miles to go, and by the time the sun was up we had reached Shalil, our destination. Shalil is only the shell of a caravanserai, standing in a narrow valley beside a swift-running stream. Behind, it is overshadowed by the Deh Diz pass, up which the path climbs at a seemingly impossible angle to the observer below. The water of the stream was icy cold and very swift, but I managed to find a fairly deep pool in a backwater, where I hurriedly and shudderingly bathed. The rest of the day passed quickly and pleasantly, as, lying at ease on a grassy bank, I followed the adventures of the Pizarros and their immortal band in Peru.

Wednesday, December 26.—We turned in at eight o'clock on Christmas night, and it seemed that I had only been asleep for two minutes when I was awakened and told that it was time to start. As a matter of fact, it was only eleven o'clock, and a perishingly cold night. Off we went, with the moon almost directly overhead, and soon were on the long climb up the Deh Diz pass. One or two of the members of our party were quite unfit for a climb of any sort, let alone one of this length and steepness; and one old man completely collapsed about half-way up. The route was very beautiful in the cold moonlight. The path wound up at a steep gradient, and on either side in the jungle there were continual noises to remind us that we were not the only beings awake on this brilliant night. Partridges were plentiful, and were continually being flushed on the path itself. At the top of the pass there is a long, fairly level stretch of about four miles, which under severe conditions would provide an unpleasant crossing; but the slopes were for the most part covered with a sparse growth of oak-trees, which would minimize the bitterness of the wind.

We arrived at Deh Diz three hours before dawn, and as soon as we stopped we began to feel the full power of the cold. We agreed to start again at daybreak, and in the meanwhile I covered myself with a sheep-

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skin and slept in the corner of a cowshed. Deh Diz is an attractive little place, set in the middle of a wide, tree-filled valley. It has one or two old stone buildings with inscriptions, which go to show that it was once a place of considerably more importance than it enjoys now. Just after dawn we got off again, with about twelve miles in front of us to Pul-i-Sharu. If the animals went slowly before, they simply crept along now, and they took seven hours over this stretch, although for the most part it sloped gently downhill. The people round here are very different from the villagers of the Isfahan district. They are dirtier and altogether of a lower type. Their language is destitute of any syntax; for instance, they use only one word for all persons and tenses of a verb: thus, "Shuma raft jilau" means "Go ahead," or "You are going ahead," or "You went ahead." I found that it paid to copy them in this—they understood much better.

Pul-i-Sharu is a caravanserai with a good shop attached, perched on a rock above the Qarun. The bridge is rather a clumsy suspension structure, made of steel, but just below it the river runs into a deep gorge, which is most impressive. The yard of the caravanserai was crowded, so I procured a room inside, instead of having the usual camp fire in the open. Then, at 3 p.m., came the first meal of the day—chicken pilau and tea, and very acceptable it was. The charvadars are for the most part a cheery, friendly lot, and incomparatively finer physical specimens than the townees. One thing that strikes the most unobservant is that they treat their animals a good deal more humanely than the townsmen. One saw plenty of sore backs and sprains, but not the wanton cruelty which is so common in the cities. I took my bedding about half a mile away from the caravanserai, to avoid being disturbed by the animals, and except for a man who tried to steal my coat, passed a quiet night.

Thursday, December 27.—We were up at 2 a.m. today, and off by 2.30. For four hours we went up a long, rocky ravine, which seemed very desolate, and quite destitute of life of any description, although, of course, in the daytime it would probably present quite a different aspect. There is a long plain at the top called the Gardan-i-Sarrak, but this also presented an uncompromisingly bleak appearance. The sun was in the act of rising when we got our first glimpse of Malimir. This place consists of a caravanserai, with a bazaar trailing around it, standing in the middle of a large plain. This plain was thinly covered with grass, and from a distance so large an expanse of green was a sight which came strangely to our eyes, for so long accustomed to the browns of the Persian desert. There is only one other place in Persia that I know of where there is a large green plain such as there is at Malimir, and that is Chighaghur, where the summer headquarters of the Bakhtiaris are to be found, and where Sardor-i-Jafar stays for three months of each

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year. We did not go to the bazaar, but encamped among a tobacco caravan about three miles to the east of it.

After breakfast I picked out through my glasses a number of Bakhtiari encampments, running along the base of the mountains which border the plain. I went across, and found them different from any that I had seen before. Each house was completely made of reeds, and low, irregular openings served instead of doors, while, inside, horses and cattle shared the same room with the *incolæ*, without any snobbery on either side. They seemed a low type, and very wild. A short way up the mountain I was shown a cuneiform inscription, and bas-relief figures cut in the rock face, both of which were in very good preservation. I do not know to what extent the plain of Malimir has been scoured by antiquarians, but from the remains which I saw, even in one morning's tour, I should think that there is a pretty rich field of work for someone. Later on in the day I watched the local vet at work. An old pack-horse had strained his shoulder. The charvadars tied ropes to his four legs, and by a simultaneous tug brought him to the ground. They then tied his hind legs under his belly, and stretched out his forelegs. The vet then took a lump of sheep's-tail fat, and put it on the shoulder, and proceeded to execute a *pas seul* on the injured part, vigorously massaging the muscles with his heel. When the poor brute gained his feet again he looked quite broken up.

Friday, December 28.—A horrible tragedy occurred this morning. About an hour before sunrise, wishing to improve the speed of one of the pack-horses, I stepped up behind and gave him a friendly smack. He at once lashed out, catching me just above the knee, and laming me for the rest of the day. Qaleh Tal was our objective today. From a distance it looks like a Scotch baronial castle, set on a small hill, but when one draws nearer it resolves itself into a very commonplace caravanserai, surrounded by a large village. From Pul-i-Sharu the country changes, and the oak woods of Dopulan give way to bare desert again; thus the stretch between Malimir and Qaleh Tal is as dry a piece as any on the whole road.

Saturday, December 29.—To Chashmi Roghan today. At Ala Hurshid, where we had breakfast, my unworthy party again gave trouble. They contended that I was breaking the speed limit, and that Chashmi Roghan was beyond the utmost powers of either themselves or the animals. Fortunately the animals were already loaded, and to put a stop to the dispute I drove them off myself, and of course the others had to follow. We arrived at sunset. This village is a large but extremely dirty one, and nearly all its houses are constructed of reeds throughout. As with the Bakhtiaris, the animals live cheek by jowl with the family, and no doubt contribute to the warmth and general cosiness at night.

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Sunday, December 30.—We did not get off until sunrise today. About four miles from the village we passed a sizable jhil, on the open water of which, at a moderate computation, there were two hundred duck. Widgeon seemed to be in the majority, although there were both mallard and a few teal. I went and joined them in the water, which was cold and bracing. Like the Children of Israel, we were guided by a pillar of smoke in front of us, which rose up to the skies in a thick column from the Haft Kil oilfields. Here we arrived at 1 p.m., and here, as far as caravaning was concerned, my journeyings came to an end.

R. H.

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A NOBLE PERSIAN AUTHOR

"THE TRAVELLER'S COMPANION" OF GHULAM RISA KHAN, WALI OF PUSHT-I KUH

By C. J. EDMONDS

In January, 1927, I had occasion to ride down the frontier of Iraq and Persia from Mandali to the Tib river. I found the Wali of Pusht-i Kuh camped with his *amla*, his personal following of some fifteen hundred tents, at Baksai on the right bank of the Changula torrent where it breaks through the foot-hills that form the boundary.

Although his official style was Wali of Luristan, he and his predecessors had not for nearly a century attempted to vindicate their authority outside Pusht-i Kuh, Transmontane Luristan, where, however, they had enjoyed a degree of independence exceeding that of any other of the great feudal chiefs of Persia, such as the Shaikh of Muhammara or the Sardar of Maku. At this time Ghulam Riza Khan, the last of the barons, still retained the title; but his power had been broken without a struggle by the new Shah, who thought it not worth while to keep more than a dozen soldiers in the territory.

I spent the night at the *amla*. In the course of my endeavours to collect fresh information about this interesting and little-known country I heard that the present Wali had himself written a history of his family, and commissioned my servant to try to obtain a copy. Eventually a small book was produced by the *pish-khidmat*, the steward in charge of my entertainment, who represented that this was one of only two copies in the camp, and that his son, the owner, would get into serious trouble if the Wali were to learn that he had parted with it. To one familiar with the Lur character, the reasons for this heavy weather were obvious: actually the Wali himself, hearing later in the evening of my desire, immediately sent me another from his stock.

The book is bound in green cardboard covers and was printed at the Muzaffari Press, Bushire, in A.H. 1329 (= A.D. 1911). It consists of two parts, with the pages, which measure 8¼ ins. by 5 ins., separately numbered: *Anis-ul-Musafir*, the Traveller's Companion, in seventy-eight pages, by Ghulam Riza Khan, the Wali himself; and *Fath-nama-yi-Luristan*, the Victory Epic of Luristan, a poem by Shaikh Shabab of Kirmanshah, in twenty-four pages.

I opened the book and began to read:

Praise to God, who created for every malady a remedy and established doctors and their medicines as the means to recovery; prayers

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and greeting to him who treateth the diseases of souls and spirits with the medicine of truth, Muhammad, who was sent to all mankind to cure what was in their breasts of maladies and diseases; and to his pure and blameless family and to his noble companions.

This doxology in Arabic seemed more appropriate to a work on medical science than to a history of Pusht-i Kuh, but I continued to read, now in Persian:

And after. Thus saith the author of this treatise, the servant of the everlasting and mighty State of Persia, Ghulam Riza Khan, styled by the lofty Persian Government Most Noble Captain, Prince of War, Wali of Pusht-i Kuh, son of Husain Quli Khan:

In this age the illumination of knowledge and of the science of civilization has suffused the face of the earth, and is progressing day by day and hour by hour in all the continents and civilized countries of the world. Every day some science or art is discovered from under the veil of the unseen, and is translated from the concealment of the void to the plane of existence. Such are the developments of the art of war, military engines, varieties of rifles and Krupp guns, ironclad ships, torpedo destroyers, submarines, and smokeless gunpowder, which, after the Russo-Japanese war, threw all the rivals of the civilized world into astonishment, and set them busily increasing their military forces day and night.

The author now seemed to be working up to a monograph on applied science with particular reference to naval warfare. Nevertheless I persisted, and was in due course rewarded with much instruction and entertainment.

The Wali goes on to explain that, as he observes, only his own countrymen have failed to participate in this feverish pursuit of true science, preferring to indulge in drink, opium, drugs, and gambling. His patriotic feelings have therefore prompted him to write, under the title of "The Traveller's Companion," this brief work, treating of the points and training of sporting animals, with a short history of his ancestors, and remarks on the properties of various parts of animals. He addresses himself particularly to tent-dwelling lads out of reach of schools and schoolmasters: riding and exercise are the best agents for developing the body; boys should take pains to perfect themselves in shooting and horsemanship, and thus prepare themselves to defend their country, and to be unafraid at the sound of firearms when older.

The next ten pages, 5 to 14, contain the promised history of the Walis of Pusht-i Kuh, "a brief summary based on the peerless work of Saiyid Ja'far, Amir-ul-Ashraf, A'raji," and the author's own knowledge.

The founder of the dynasty of the Walis was their ancestor Mansur, an Arab of the Rabi'a tribe, who traced his family back to Hamza Akbar (his tomb is in Mayandasht of Pusht-i Kuh), and so to Abbas, son of Ali, the prophet's cousin and son-in-law. Migrating to Persia, Mansur married the daughter of Shahverdi Khan Ahmadi, governor of the

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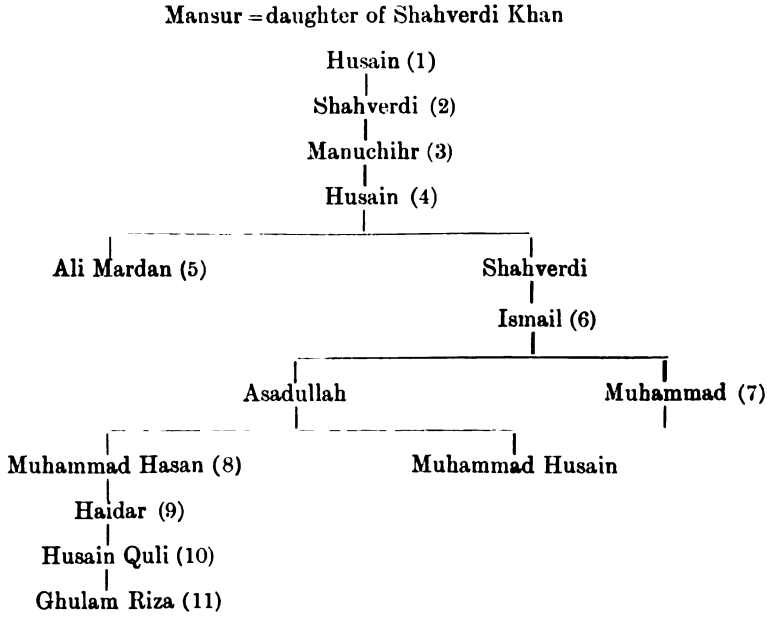
tribes of Pusht-i Kuh and Pish-i Kuh, and by her had a son, Husain Beg. Some years later Shahverdi Khan rebelled against his Safawi overlord, but was captured at Changula (then surrounded by mulberry groves, and an important centre of the silk industry) and taken before Shah Abbas, who had himself led the main punitive expedition as far as Khurramabad. Annoyed by an insolent reply to his questioning, the Shah ordered the execution of the rebel, and offered the governorship of Luristan to Husain Beg, who, however, declined the post on the ground that he had no tribal following. Abbas thereupon contrived the massacre of all Shahverdi's relations, and, the offer being repeated, Husain Beg this time "immediately obeyed the royal command."*

The succession remained in the family till the author's time, as shown in the following table (the figures in brackets indicate the order in which the governorship passed):



* The story of the overthrow and death of Mir Shahverdi Khan, last of the Atabegs of the Lesser Lur, was told to me in 1917, with many picturesque details, by the Mirs of the Dirikwand, who claim to be his descendants. How far their version, which I hope to publish in another place, is genuine tradition, and how far it is based on the Persian historians, I cannot say. According to the Mirs, the crime of Shahverdi was his secret marriage with Bibi Aslum, sister of Shah Abbas, and they made no mention of any relationship by marriage with the usurper. An interesting contemporary account of the expedition of Shah Abbas against Shahverdi will be found in the *Relaciones* of Don Juan of Persia (trans. G. Le Strange, Broadway Travellers Series). See also "Encyclopædia of Islam," article "Lur-i-Kuchik," by V. Minorsky.

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Nos. 1, 2 and 4 were buried in the Imamzada of Shahinshah (near Khurramabad). The positions of 3 and 4 are reversed in the author's own genealogy given at the beginning of the historical section. No. 4 first received from the Shah the title of Wali of Luristan-i Faili, as a reward for intercepting the Qara-alus tribe while attempting to return from Nihawand to Zuhab in Turkey; the title has been borne by all subsequent Walis. No. 5 "was obliged" to put out the eyes of his brother Shahverdi, but, having no notable sons, was appointed by Nadir Shah Ambassador to Constantinople; he died on the way at Kirkuk, and was buried there in the precincts of Zain-ul-Abidin.* No. 6 lived to the age of eighty, and acquired much property in Isfahan. No. 7 was killed by the Lurs. No. 8 succeeded to the title in the reign of Aqa Muhammad Khan, the Martyr, and died in A.H. 1255 (= A.D. 1839) in his ninetieth year. No. 9 is described as succeeding to the Waliship of the "three districts of Pusht-i Kuh."† The "Waliship of Pusht-i Kuh" was conferred on No. 10, the author's father, in the reign of Nasir-ud-Din Shah, the Martyr, when Farhad Mirza, Mu'tamid-ud-Daula, was Viceroy of the three provinces of Luristan, Burujird, and Arabistan.

The history becomes more detailed with the succession of Husain Quli Khan, and the account of his exploits is not without interest for the student of the history of the Turco-Persian boundary. Both the issues mentioned in the following extract were still alive in some form at the time of my visit, though the question of national sovereignty was settled by the Commission of 1914.

In the time of the governorship of Abbas Quli Khan, cousin of the Wali, my father, some Ottoman officials had taken possession of the brine springs known as "Mash-had" and situated on the sacred soil of Persia. The first service that the Wali, my father, rendered to the

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* There is still in Khurramabad a family surnamed Walizada; the junior branch traces its descent from No. 5, the senior from his blind brother Shahverdi. The genealogy given me by them at Khurramabad in 1917 reverses the positions of 2 and 3.

† The restriction to Pusht-i Kuh of the authority of the titular Walis of Luristan seems to date from this period. The mention of three districts evidently refers to a division of the tribes between Ali, Ahmad, and Haidar, three sons of No. 8, mentioned by Curzon (Persia: vol. ii., p. 278), who states that, although Ali called himself Wali for a time, he fled when Haidar was recognized by the Shah. It would nevertheless appear that Ali was in power for some years; he was the Wali visited in 1841 by Layard, who speaks of him as of the supreme autocrat of Pusht-i Kuh, and hints at no division of authority or rivals; and it is he who is mentioned by Tchirikoff and Darwish Pasha, the Russian and Turkish delegates on the Turco-Persian Boundary Commission of 1848, as sharing the taxes of Baksai with the Shaikh of the Bani Lam. Furthermore, a son of one of the two brothers, Ali and Ahmad, seems to have governed Pusht-i Kuh (or at least part of it) immediately before the accession of Husain Quli (*vide* the story of the brine springs *infra*).

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State was the seizure of the said brine springs. He appointed his brother Musa Khan and his steward Mirza Musa to command the Pusht-i Kuh force, which on arrival at the brine springs encountered Muhammad Pasha with several battalions of Ottoman troops. . . . Within two or three hours they killed one captain and two sergeants of the Ottoman force and inflicted a crushing defeat upon them, so that from that time to the present day the said brine springs have remained in the hands of the ryots of Pusht-i Kuh. . . . At the age of sixty-five the Wali, my father, departed this life, and I was appointed . . . to the rank and privileges of the Waliship of Transmontane and Cismontane Luristan. Although after the death of the Wali, my father, I rendered numerous distinguished and notable services to the State, it is not becoming that I should describe them in this place. But I must mention that for some years the Ottoman Government used to despatch troops to burn and destroy the lands of Saifi and Malkhatawi and Baghsai,* which are of the sacred soil of Persia, and to fight over them. So I, in the year 1326 (= A.D. 1908), in my patriotism and watchfulness over my obligations to the State, sent my respected uncle, Jawad Khan, with three or four thousand horsemen and riflemen to drive off the troops of the Ottoman Government, who had two Krupp guns with them. The engagement took place on the sacred soil of Persia, and, by the never-failing fortune of our country, I inflicted such a crushing defeat on the troops of the Ottoman Government that it has been included in all newspapers and history books. Several of their soldiers were taken prisoners, and the dead on both sides numbered about one hundred and twenty. From that day till now the Ottoman Government has not again ventured to do such a thing.

Pages 15-27 contain a detailed description of hawks and falcons, their varieties, training, diseases, etc.; pages 54-77 a similar treatise on horses, asses, mules, and greyhounds.

The intervening pages, 28-53, are devoted to the enumeration of the curative properties of a large variety of birds and animals—owls, vultures, bats, pigeons, doves, cranes, hoo-poes, flies, buffaloes, scorpions, lions, dogs, turtles, and the like. There is hardly an animal, it seems, of which some part, if properly treated and applied, is not an infallible remedy for most of the ailments of mankind. Almost any one will provide an effective love-philtre or insecticide, or cures for baldness, elephantiasis, unpopularity, toothache, palsy, forgetfulness, ophthalmia, St. Vitus' dance, and insanity; for other disorders the necessary properties are not quite so universal, but may be confidently expected in one or two. Thus:

Of the Properties of the Bat.—If its heart is smoked in the house, snakes and scorpions and biting things will flee away. . . . Its head placed in a pillow will prevent sleep. Its head, cooked in a pot of copper or iron and mixed with jasmine oil, is good for gout, palsy, trembling, swellings, and short breath.

* The Commission of 1914 awarded Saifi and Malkhatawi to Persia, Baksai to Turkey; this without prejudice to the Wali's personal rights in Baksai.

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Of the Crane and its Properties.—. . . Whoever is afflicted with forgetfulness and fails to recall what is said, should mix its gall with jasmine oil and pour one drop in his nose, when he will remember. . . .

Of the Stork.—Among its properties are the following: The blood of its young applied to a sufferer from elephantiasis will cure him. Whoever mixes its brain with a small quantity of hare's beestings, eats it and gives to another, will be loved by that person. If he carries its bones on his person his grief will be assuaged, and if he is in love he will receive consolation. Whoever carries the pupil of its right eye will not be overcome with sleep, and if a man carries its left eye he will never be drowned.

Of the Hoo-poe and its Properties.—If one of its feathers is burnt in the house, insects will flee from it. If its eye is hung over a forgetful person, he will remember what he has forgotten. Anyone who, before it is dead, ties its beak to his arm will suffer no loss; he will be honoured among the great and his needs will be fulfilled. If its nest is broken up and sprinkled in a jail, all the prisoners will be freed. One of its claws hung on a child will protect him from the evil eye. Whoever puts its tongue in lentil oil and keeps it under his tongue, his every need will be fulfilled and he will overcome his enemies. Its meat cooked is good for colic. Whoever mixes its brain with wheaten flour and keeps it on his person will be honoured among men. Its skin tied on the left arm ensures popularity. Its kidneys, dried and pounded and mixed with lentil oil and rubbed for three days on grey hair, will turn it black. Its blood warmed and dropped on a white spot in the eye will better it. Its feathers smoked in the presence of a madman will cure him.

Of the Gazelle and its Properties.—. . . If its tongue is dried in the shade and given to a virago her domination will be overcome.

The author occasionally vouches for the efficacy of the prescriptions with the observation, "It has been tried and there is no gainsaying it." Once, however, he specifically mentions the need of divine assistance to support the treatment, and once he betrays some incredulity.

Of the Young of the Gazelle and its Properties.—If a consumptive mixes its gall with salt and drinks it, with the help of God Almighty he will be cured.

Of the Ram Moufflon and its Properties.—Cut its tail into three parts and eat one part each day for breakfast for three days, and it is beneficial for sciatica: but God is most knowing.

The paragraph on the starling *(sar)* has a special interest of its own:

The *ab-i sar* is a spring at Shiraz, and there is another at Qazwin. Landowners send to both these places to fetch water from the starling spring. Directly the said water is set in motion the starlings go after it, reach the place and destroy the locusts. Indeed, my late revered father, Husain Quli Khan Wali, sent to both Qazwin and Shiraz for starling-spring water to combat the locust pest in Pusht-i Kuh, but without benefit. (In the book "Ornament of the Gatherings," however, I myself have seen that there is a spring in the district of Boli in Pusht-i Kuh; the name of the spring is Shamiran, which has been corrupted

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by time and frequent use to Shamarra. When there has been a locust plague in Pusht-i Kuh I myself have had water brought from it, poured it out in the places affected, and so exterminated the locusts.) There are certain stipulations attached to the handling of this water, the first being that the man who brings it must not be an adulterer or a drunkard: this has been tested and is correct; there is no gainsaying it.*

The "Victory Epic of Luristan" contains in all two hundred and forty-five verses. The first four are devoted to the doxology and the next nine to the *taghazzul*, the appeal for the wine of inspiration. After claiming that the work he is now about to write will supersede the Shahnama, so that in future people will read, not the antiquated story of Rustam as told by the bard of Tus, but this recital of the prowess of the Lord of Faili, the poet begins his history: a summary will suffice.

On the death of his father the new Wali inherits the lands, which he works to improve, and the army, which he clothes and pays. His ill-wishers think to take advantage of the change; twice the armies of Rum† set out to invade the Saifi lands, but are completely defeated by cavalry charges.

In the following year the Sardar of Dilfan‡ collects help from all

* This book containing the record of the old Wali's failure, for whatever reason, was published in 1911. In 1917, when Political Officer at Dizful, I had occasion to arrest a suspicious-looking stranger, who proved to be the carrier of a letter from our author himself to Saulat-ud-Daula, chief of the Kashghai tribe of Fars, asking him to facilitate the messenger's journey to fetch water from the starling spring. Captain E. W. Noel, in his account of a journey in Kuhgilu, made also in 1917, mentions the widespread popular belief in the starling spring, which, however, he places at Kashan: villages, he says, found as much as £150 by public subscription to pay the expenses of a party to fetch a flask of the water from Kashan, while pamphlets, which he had had translated into Persian, describing scientific methods of locust destruction as practised in Baluchistan, received no attention whatever. In 1927, in the course of the anti-locust campaign in Iraq, the Iraqi border officials were authorized to offer the services of specialists, trained by an expert from South Africa, to instruct the villagers on the Persian side in the detection and ploughing of breeding grounds, and in the use of poison to destroy the hoppers: the offer was declined by the local headmen on the ground that water from the starling spring was more effective than these new-fangled devices. In addition to the stipulations for the efficacy of the *ab-i sar* mentioned by the author, other conditions were related to me at Dizful. One is that the bottle must be filled by the *Mutawali*, the guardian of the spring, who must pronounce the formula, "*Bi niyat-i ab-i sar fulan mulk bi kefaf*" (By the intention of the starling spring may it suffice for such-and-such an estate). Another is that on the way back the bottle must not be placed on the ground.

† Turkey.

‡ Dilfan—one of the three tribal groups of Pish-i Kuh, Cismontane Luristan, the others being Silsila and Tarhan; the tribes of Pish-i Kuh are mostly Lakks (see my article, "Luristan: Pish-i Kuh and Bala Gariwa," in

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the "Lakki Lurs" to attack. The Wali sends his son with an "army of mailed champions," which overthrows the Tarhanis in one charge and camps in Tarhan itself: wherever Lakks are seen their tents are burned. The Sardar sends his brother with a letter of repentance: the magnanimous Wali pardons him and withdraws the army. But the Sardar awaits an opportunity for revenge.

This comes a year later. The Wali's elder son quarrels with his father and goes off by night with four hundred *sowars*; he is encouraged by letters from Tarhan urging him on to battle and promising obedience. The Wali, grieving like Jacob, pursues his son and comes up with him near the camp of Ghazban* the Rumi; he sends messages, half-boastful, half-affectionate, urging the young hot-head to return, without avail. The Wali then routs the rebels, who seek refuge with Shaikh Ghazban. The Shaikh comes forward to urge the Wali to return, promising to win back the boy for him with fair words. The Wali agrees and withdraws to Aiwan.†

In the meantime the Sardar of Tarhan, learning that Pusht-i Kuh has remained ungarrisoned, attacks and destroys Shirwan and Chardawar; he carries off unmolested the tents, buffaloes, and other property of the Lur and Kurd tent-dwellers. The Wali, distressed at this humiliation, which has only been made possible by the treachery of his own son, summons his brother and younger son and bids them collect a force to drive off the outsider, while he himself will try again to conciliate his son.

The army moves out and the Sardar of Tarhan marches to meet it. Efforts to persuade him to submit having failed, a tremendous battle ensues, resulting in the rout of the Dilfan army. None of the Lakk sowars remain in the vicinity; their women and houses, property and horses, cattle, tents and treasure, fall to the victors, The Faili sowars, like mad elephants, stretch out their hands to loot; the victorious general writes to report his success.

Meanwhile at the second attempt the Wali has succeeded in persuading his son to come in. While they are seated together the report of the victory over the Tarhan army arrives and the Wali, on the returned prodigal's intercession, consents to pardon his fallen enemy.

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the *Geographical Journal*, May and June, 1922. By Sardar of Dilfan is evidently meant, not any of the khans of the Dilfan group, but Nazar Ali Khan Amrai of Tarhan, Wali of Pish-i Kuh.

* Shaikh Ghazban al Banaiyan, the most prominent shaikh of the Bani Lam Arabs, whose *dairа* is between the Tigris and the Pusht-i Kuh foothills from the Changula River to the Musharra Canal just above Amara; they also occupy the right bank of the Tigris about Ali Gharbi.

† A district opposite Mandali, for many years in dispute between the Wali and the Kalhur tribes.

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He orders a great banquet to be prepared, and calls for wine and singers and flutes.

The poem finishes with a panegyric of the Wali and his generosity, and with wishes for future victories, each to be celebrated with a similar delightful poem.

In the summer of 1928 the last of the Walis of the line of Husain Beg was deposed and replaced by a Persian military governor, for all that he had written.

Of the Vulture . . . its Properties.—If its heart is placed on a wolf's skin and hung round a man's neck, he will become popular, he will be considered important, his needs will be fulfilled by kings and others, and he will meet no harm. If its leg bones are hung on a man he will not be exposed to anger in the service of sultans and governors, he will be beloved and respected by kings.

But it was not for everyone to know that early in 1921 a certain officer of the Cossack Brigade had gone for a ride on a leopard. It is something that the occasion for testing the properties of hoo-poe's nest, powdered, did not arise.

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THE TRANS-DESERT ROUTES TO THE EAST

By LIEUT.-COLONEL H. E. CROCKER, C.M.G., D.S.O.

With the extension of the British Empire, far-flung to the ends of the earth, the importance of communications must ever attain to greater prominence in the strategy of her rulers. Let these links be severed, and the Empire must inevitably fall apart, like the mighty Empire of Alexander.

Every day of the modern era heralds the birth of some fresh invention, many of which are pressed into the service of communications, either by earth, sea, or sky.

The contemplation of the chain which binds our Empire together presents a study of absorbing interest, and any fresh discovery which affects that chain in any way calls for our earnest consideration. The development and protection of these communications demands, therefore, the unceasing care and watchfulness of those responsible for the well-being of our great Empire.

An important factor in the disposition of the Empire lies in its geographical aspect with regard to other countries. The existing line of communication to our extensive Eastern possessions is of immense length, and is, of necessity, exposed to land attack at several points. It has the peculiarity of passing through two well-defined defiles—viz., the Straits of Gibraltar and the Port Said-Aden defile. These defiles constitute weak links in the chain of communication, and their occupation is vital to the safety of the Empire.

The consideration of the sea lane to India, involving a three weeks' journey —a long time in these days of modern hustle—directs our thoughts insensibly to the possibility of some shorter overland route.

A study of the map draws our attention to Palestine and Iraq, where the matter of overland transport has already been placed on a working basis.

In this paper we will discuss the efforts that have been made up to date in this direction, and will, at the same time, consider the likely trend of future developments.

Recent enterprise has proved the feasibility of an overland route through the desert between Damascus and Baghdad, which should increase rapidly in importance with the expansion of the overland trade, and thus bear vitally on the economic development of Iraq.

The Suez Canal.

Ever since the opening of the Suez Canal shortened the sea route to India from six months to a few weeks, this narrow highway, where the merchant fleets of the world meet and pass, has been rightly regarded as the most important link in the chain of communication to our Eastern Empire. Thanks to the far-sightedness of an English statesman, Great Britain obtained the leading control of the shares of the Canal Company. Thenceforward the defence of the Canal zone, with the assurance of its inviolability, has become a consideration of the gravest importance in determining the strategy, military no less than political, of the British Government.

Every nation possessed of sea-borne commerce is directly concerned in the

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safety of the Canal, while at the same time the country through which it flows—namely, Egypt—is no less interested.

During the Great War the defence of the Canal developed into one of the most serious problems of the Middle East. The advance of the Turks up to its banks proved that the appalling waterless wastes and stretches of desert on its northern shore were inadequate as a defence.

Trans-Desert Routes to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf.

As mentioned above, a regular motor service has been inaugurated between Damascus and Baghdad, and, in addition, the partially completed Turkish railway from Aleppo to Mosul and on to Baghdad has been supplemented with motors.

Thus there are two routes which traverse the great desert between Syria and Iraq—viz. :

A. Aleppo-Mosul-Baghdad.

B. Beirut-Damascus-Rutbah-Baghdad.

There is also the Air Mail route from Cairo to Baghdad via Rutbah.

These routes all converge on Baghdad, which is connected with Basra by a single line of railway, supplemented by river transport on the Tigris.

We will now consider each route separately from a geographical point of view.

Route A : Aleppo–Mosul–Baghdad.

Prior to the Great War sections only of the railway had been completed. The line from Haidar Pasha to Aleppo was interrupted at the Taurus Mountains, where passengers and goods were transported in lorries. It has been completed since the War, and trains now run direct from Constantinople (Haidar Pasha) to Aleppo, with an extension to Damascus.

From Aleppo the line eastwards in the direction of Mosul has been continued as far as Ras-el-Ain, some considerable distance west of Mosul.

A Baghdad-Mosul line was commenced along the right bank of the Tigris, but never reached its destination. Mosul is thus completely isolated as far as the railway systems are concerned.

Cars can be hired for the journey between Baghdad and Mosul and from Mosul on to Aleppo. At present there does not seem to be any such highly organized motor convoy system as exists on the Baghdad-Damascus route. The roads are distinctly inferior, and the bridges over the numerous rivers are not built to last. The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of passengers, where they exist at all, are crude in the extreme. At present this route has nothing to recommend it from a commercial point of view.

The question of the completion of the railway between Mosul and Aleppo and Baghdad is now under consideration, but as far as is known no decision has as yet been reached.

During and shortly after the War a railway was commenced from Qizil Ribat on the Diyala River, already connected by rail with Baghdad, along the Persian border to Mosul via Kirkuk and Arbil, but this project was dropped before completion.

The outbreak of the Great War spelt disaster for the magnificent German dream of the B.B.B. Railway (Berlin-Byzantium-Baghdad), which was to be extended down as far as Kuweit on the Arabian shore of the Persian Gulf, thus avoiding the shallow bar at the entrance to the Shatt-el-Arab. The vast stores of railway material collected at Basra proved a welcome assistance for the Tigris railway constructed during the war as far as Amara, and since pulled up.

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Route B: Beirut–Damascus–Rutbah–Baghdad.

Recent years have witnessed the opening of the direct trans-desert route from the Mediterranean to Baghdad via Damascus. At present the journey is made by motor convoy, and takes two days; but a railway project has already been sanctioned, and prospecting parties are even now on the line looking for wells. The railway will, it is expected, be ready for traffic in three years' time—*i.e.*, 1931. This railway, when completed, will bridge the last remaining gap in the direct line between the coast of France and Basra, if we exclude the passage across the Bosphorus at Constantinople, where a railway ferry should be working shortly.

The motor convoy for Baghdad starts from Beirut and calls at Damascus, where it picks up passengers from Haifa, Jerusalem, and Egypt. Beirut is within French mandated territory, and Haifa lies just within the British mandated territory of Palestine.

About half-way across the desert, within the confines of Iraq, stands the fort of Rutbah, an important port of call. Here the motor convoys halt for rest and refreshment, and here, too, the Air Mail route from Cairo joins the motor route, and follows it to Baghdad.

The fort itself is solidly built of stone, and contains, beside living rooms, supplies of oil and petrol for aeroplanes, and general stores in addition. In the courtyard there is a powerful wireless installation.

The upper portion of the walls is loopholed for musketry, and the fort is garrisoned by Arab levies.

A Third Route.

A study of the map reveals the possibility of a third route across the desert from Jerusalem to Rutbah, where it would join the direct line between Damascus and Baghdad. It would branch off from the Hedjaz line somewhere about Amman, and follow the air route. Such a line may have been considered and rejected for reasons unknown to the writer, but at first sight it seems to offer distinct advantages, among which we may include:

1. Except for a small section through Trans-Jordania, it lies wholly within British mandated territory.
2. It would start from British-controlled termini, Port Said, Jaffa, or Jerusalem.
3. It coincides with the Air Mail route.
4. It would be secure from aggression from the north.
5. It would shorten the journey between Egypt and Iraq.

There may, of course, be insuperable difficulties in the way of actual construction, and, similarly with the Damascus-Baghdad line, it would be open to attacks from the Arabs.*

Whether this line would pay commercially is open to doubt, at any rate in its initial stages. There should, however, be a fairly steady stream of goods traffic between Baghdad and Egypt, increased by Persian trade. This traffic would automatically increase with the improved facilities for communication which the advent of the railway would confer on the countries concerned.

Roads.

We will now turn to the question of the desert route as it exists at present. Strictly speaking, there are no roads in the generally accepted

* For a full consideration of this route see Central Asian Journal, 1922, vol. ix., p. 132 *seq.*

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meaning of the word. Each car follows the tracks of the preceding convoy and endeavours to pick out the best going. Consequently the "road" spreads far and wide on either hand. During the rainy season all wheel-marks are washed out, and drivers have to trust to their knowledge of the country. There are no landmarks, and recent experience shows that drivers occasionally lose their way, with dire results for their unhappy passengers. Needless to say, the regular convoys carry immense reserve supplies of food and water, and the cars keep together in case of breakdown.

There are two alternate routes between Damascus and Rutbah—viz., the direct route eastwards, and a long detour to the north through Palmyra, the ancient Tadmor, one of the treasure cities built by King Solomon. This route was used during the Druse rising, when the direct route was not considered safe.

Each convoy leaving Damascus is escorted by a car containing a party of police for a distance of about a hundred miles.

The desert consists of an open plain, covered to some extent with coarse grass and camel thorn. The drear monotony is relieved at rare intervals by lean low hillocks, from which one can obtain a wide view over the mournful landscape.

Until one has actually traversed this desert, it is difficult to gain an impression of its inhospitable wastes, in very truth "the abomination of desolation." There is no life to be seen save a few scattered herds of camels and goats which find a precarious existence among the scrub and sparse camel thorn. The fierce rays of the sun beat down almost vertically, scorching the earth, while they create the tantalizing mirage in the form of vast lakes, fringed with palms, as if in mockery of the distress they cause.

Water there is none, unless the prospectors now sinking wells along the route of the proposed railway are successful in their search.

As if symbolical of the modern age, the convoy route is marked, not with skeletons of men and camels as in the older age, but with the burnt-out remains of cars, destroyed and abandoned on the journey.

Transport Services.

At the moment of writing the various companies—steamship, railway, and motor convoy—are each working on their own account, without thought of co-operation or co-ordination of the services. According to the time-tables now in use, the journey from London to Karachi by the overland route takes twenty-one days. Unnecessary delays occur at many points on the journey, and the unhappy passenger finally has to wait six days at Baghdad for the reason that the motor convoy arrives one day too late to enable him to catch the mail steamer at Basra. Were the transport companies controlled by one central authority, and the time-tables co-ordinated so as to ensure a through service, the journey could be accomplished in thirteen days at the outside and probably less.

The Importance of Baghdad.

We have already shown that the western cross-country routes, both air and land, concentrate at Baghdad, which thus becomes the centre of an important group of communications—viz.:

1. Westwards to Palestine, Egypt, and Europe.
2. Southwards to Basra, India, and the Far East.
3. In addition we must include the trade route to Persia by rail and motor via Hamadan to Resht and the Caspian.

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The first demand of civilization is for good communications, and signs of an awakening in this respect are to be clearly seen in Persia today. Extensive railway projects are on foot, and it is to be expected that before very long the railway line from Baghdad will be continued along the motor route to the Caspian with an extension to Teheran.

The Damascus-Baghdad railway will thus become the highway to Persia as well as to India.

History has a way of repeating itself, and Baghdad may confidently look forward to reassuming her former position of importance astride the ancient trade routes of the Middle East. The old-fashioned caravan will give way to the modern motor convoy and railway, but the route will remain the same, and Flecker's "Golden Road to Samarkand" will become an iron road.

The resultant traffic in trade and passengers will have a marked effect on the city of Baghdad itself. At present it is a dirty, squalid Eastern town, embedded in clusters of mud hovels falling rapidly into decay. The blight of Eastern misrule has touched it hardly, but under Western influence it is stirring in its sleep to a dawn of better things.

The development of the city should proceed apace, and, given the requisite energy and enterprise, there is no reason why, side by side with her trade importance, Baghdad should not regain her ancient splendour in more modern guise. The caravans of today—aeroplanes, motor convoys, and railway trains—will arrive in ever-increasing numbers, and will demand increasing accommodation. The old camel serai will be replaced by the modern hotel, while railway stations, aerodromes, and garages will spring up at the touch of the modern magic wand of commerce.

The South Persia Route.

We now come to the final possible link in the chain of overland routes to India, a link of which no mention has as yet been made—viz., the route for a railway between Iraq and India via South Persia. A scheme has, we believe, been mooted from time to time, but so far nothing has come of it.

Such a line would undoubtedly effect an immense saving of time in the journey from East to West. Presuming that the Channel Tunnel be an accomplished fact, the traveller would be able to go direct from London to India without leaving the train. Whether the monotony and discomfort of the journey would make it worth the while of the ordinary passenger remains to be seen.

Conclusion.

The opening of the land route from Damascus to Baghdad has proved, once and for all, that overland routes through the desert are a practical possibility. Such routes should play an important part in opening up the Middle East, both from a strategical and a commercial point of view, and no problem dealing with this part of the world can afford to neglect their great possibilities.

All roads in this case lead to Baghdad, and whosoever holds Iraq holds the key to the problem.

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REVIEWS

INNERMOST ASIA. By Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E. Four volumes. Clarendon Press, Oxford. £26 5s.

These volumes, printed in the finest style of the Clarendon Press, are yet another important work by Sir Aurel Stein, which, with his "Ancient Khotan" and his "Serindia," completes a series of three narratives of explorations in Central Asia, each entire in itself, and yet together forming a connected whole.

In "Innermost Asia" Sir Aurel gives an account of his third journey, that made in 1913-1916, in the course of which, ranging over some 35° of longitude, he travelled no less than 11,000 miles; his itinerary extending from the Hindukush valleys in the south to Dzungaria and Inner Mongolia in the north-east, and from the Kansu Province of Inner China, across the whole of the Lob Desert and of the Tarim Basin, to the Upper Oxus and Iran. Altogether he was on the march for two years and eight months; and as usual he went accompanied by those men of proved ability and energy—Indian surveyors. The work done was in turn geographical, cartographical, and antiquarian; its prevailing motive being the illustration, in the case of Innermost Asia, of the interrelation between its physical changes and the activities of its inhabitants, past and present.

Sir Aurel's march-route may be summarized roughly as follows:

Leaving Srinagar at the end of July, 1913, he plunged forthwith into what may almost be described as *terra incognita*, and this whilst he was within British Indian borders. Darel and Tangir, valleys in the Hindukush, had not before been visited by any European. Sir Aurel explored and surveyed them, and at the same time traced the route by which Chinese pilgrims in Buddhist times used to find their way down the Indus. The Chinese territory of Sarikol was reached via the Mintaka Pass; but whilst travelling thither, and before crossing the border, he explored the head-waters of the Karambar and of the Hunza rivers, as these emerged from the snows on the crest of the Hindukush. Whilst marching through the Sarikol mountains to Kashgar, he surveyed the difficult gorges of the Kara-task river which before him had remained unexplored.

Once in the plains of Kashgar a fresh set of arrangements had to be made for desert travelling. The next goal was Khotan; but Sir Aurel did not reach it by the beaten track, as the following extract from his work shows:

> "From Kashgar I traced an ancient route through unsurveyed desert along the outermost Tien-shan to Maralbashi. I then

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endeavoured to traverse from that point the great 'sand ocean' of the Takla-makan in a straight line to the Mazar-tagh hill on the Khotan river. The attempt, however, was baffled, after trying marches, by the formidable sand ridges that we encountered, but not before I had been able to secure definite evidence of the geographically important fact that an ancient ridge, now completely effaced by wind-erosion, had at an earlier period joined these hills to the isolated rock islands around Maralbashi. Travelling along the Yarkand river, and then up the dry bed of the Khotan river, I reached the Mazar-tagh hill, where numerous Tibetan manuscripts were recovered near a ruined fort, and the remains of a Buddhist shrine were traced. Having regained my old base at Khotan, I secured there a considerable collection of small antiques from the ancient capital and other old sites of the oasis."

After a brief halt at Khotan, the traveller set out on November 28 on his long eastward journey, first for Lob Nor, which is about 700 miles from Khotan, and then for the Lob Desert beyond, between the lake itself and the borders of Kansu. That desert was to be the goal of the winter's explorations, and winter was an important factor in the undertaking; for the region to be entered was waterless, and frost alone made possible the transport of water in the convenient form of ice. However, in spite of being pressed for time, Sir Aurel managed, in the course of his marches, to make short stays at Domoko and Niya, sand-buried sites where he had excavated on a previous expedition, and he supplemented former finds of antiquarian objects by a fresh collection of Kharoshti documents on wood. It was, however, on starting from Miran, which is a little to the south of the marshes of Lob Nor, that the real hardships of travel began. Here, with one month's water supply in the form of ice, Sir Aurel and his surveyors embarked on their "circumnavigation" of the great dried up salt basin that once was the prehistoric Lob Sea. Among their achievements the two following may be singled out. First, their re-visit to Lou-lan, a sand-buried town, mentioned in the "Ch'ien Han Shu" (Annals of the Earlier Hans) as an outpost in the kingdom of Shên-shên, to which the Chinese of the second century B.C. evidently attached considerable strategical importance.

"Resumption," says Sir Aurel, "of work at and around the walled Chinese station of Lou-lan led to the discovery of more relics of the traffic that once came here by the earliest Chinese route that led into the Tarim Basin. From grave-pits containing burial remains of the first centuries before and after Christ, we recovered, besides other relics, a mass of remarkable textiles, including fine specimens of the earliest known figured Chinese silks, as well as woollen tapestries showing clear evidence of Hellenistic art influence."

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Then, whilst the travellers were surveying around the Lob sea-bed, they traced through it the route followed in the earliest times by the Chinese in going to the Tarim Basin, and this they succeeded in doing, thanks to a lucky find of some first-century Chinese coins which, scattered here and there in a line, had lain unheeded on the ground, as apparently they had been accidentally dropped by passing caravans nineteen centuries ago. This route, possibly a portion of that by which Chinese silk used to go to the Roman Empire, was traced right through to its eastern end in the desert of Tun-huang.

Extending their surveys further and further east, the travellers came within measurable distance of Kansu, the westernmost province of China Proper. And there, whilst still in the midst of desolate and waterless wastes, some pieces of important work were successfully carried through, among them a fresh visit to the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas, resulting in an addition to the 1907 haul of ancient Chinese manuscripts of some 570 well-preserved rolls of Buddhist canon texts; also an extension of the 1907 explorations of the Chinese Limes, hundreds of miles of this protective wall having been located in the neighbourhood of Tun-huang and Su-chou. Chinese records written on wood and found in watch-towers proved that these defences were erected in the second century B.C.

Then within Kansu itself topographical survey was carried on along the north-west portion of the province, from the Etsingol valley in the north to the higher ranges of the Nan-shan in the south—in fact along the whole of that side of Kansu which, with its waters flowing into drainageless basins, may be considered, from the point of view of its hydrography and of its general physical features, as having more in common with Central Asia than with China Proper.

The Etsingol valley, situated at a point where north Kansu merges into southernmost Mongolia, was about as far east as Sir Aurel went. Thence he turned towards Kashgar again; but in his backward course the "routes" followed were as usual trackless, leading into regions mostly unexplored before him. Thus setting out from Mao-mei (Kansu) at the close of August, 1914, after a month's arduous travelling he crossed the barren ranges of the Pei-shan and the eastern extremity of the Ti'en-shan into eastern Dzungaria; and then, starting again from Chin-nan (or Pei-t'ing), he proceeded south to Turfan by an old route across the Ti'en-shan, known only from accounts in the T'ang annals.

The winter of 1914-1915 was spent in the vicinity of Turfan. No less than three successive German archæological expeditions had excavated thereabouts; and yet Sir Aurel was able to discover fresh sites in that once populous depression (probably the deepest below sea-level in the world), and his rewards were, in addition to other antiques,

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a considerable quantity of mural paintings from Buddhist shrines, some figured silks of a Sasanian style, and stucco figurines of the T'ang period from a burial ground near Astana.

But the acquisition of antiquarian remains was not allowed to impede general cartographical work. This was carried on in the waterless Kuruk-tagh at the south of Turfan, also around Korla and Kucha and between Kucha and Kashgar.

Finally, Sir Aurel was back to the British Consulate at the last-mentioned town on May 31, 1915, and after arranging for the despatch to Ladakh of his archæological finds—and that meant the repacking of eight heavy camel loads of antiques into 182 boxes for pack-horse transport—he started on another journey, this time with eastern Persia as his eventual goal.

Accordingly, at about the middle of July, he left Kashgar to proceed to the Russian Central Asian Railway at Samarkand; but to catch his train he took a novel road to the station. He went via the Russian Pamirs, Wakhan, Gharan, Roshan, Shignan, Darwaz, Karategin, and finally through the hills of Bukhara, and naturally he took full advantage of the opportunities afforded him by his passage through a region as secluded as that watered by the head-streams of the Oxus, to observe on much that is ancient in the racial type of its peoples, in their language and ways of living. Having reached Samarkand he travelled by train to the Russo-Persian border. Thence he crossed to Sistan, arriving there at the close of November, 1915.

Sir Aurel's operations in Persian territory cannot be better summarized than in his own words:

> "My winter's work in that small but geographically very interesting *pendant* of the Tarim Basin was successfully begun with a survey of the large ruined site on the sacred hill of Koh-i-Khwaja. It was rewarded by the discovery of wall-paintings and other remains going back to Sasanian times. While most of the numerous ruined structures examined in the Persian portion of the present Helmand delta were found to date from Muhammadan times, surveys in the desert to the south, once watered from a branch of the river, revealed remains dating from far more remote periods. There on wind-eroded ground I discovered sites of prehistoric settlements marked by stone implements as well as by abundant painted pottery closely linked in type with corresponding relics of chalcolithic times that have come to light in localities as far apart as Transcaspia, Mesopotamia, Baluchistan and Western China. And across this area of prehistoric occupation, now all desert, I was able to trace a line of ruined watch-stations, which certainly dates from pre-Muhammadan times and curiously recalls the ancient Chinese Limes on the far-off Kansu border. With a three weeks' camel ride by the caravan route connecting Sistan with the railhead at Nushki, my journey came to an end about the end of February, 1916."

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Such then, briefly, was the ground covered by Sir Aurel in his travels in 1913-1916.

These certainly afforded ample play to his many remarkable qualities. It was his tenacity, his powers of organization and his foresight as to details that enabled him to carry through a carefully thought-out programme, and this in spite of obstructions, of which he had a fair share, on the part of certain Chinese officials in Urumtchi, and also of a serious riding accident which badly injured his left leg and might have wrecked the entire expedition. And then, no sooner were his travels over than he had to turn his mind to a hardly less arduous task, the writing of these volumes. And certainly only one with Sir Aurel's practical ability as an explorer, combined with his vision as a scholar, could have brought home and then co-ordinated in so interesting a fashion the mass of new materials with which "Innermost Asia" is replete. No doubt, for some time to come, this epoch-making work will be the main source of information—geographical, cartographical, and archæological—on a portion of Sistan, and especially on that long, arid and sandy belt, stretching across some 25° of longitude between the main source of the Oxus on the west and the head-waters of the Yellow River on the east, which, as the meeting ground of many bygone civilizations, will always excite the attention, not only of the historian, the archæologist, and the linguist, but also of those interested in ancient art and handicraft, whether Indian or Chinese, Tibetan, Tasmanian, or Greco-Buddhist.

G. MACARTNEY.

SAID BIN SULTAN (1791-1856), RULER OF OMAN AND ZANZIBAR. By (his grandson) Rudolph Said-Ruete, with Foreword by Sir Percy Cox. 10″×6¼″. Pp. lxviii+260. Alexander Ouseley, Ltd. 16s.

As Sir Percy Cox reminds us in his admirable Foreword to this book, the Great War and the part played in it by our Arab friends and allies have given a great stimulus to our interest in the affairs of the Arabian Peninsula.

We have in the last ten or twelve years witnessed the rise and fall of Arab kingdoms and principalities, the failure of the lofty ideal of establishing a united Arab Empire under the Sharifian family of Mecca and of the more modest scheme to set up an Arab kingdom of Syria under his son, King Faisal; the successful foundation with British support and guidance of the Arab States of Irak and Trans-Jordania under Faisal and his brother, the Emir Abdulla; the spread of Wahabi dominion over Central Arabia and the Hejaz by that stalwart ruler, Ibn Saud of Nejd; the growth in Arabia of a kind of heptarchy, but with no common link between the component parts except that of race and a desire to assert their independence against foreign domination.

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The book under review takes us back 100 years, and describes in interesting detail and with historic accuracy, based on a thorough investigation of all the authorities available, the growth of the maritime empire of Oman and Zanzibar under Said Bin Sultan, who is in the words of Sir Percy Cox, " one of the most remarkable and distinguished actors who have crossed the stage of Arab history."

The tale is a fascinating one. It shows how the personality of a great man was able to overcome by stern purpose and broadminded statesmanship all the jealousies and intrigues of his own relatives and tribes; the hostility of his powerful neighbours, the Cowassim and the Wahabis, both of whom by armed raids repeatedly turned his steady achievements in Oman to dust and ashes; the rivalry of the great and often conflicting sea-powers, France and England; and finally enabled him with the steady support of the British in Bombay and the Gulf not only to consolidate his rule in Oman and its hinterland, but to establish a great sea empire 2,000 miles away on the East African coast, based on Mombasa and Zanzibar.

All this was accomplished without great military force, for the Omanis were primarily traders not soldiers, and the Oman troops were generally worsted in the field by their more warlike neighbours. But every such failure was promptly restored by the Said's ready resource in creating fresh combinations or accepting a suitable compromise. Meantime, realizing that sea-power was vital to a State like Oman, which depended even more than Venice or Genoa on sea-borne trade for its livelihood, he steadily strengthened his trading fleets and his navy. He looked far ahead, and doubtless realized that if driven out of his Arabian possessions, that loss would be more than counterbalanced by the rise of his East African " Overseas Dominion."

By his wisdom, justice, and honourable dealings with his own people and foreign Powers he was able to consolidate the first and extend the second. Perhaps the most notable instances of his far-seeing policy were his steady co-operation with the British in the Gulf in suppressing piracy and putting down the slave trade; for in doing the latter at least he not only went counter to all Oriental feeling and interests at the time, but sacrificed a very large source of revenue.

All this was the more remarkable in a man of his time, his training, and his traditions, who had never left his own dominions. The author in his Preface tells us that the book is written with the intention of recording impartially the great achievements of a great man. He has accomplished that task most successfully, and he has been most scrupulous in exposing and condemning those actions of his grandfather—and they are not many—which, though as common in the Arabia of the nineteenth century as they were in the Italy of Machiavelli, are contrary to the public opinion of today, at least in Europe.

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But these occasional lapses are only the background against which stand out clearly the qualities of tolerance, courtesy, loyalty to engagements, generosity, and an innate sense of justice that go to form the Arab ideal—an ideal too rarely realized, but which Said Bin Sultan perhaps more nearly approached than any great Arab ruler of the last few centuries.

The book appears at an appropriate time. Last year we had a visit from our loyal ally, Sultan Taimer Bin Faizal, the present Sultan of Muscat, and a great-grandson of Said Bin Sultan; while in June last we welcomed the Sultan of Zanzibar, another descendant, and have had the honour of his presence at the lecture of the Society by Mr. Said Ruete on the connection between Zanzibar and Oman. That invites the query, How was Said Bin Sultan's empire divided into two, the Arabian and the African sections? And one is glad to learn that Mr. Said-Ruete has under preparation a more comprehensive work, the history of the Al Bu Said dynasty in Oman and Zanzibar. No one is more competent to carry out that task. M. F. O'DWYER.

NORTHERN NEGD. By Alois Musil.

"Northern Negd" is a further volume of Mr. Musil's series of geographical works describing his Arabian travels. It deals with a journey carried out in 1915, from Al Jauf to Umm Jaraif, thence to the Hijaz railway, and back, skirting close to Hail, to Najf in Iraq.

Although Mr. Musil did not attempt to disguise his identity, yet his establishment was on a modest scale, and his party usually consisted of only four companions. That to travel in this manner and mingle with the tribes is more instructive than to be surrounded by an escort and paraphernalia, is proved by the familiarity which Mr. Musil displays with the customs of the Bedouin life. In this direction, Mr. Musil is possibly second only to C. M. Doughty amongst the modern pioneers of Arabia.

The amount of geographical information laboriously collected in the volume is enormous. The explorer did not limit himself to observing and recording the physical features which he actually passed on his route, but he extracted from the natives, and carefully recorded, the most detailed descriptions of the country lying many miles on either side of his track. The patience and labour required to draw maps of large areas of country, on information collected simply from the cross-examination of Bedouins, must have been enormous. On the other hand, of course, geographical information collected in this manner can scarcely be said to be accurate. It is not surprising, therefore, that much of Mr. Musil's topographical information regarding areas which he did not visit is vague and erroneous. In this connection, it is

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regrettable that the publication of the book should have been delayed so long. While much of his information, when obtained, was original, a great deal of it, especially in the area between the Nafud and Iraq, had been superseded by more accurate work before the book was published. For the area round Hail, however, his data is probably still the latest and most detailed available.

The composition of the work, it must be admitted, is somewhat confused. While the narrative deals principally with the itinerary of the journey, the author digresses, when he relates his visit to Ibn Rashid, into modern politics, without, however, explaining the situation at the time. While those familiar with the recent history of Arabia will be aware of the situation in that country in 1915, to the uninitiated the account of Mr. Musil's negotiations with Ibn Rashid can convey little, unless they first study the historical appendices at the end of the work. What was his object in these negotiations, and whether he was representing anybody or acting as a free lance, Mr. Musil does not inform us.

In the same manner, the references to the Arab historians are partly scattered about the book as footnotes and partly collated as appendices at the end. The author displays so great a familiarity with the classical Arab historians, and gives us, in quotations from them, so many interesting glimpses into the history of the northern Arabian deserts, that one cannot but regret that he did not produce an independent historical work, instead of scattering historical notes through a work dealing principally with geographical details, and digressing here and there into modern politics. As far as the present writer is aware, no comprehensive historical work exists, giving an account of the wars and migrations of the nomadic tribes of Northern Arabia. Such a work could scarcely fail to be of absorbing interest to the student of Arabia, and none would appear better qualified to produce it than Mr. Musil.

The historical notes on Ibn Saud and Ibn Rashid are accurate in the main, and would doubtless be of value to those unfamiliar with Arabian politics. In dealing with the troublesome years from 1920 to 1924, however, Mr. Musil is less accurate than in relating events previous to the date of his journey. He, however, makes a number of perhaps somewhat rash generalizations on the policy of some of the principal actors, which, to say the least, are highly debatable. His narrative of events at this period is even, in some places, definitely erroneous. It would seem as if, while the history of Arabia up to the date of his journey had been fairly accurately recorded by him during his sojourn in that country, the account of the year subsequent to his journey had been compiled from reports received when resident at distance.

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It is impossible to close this review without a reference to the remarkable system of transliteration employed. While this method might convey the correct sounds to Mr. Musil's compatriots, it cannot but be aggravating and laborious to English readers. In view of the fact that the book is published in English, it is regrettable that some form of transliteration more familiar to English readers was not employed. J. B. G.

THE SUMERIANS. By C. Leonard Woolley. $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5''$. Pp. xi + 198. Illustration and map. Oxford University Press. 1928. 6s.

During the last few years Mr. Woolley has been engaged on the work of uncovering the remains of the famous city of Ur in Lower Iraq. At approximately regular intervals the interest of the general public has been attracted by the very able and illuminating articles in *The Times*, in which he tells of his discoveries, and each year, when the heat of the summer and the stringent limitations of finance precludes work in the deserts of Iraq, Mr. Woolley has kept alive the public interest by exhibitions and lectures.

A record of the work of several of the early seasons has been published. This publication is primarily for the learned student or professional archæologist, and though it throws a certain amount of light on the dim obscurity of the dawn of history, it makes no attempt to depict in detail the life or connected history of the early peoples.

Mr. Woolley has now produced a history of the earliest people of Iraq of which anything definite is known, and he follows their vicissitudes from the problematical date of the earliest records to that date, about 1,500 years later, when, as a distinctive race or dynastic power, they fade from the stage of the drama of civilization.

The book is a short one, and is obviously written for the general public, though it contains much that will provide occasion for argument for the more deeply learned. In fact, a criticism which might be paradoxically levelled against it is that in parts it is too detailed for general light reading, and yet in others it fails to satisfy the desire for more information.

In the concluding chapter of the book Mr. Woolley defines clearly his views on the relations of the Sumerians to the beginnings of civilization in Egypt, and claims for the land of Sumer the earliest known stages of what might be termed the civilization of today. The civilized culture of Egypt, he states, borrowed much therefrom, and based even its religious pantheon on the early anthropomorphic religion of Sumer. That his conclusions are correct there appears to be but little doubt.

In the opening chapters of the book there is much that is conjecture, and the very boldness of this conjecture adds greatly to its

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interest. It seems certain that at some remote and unknown date the Sumerians arrived on the Deltaic plains of Iraq, an offshoot possibly from some branch of the great Indo-European family. Evidence also indicates that they brought with them a standard of culture and craftsmanship so complete and extensive that probably millenniums of time separated it from a primitive savage condition. In what region of the earth's surface this culture was cradled is unknown, and the course of its meandering track to the fertile lands of the two rivers is almost equally obscure, but year by year Mr. Woolley and his fellow-workers in Iraq are uncovering the faint traces of these early peoples and clearing away the obscuring mists which envelop the beginnings of our civilization.

The fluctuating fortunes of the Sumerians and their early neighbours and enemies, the more primitive Semites, is admirably, though briefly, recorded, and the gradual absorption of the former by the latter is followed through periods now definitely historic, until, under the great Semite Hammurabie, the Sumerians as a distinct race disappeared.

The chapter on Sumerian Society is probably the most interesting in the book to the general reader. The laws which governed the state and individual and the ordered condition of daily life is very well defined, and though the petty mind of an architect might quibble over the details of Mr. Woolley's theories of their architectural attainments, such quibbles are too insignificant to affect appreciably the general picture so ably and clearly depicted. J. M. W.

INDIA—STEPMOTHER. By Sir Claude H. Hill, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. Blackwood. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Our policy in India is a very live issue today, and will become one of absorbing interest within the next year or two when the British Parliament will have to deal with the proposals of the Government of the day for giving effect to the findings of the Simon Commission. The publication of Sir Claude Hill's book is therefore very opportune, for in thirty-three years' service in India, ending in 1920, he came into direct contact with nearly every phase of the provincial and central administration in British India. Moreover, he had the further advantage, not often enjoyed by those who have risen to high office in British India, of having spent many years in the Native States as representative of our paramount power. That experience has not only supplied some of the most fascinating chapters of a most interesting book, including many racy and humorous anecdotes, but has given him a deeper insight into and a wider outlook on the many problems of Indian administration.

From the title "India—Stepmother" one might expect a pessi-

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mistic, if not cynical, outlook. The reader, on the contrary, will find throughout a spirit of cheery optimism, a disposition to look at the pleasanter side of things, and in dealing with Indian personalities, even those most critical or unfriendly to British India, a desire to

> "Be to their faults a little blind,
> Be to their virtues more than kind."

That is undoubtedly the right spirit for a British administrator in India, provided the optimisim is not of the shallow kind, which shuts its eyes to facts, but springs from knowledge informed by sympathy. As the French say, "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner." And the author throughout, and particularly in his testimony to the truth and influence for the good of "Mother India," shows that he has no desire to ignore unpleasant facts. Indeed, in the contrast (Chapter IV.) between the administration of Hyderabad under the late Nizam and of Udaipur under the Maharana, he shows a tendency unduly to exalt the latter by painting the Hyderabad picture in colours which some would regard as too black.

Of the late Nizam he writes:

"The then Nizam (1897-99) was a clever but curious personality; very suspicious and jealous of his dignity; quite incapable, even if he had been desirous, of bringing the antiquated and involved system which he had inherited into anything like the state of efficiency which was then gradually becoming a feature of a good many Indian States. . . . The inefficiency of the administration was appalling, and the growing burden of debt was becoming insupportable, while the exactions and oppressions of most of the officials were creating an atmosphere of serious discontent. . . . The lot of the Nizam's Prime Minister was not enviable. His Highness, though accessible to every talebearer in his dominions, was exceedingly difficult of access by his principal adviser."

This picture certainly does not represent the state of affairs in Hyderabad when the reviewer was British Resident there in 1907-09. He found that the administration compared favourably with that of any of the many Indian States of which he had experience, while the Nizam himself was a high-minded ruler, intensely loyal to the Crown, and sincerely anxious for the welfare of his people—as shown *inter alia* by his action in the disastrous floods of 1908—and a man who, though slow to give a promise, once it was given, was most honourable and punctilious in fulfilling it. Everyone who has met that splendid representative of Rajput chivalry, the Maharana of Udaipur, has fallen under the spell of his personality; but even Sir Claude admits that his high sense of duty towards his Barons and people was marred by his unwillingness to delegate any authority to others, and by the

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consequent grievous delay which in practice, as our own Magna Carta sets forth, is tantamount to a denial of justice.

But the author has described things as he saw them, and his picture of Indian characteristics and outlook is the more attractive—if not always convincing—because it is the result not of abstract reasoning or analysis of Blue books, but of impressions made on him personally by a very close and friendly intercourse with very many Indians of widely differing races, creeds, and castes.

In Bombay, the Western gateway of India, and less trammelled by caste conventions and race prejudice than any other great centre, he was favourably circumstanced for such experiences. He there gained a wide knowledge of the mentality and aspirations of Western-educated Indians, who, as the events of the last ten years prove, have on the whole shown a more reasonable and common-sense attitude towards social reform and political developments than the intelligentsia of any other part of India, except perhaps the Punjab. That impression was strong enough not to be obliterated by his experience at Simla and Delhi from 1915 to 1920 as member of the Government of India.

That period covered the Great War, and the author does well to record the valuable services which the Indian Princes as a body, and the fighting races of the Panjab, Maharashtra, and the United Provinces rendered to the Empire in that great struggle. But it should not be forgotten that the Indian politicians, who during the war and after based their political claims largely on those services, bore little or no part in them.

Chapters IX. and X. are of special interest as showing the genesis—from Lord Willingdon and Sir Claude in Bombay—of the scheme for political advance in Bombay Presidency, which later developed into the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme for a uniform political constitution in all the Provinces regardless of their varying conditions and political aptitudes. Sir Claude was a party to that decision, which nearly all the Provincial Governments at the time condemned as unworkable and dangerous, because it was an attempt to impose a Western democratic constitution unsuited to India's widely varying conditions. Looking back in the light of ten years' experience, he now frankly says: "I am wondering whether, after all, we proceeded on the best possible lines in devising the machinery to give effect to the purposes in view. . . . While in some Provinces the parliamentary system has worked fairly well, in others the administration may be said, with fairness, only to have been carried on in spite of the reforms. Again, the Legislative Assembly of all-India has displayed on several occasions a lack of a sense of responsibility which is disheartening in the extreme to many Indians as well as to British well-wishers." And he aptly quotes the opinion of Sir Frederick Whyte, a distinguished Liberal and first President of the all-

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India Assembly as "Conceiving of politics solely as a game in which they (the Indian members) are the bullet and the Government the target; they have never devised or proposed, they have remained content with criticism."

If Sir Frederick were writing today he would perhaps have added that the members have persistently opposed and obstructed every measure of Government directed towards the maintenance of that peace and public security which is our primary function in India. If India today is honeycombed with revolutionary conspiracies, murder-gangs, bomb factories, and often paralyzed by political strikes and sectarian riots fomented by Indian and alien Communists drawing their funds and their instructions from Moscow, the fault lies mainly with those who invariably reject every measure to secure the public safety as "brutally oppressive."

In the final chapter "What Next," the author makes short work of the ridiculous demand of those all-India politicians "that complete autonomy should be conferred not only in the Provinces, but also in the Government of India, which is thus made dependent upon the will of the peoples' (!) representatives, should be given complete dominion status under the Crown," not only over British India but also over the Native States. This is the essence of the notorious Nehru Report, which has been already torn to pieces by all Indian communities—Muslim, Sikh, Parsee, non-Brahmans in Madras and Bombay, the depressed classes everywhere—who do not desire to see the dominion of a Brahman oligarchy and their clients substituted for impartial British rule. Any further discussion of the preposterous Nehru proposals would be flogging a dead horse. As the author points out, even if the Provinces agreed, and many would not, the Indian Princes would never consent to transfer their allegiance—now due to the Crown—to a futile body dominated by lawyers and journalists. The Butler Report has emphatically upheld them in that view.

Few who have followed the trend of events will question Sir Claude's final views that

(*a*) The time for an extension of the responsibility by the all-India Legislature has not yet arrived, but that

(*b*) A link should, if possible, be found to facilitate consultations between the Council of State and Princes of India; and quite definitely

(*c*) A unitary Indian, merger of the affairs of Princes' and British Indian areas, is altogether out of the range of practical politics.

As regards the Provinces his view is that a considerable expansion of responsibility is conceivable subject to safeguards for the maintenance, in the interests of administrative, efficiency and true political progress, of an adequate British personnel in the various departments. This condition cannot be overemphasized. It is essential in the interests of

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law and order (the transfer of which is at present out of the question), which can only be enforced by an impartial authority in the frequently recurring outbreaks of sectarian strife and racial antagonisms. These go to show, in the words of a Muslim leader, that the reforms so far from promoting national unity have created more divisions. It is essential also in the interests of the non-politically-minded masses, perhaps 98 per cent. of the population, who look to the British official for protection against injustice and oppression. These are the people whom all-India politicians, British and Indian, are apt to ignore, but there is reason to hope that their interests are not being overlooked by the Simon Commission.

But apart from its valuable comments on the political problems of today, Sir Claude Hill's book gives us a fresh and breezy description of Indian life and thought from one who took a keen and sympathetic interest in both. M. F. O'D.

LIFE OF GENERAL DYER. By Ian Colvin. Octavo. Blackwood. 20s.

It is satisfactory to find the account of General Dyer's Life and Work so clearly and authoritatively set out, even if the point of view is inevitably one-sided as regards particular incidents. The service of General Dyer did not differ in character from that of many officers of the Indian Army till the Great War came. His little campaign on the Persian-Baluchistan frontier is well described from the military point of view, and the judicious admixture of bluff and boldness employed by him is clearly brought out. One would have liked, however, some fuller account of the political aspect of the campaign. It is perhaps hardly sufficient to say that the Government of India were "somewhat scared" when the General called on the chiefs in a neutral kingdom "to sign an agreement by which they handed over their country." A fuller account of the General's political dealings would perhaps have shown that in his admitted determination there was a vein of obstinacy, which was not without importance in his subsequent history. The account of his share in the Afghan Campaign does full justice to General Dyer's determination and capacity for overcoming or ignoring obstacles. The main interest in the book, however, must inevitably lie in the account of the Punjab disturbances of 1919, the incident in the Jalianwala Bagh, and the subsequent action by the Government of India and the Secretary of State. Few people with any knowledge of the facts will dispute the correctness of Mr. Colvin's description of the revolt against established order in the Punjab in April, 1919. The effect of General Dyer's action at Amritsar in checking the spread of that revolt, as stated by Mr. Colvin, will probably be almost as widely accepted. Whether General Dyer was justified in taking what he considered to be the wider view, or whether

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he should have limited himself to the amount of force required for the immediate local necessity, must remain a matter on which opinions must continue to differ. Mr. Colvin in any case makes it clear that the details of the action taken by General Dyer were well enough known to highest civil and military authorities of the land: and it has been truly said by one in authority that "he was punished not for what he did, but for what he said he did." Making every allowance for the points brought out by Mr. Colvin, General Dyer's poor state of health, his difficulty in consulting his papers, and the hostile attitude of some members of the Disorders Commission, his evidence before the Commission remains something of a mystery. The key to that mystery could probably only be found in a side of General Dyer's character which is not clearly brought out in this book. We do not think that Mr. Colvin does full justice to the efforts of the Chairman of the Commission to save the witness from himself, nor of the General's own military friends to warn him to be temperate in his evidence. On the other hand, Mr. Colvin emphasizes, as he is fully entitled to do, the popularity of General Dyer with the Indian troops, the fact of his initiation by the leaders of the Sikhs into their community, and finally the importance of the pronouncement of Mr. Justice McCardie in the General's favour. The firmness and ability with which Sir Michael O'Dwyer governed the Punjab, and his unfailing loyalty to his subordinates, is very clearly set out. With this solitary exception, however, those whom Sir Henry Wilson described as "Frocks" do not, whether in India or in England, emerge at all favourably from the episodes in which they took part. The book is written with Mr. Colvin's usual terseness and vigour, and can hardly be neglected by any student of Indian history.

P. R. C.

THE LAND OF THE LAMA. By David Macdonald. $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$. Pp. 283. Illustrations and map. London: Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. 21s. net.

In this comparatively small volume of 273 pages Mr. Macdonald has given us a very complete and fascinating picture of the people of Tibet, both lay and clerical. To do this, even with Mr. Macdonald's unique knowledge, was not easy, because of the magnitude of the subject; yet he has succeeded, in some almost uncanny way, in keeping his book within popular limits whilst giving us a true portrait which is lacking in no essential detail.

As Lord Ronaldshay says in the foreword, the book is a mine of information for all who are interested in the manners and customs of the Tibetan people. It is written in a pleasant and very readable style; is well illustrated with photographs, not the least interesting of which is

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that of the Dalai Lama authorized for publication by himself; and has an adequate index.

The chapters on Government, Religion, and the Priesthood are particularly good; and one is left in no doubt but that "there is no approach to God unless a Lama leads the way." The average English reader will undoubtedly be struck by the similarity between Monastic life in Tibet and life in our own Varsities. The large monasteries are divided into colleges; and one can easily trace the counterparts of Deans, Tutors, Proctors, and even Bulldogs. One has frequently seen the last-named gentry wield their "authority" on the heads and backs of fractious young monks in no uncertain manner.

There will be little disposition to quarrel with the truth of the author's statement on page 126 to the effect that "Tibetans in general live what would elsewhere be a life of hardship and discomfort." However, under the administration of the present Dalai Lama, at any rate, the Tibetan peasants are treated pretty fairly on the whole; and, despite all their troubles, they manage to get quite a lot of fun out of life, even though they have no prospect whatever of either amassing any wealth or bettering themselves. As long as they can count on a decent incarnation in the next cycle they are perfectly content.

The skill of the priest-physicians is truly remarkable; they can, for instance, tell if a man's absent relations are unwell by simply feeling his pulse!

The recital of tortures, which are practised as punishments, in chapter xvi. makes gruesome reading, but it is only fair to explain that, as far as the reviewer's experience goes, the necessity for their application does not often arise; their deterrent effect on potential criminals is obviously very considerable.

It comes as rather a shock to read of such amenities as electric light and telephones in Lhasa, but the fact that such things have found a foothold there enhances the value of a book like that under review, which has registered a faithful likeness of Tibetan life as it is before it has been altered out all recognition by modernization. R. K.

A History of Christian Missions in China. By A. S. Latourette. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$. 948 pp. S.P.C.K. 18s.

This is a book which repays very careful reading; its 900 pages tell a story which has never been told before. In reading it one is impressed by the amount of labour given to the task; the wide observation and study involved is really prodigious, and is based on a very extensive and most thorough examination of sources, very difficult for the ordinary reader to come by or get at; it should be on the shelves and often in the hands of everyone who is interested in China and is

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invaluable to those who wish to study the history of China during the last 150 years.

In the history of the Nestorian, the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, and Russian Orthodox Christian missions in China we have a vast and reliable work well done.

The first reliable information of the presence of Christianity in China dates from the T'ang dynasty (618-907), but the Nestorians disappeared in a few centuries, and the author, who has written a careful study of them, ends it thus: "Just how much the Nestorians deserved the name Christian is hard to say. Even if some of them had entered into the characteristically Christian experience, however, it is doubtful whether many Chinese were influenced by it, for, as we have said, the Christian community was almost or completely made up of foreigners."

To a Franciscan, John of Montecorvino, belongs the honour of being the first Roman Catholic missionary to reach China in the end of the thirteenth century, but in the following century the Mongol Empire broke up, an anti-foreign reaction set in, and Christianity disappeared. With the sixteenth century came the Portuguese, and with them the Jesuits, Spaniards, Dutch, English, and French began to establish their traders in the ports on the south coast, and in 1685 Chinese forces took to Peking thirty-one Russian prisoners, who were members of the Russian Orthodox Church, which has now more than 5,000 communicants. In 1805 the London Missionary Society, barely ten years old, began planning for a mission to the Chinese, and sent out Robert Morrison, a native of Northumberland, who was the first Protestant missionary to reside in China, and who, with the aid of Milne (a Scotsman), completed the translation of the Old and New Testaments in 1819. To succeeding events Professor Latourette has given more than 500 pages, and he has recounted them in the light of political, economic, and intellectual factors.

Professor Latourette gives a very good and clear view of not only what Protestant missions have done and are doing, but also the work of other missions. Much is said of the work of the Roman Catholics. You cannot live long in China without being struck by the "leaving all" devotion, consecration, selflessness, and hardships of many of the Sisters of Mercy. So far as their work in Chekiang is concerned the information is substantially correct, and the same correctness may be assumed throughout the other provinces where they are working. He discusses at some length the characteristics of the religions of China and Christianity, bringing out clearly the points of difference between them, and not forgetting to remind us of the evil of Schism, for which Christianity, even in China, has suffered for a long time. It has been a divided witness that the Church has given the Chinese. The Roman

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Catholics have shown generally little friendliness and some suspicion and jealousy of Protestants, and between them there is still a great gulf fixed. In Hangchow there is a wonderful spirit of unity where the evangelistic and extension work of five different British and American missions is guided by a Union Committee so that a united front is put before the people. Each mission holds to its own creed and form of worship, and we have unity without uniformity, variety without diversity, and in all the vital interests of the work the missions are brought together and work as one. There are about 3,000 European and American missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church and about 8,000 Protestant missionaries, including their wives, and the Roman Catholic converts are about five times those of the Protestants.

The object of missionary work is to make the impact of the West on the East helpful, and to introduce the best of our medical, educational, and spiritual work. The missionary does not "run down" the native customs, religious and otherwise, of the country that are entwined with the family, the guild, and the village, but tries rather to "run up" something better, and show them a better way. The writer of the book does not hide the defects of the missionaries or the missionary enterprise. We know that failings and weaknesses have been attributed to the missionaries, which are purely imaginary. The failures in mission work are fewer in proportion than those in diplomatic and commercial enterprises. The missionaries as a whole are well educated, well prepared, and of high standard of character, ability, and health. In medicine, art, and theology they rank with those at home, and in a knowledge of the language they are far ahead of the members of foreign business communities.

This wonderful volume does not say enough about medical missions, which are an integral part of the work of the Church, and have an amazing scope for usefulness in China. The ministry of healing takes its place today among the leading activities of missionary work. No longer is the healing a matter of amateur doctoring, learned by the non-medical missionary in the school of experience; it is now the serious and called of God life work of qualified doctors and consecrated men and women. Christian compassion and human sympathy have combined to make medical missions a work which all men praise, and which many men of no distinctively missionary spirit gladly help and further. As an object-lesson of the spirit of Christianity it is unexcelled, as a means of overcoming prejudice and superstition it is splendid, and for opening a way for the Gospel to enter the hearts of suffering men and women it is most effective. To heal the sick, to bring back from the gates of death many a one otherwise surely doomed; to open blind eyes and restore to active usefulness the lame and the halt, to ease the pain of the dying, and to teach the Chinese to

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be doctors and nurses; to lengthen and strengthen the life of the people are inestimable gains and worth-while services, and they are being rendered in China today with a thoroughness not commonly realized. The new medical profession is the product of medical missions and Protestant missionaries, and if it maintains ideals of unselfish service and disinterested scientific accuracy it will be largely because of its missionary percentage. The promotion of public health and the establishing of hospitals for the insane, tuberculosis, lepers, open-air sanatoria, opium refuges, schools for the blind, are all the work of medical missionaries.

Christian missions in China have come in for a fair amount of criticism, and especially from those who know least about them. Many are prejudiced because they do not really know what the missionaries are doing, but those who talk against them have only one thing to do—that is, to go and see them on the spot. With all their mistakes they have been and still are of inestimable service to China, as those who have given their lives for the Chinese know. We do not know what the future of that great country is to be—Chinese prophets have a poor reputation—but we believe it is not going to the wall, and not going to break up with terrible disaster to its 500 millions and to the world. We have faith to believe and anticipate a new, finer, and better China because of the thousands of missionaries who in the years of her transition unselfishly laboured and poured out their lives to bring her in touch with the Gospel and the blessings of Christian civilization. You do not hear the missionaries say: "We have toiled all night and caught nothing," although they confess disappointment due to the civil war upheaval, in being compelled most of them to leave the country and sit down in the Open Ports or at home to mend their nets. During their time of absence from the field more responsibility has been put on the Chinese Church, which is, consequently, showing greater vitality, and the Christians are as never before, propagating their faith and moving forward. The work of the foreign missionary is by no means finished. His position may be more difficult and perhaps more dangerous, and his relation to the Chinese Church may have changed somewhat, and he may now have to assist and push behind instead of lead. But Westernism and desire for learning and unlearning only emphasize the need of missions, and in some respects the missionary is more needed today than ever he has been. We cannot imagine any great work of reconstruction and reform apart from Christianity. All real reform must depend upon it for its inspiration and support. The greatest things which make any country worth living in have been secured through religious convictions and enthusiasms inspired by Christianity more than any other factor.

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The reason why I am optimistic about China is because that in the Central administration, which is becoming stronger all the time, there is a group of real Christian men, better than China has had in recent years, and if they continue in office we believe China will settle down and get a permanent form of government and fewer military war lords. D. DUNCAN MAIN.

TAMERLANE, THE EARTH-SHAKER. By Harold Lamb. 9 × 5¾. 318 pp. Thornton Butterworth and Co. 10s. 6d.

The character and achievements of perhaps the most famous of all Asiatic conquerors are set out in this book in a thoroughly popular style. The familiarity of the method of writing may occasionally grate upon the historically sensitive reader, and it is not always easy to separate fact from comment; but the author rightly aims at being interesting, and at displaying Timur from the viewpoint of his own people, and not through the prejudiced eyes of Persian and Turkish historians. It is perhaps disappointing to find Timur's invasion of India so briefly treated. Doubtless it was, as the author observes, no more than a short campaign, and not among his greatest military achievements. Yet it probably remains as his performance best known to the world at large, and it certainly facilitated, if it did not suggest, the success of his most famous descendants, the Mogul Emperors of Delhi. Few will agree with the author that the fact that Timur's sons did not bear Islamic names supplies some evidence for the lukewarmness of his attachment to the Muhammadan religion. The Mogul Emperors were similarly known by non-Islamic names such as Shah Jehan and Alamgir, and, as the author himself notes, Timur's family had their Islamic surnames in the genealogical tables. The author gives an interesting account of the military tactics of the Tatars, and particularly of the use of the bow by the mounted men. It is curious, however, to find the statement that the "Tatars were almost as formidable as modern cavalry armed with the revolvers of three generations ago." No modern cavalry have, we believe, been armed with revolvers, with the exception of the cavalry of the United States Army. Possibly the author is referring to the long pistols of the dragoons of the eighteenth century, and no doubt the Tatar horseman with his bow was as effective as those. The author generally regards Timur's armies as superior to the European forces of the time. Doubtless they were so on their own terrain: but the age of infantry had begun, and Bannockburn and Crecy had already shown the superiority of that arm over mounted troops. The comparison between Timur and his great Mongol predecessor Genghis Khan is well drawn: and the book may well lead the general reader to study further an interesting period. P. R. C.

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A BAGHDAD CHRONICLE. By Reuben Long, M.A. Illustrated. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 6$. Pp. 274. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

The intention of this volume is to narrate the social history of the "City of Peace" from its founding by Mansur to the death of Nasir, and its final suppression through the ruthlessness of the Mongol horde in A.D. 1234. The keen scholarship, and the well-chosen language by which this aim is interestingly achieved inevitably re-echoes the beat of war drums and the swan-song of dynasties. The cynical historian might discover in the flaunted designation of Medinat es Salam (the city of peace) more of war's chaos, more of the carnage of pestilence and civil insurrections, than that tranquillity which, as the heart of a powerful theocratic Islamic state, the serene designation intended to purport. Pruning the flamboyancies and hyperboles of original poets and chroniclers, the author, with a lucid conception of historic relevancy and literary appropriateness, has grafted these into his admirable record of the vicissitudes of his theme.

In vindication of the pre-Mansur nomenclature "Baghdad" he adduces evidence from philology, from the Egyptian Ptolemaic charts of the second century, and from the Babylonian Talmud of the fifth century A.D. Authorities are quoted testifying to the existence in the reign of the Sassanian Shapur II. (309-379 A.D.) of a village called Bágh Dád—sometimes written Magh Dad—in the Badú rayá quarter, with a population in which Nestorian Christians and their monastic fraternities preponderated. Though superseded by the less euphonious designations of Al Zawra, Karka, and subsequently by the intended onomatopoetic "Medinat-es-Salaam" of Mansur, the name Baghdad re-emerged to prevail into the present.

Limits of space restrict the review of this most readable and instructive volume. The death of Abu l'Abbas, "the blood-pourer," and first caliph of the Abbasid line, enabled his successor brother, Mansur Abu Ja'far, to abandon his precarious residence in the neighbourhood of Kufa on the Euphrates, and his caution in the selection of a suitable site for his proposed capital city reveals a mentality admirable in its politico-military strategy and sound savez. "When he," Mansur, "was in the neighbourhood of the future city he summoned the heads of all the Christian villages and monasteries near by. He questioned each closely with a view to discovering how each was situated with regard to heat and cold, rain and mud, mosquitoes and venomous reptiles." Not content with that, he, like Moses despatching the spies from the wilderness of Haran to Palestine, gave orders to the various members of his retinue that each was to go to a village, spend the night there, and bring back a report of his experience. Acting on the recommendations submitted, Mansur decided to erect his new city on the site of the village of Bágh Dád. And having asked the astrolo-

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gers to take a horoscope to ascertain the most favourable time for commencing the building, he sent to places as far afield as Damascus, Mosul, and Basra for "men skilled in the knowledge of measurement, surveying, and apportionment." The famous old Sunni theologian Abu Hanifa, refusing to act as a sort of foreman-ganger, was exhorted by Mansur's son, the Prince Mahdi, to accept the office of Cadi with the words "If you do not accept the honour I will have you flogged until you consent." The tardy theologian, appreciative of a sound skin as of sound dogmatics, was thereupon expeditiously inspired to accept the office. Fortunately for the archæological satisfaction of succeeding generations, the conveyance of bricks from the imposing palace of the late Persian kings at Ctesiphon proved more expensive than new ones made in Baghdad. Eventually the great city, with its palaces, bazaars, and conduits, reached completion, and its fresh impressiveness occasioned traditions attributing the necessary supernatural associations to such a magnificence of erection.

Were not its marvellous gates those made by the shaytans (demons) for Solomon, the son of David, for Solomon's alleged city at Wasit? Could the magnificence of these gates be imitated by any mortals since then?

Before the death of Mansur the prospect of trade was attracting to the city an increasing population of an eclectic nature. "Hither came all the products of the world in constant stream: spices of all kinds, aloes and sandal-wood for fumigation, teak for shipbuilding, ebony for artistic work, jewels, metals, dyes and minerals of all kinds from India and the Malay Archipelago; musk from China; pearls and white-skinned slaves from the lands of the Turk and the Russian; ivory and negro slaves from East Africa. . . ." The incidental demands of social *galanterie* allured entertainers and musicians of amusing characteristics, who discovered a generous, though unstable, patron in Mahdi, the new Caliph. Now he would load his favourites with honour; then instead of dirhems they got ferocious spankings.

The reign of the heroic Hárún al Rashid with its glamorous romance and Oriental magnificence was the zenith of Baghdad's ascendancy. His successful campaigns against the Byzantine Empire; his prodigal patronage of arts, music, and medicine and the luxurious propensities of his wife Zubeida caused chroniclers to linger long on the memory of that Golden Age. The development of executive and administrative offices makes interesting reading. The muḥtasib, a sort of perambulating quasi-omnipotent police-exciseman, extended his responsibilities from a shebeening inspector to the prosecuting of ultra-foppish gentlemen who dyed their beards black for the sole purpose of making a better impression on the fair sex. Reminiscent of the Scottish Highland chief who, as he inspected his ready-made coffin, quoted Latin screeds from Ovid and

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Pindar, Hárún stoically had a grave dug to his own satisfaction, and meticulously examined his burial robes ere he felt disposed to pass away.

The new caliph, Amin—a character, with his hooked nose and bald head—was an extravagant voluptuary who included in his nature the contradictions of overwhelming pomp and ludicrous plebeianism. He derived thrilling amusement from lion-caging, to the horror of his servants, and from prancing on hobby-horses in the royal courtyard to the rhythmic music of oboes. Little was he concerned with the threat of invasion to his city which, ere long, materialized. The long siege of Baghdad in this reign reveals a most original *naïveté* in war strategy. Men had to act as mounts in place of the horses that had long disappeared from the city. Some of these "mounts" were equipped with bits and bridles and "provided with tails made of broom and fly whisks; round their necks were hung strings of bells and ropes of red and yellow wool." . The long siege ended with the overthrow of Amin's troops, and his own place of concealment was betrayed by the odour of the musk with which he was in the habit of scenting himself.

The victorious Ma'mun's reign inaugurated a period of literary brilliance. Scholars of whatever religion were sent to the old Byzantine provinces in search of works of classical philosophers and physicians—thus introducing to the scientific world the works of Hippocrates, Euclid and Galen that were almost forgotten in Europe. It is said that Ma'mun himself spent two hours daily cleaning his teeth whilst poetry was being recited to him.

His successor, Mu'tasim, however, inherited a legacy of war. Babak, a Persian fanatic who asserted his own divinity, brought terror into the north-west corner of the kingdom for some years. A threat from the Zuṭṭ—dwellers in the marsh area north of Basrah—to plunder Baghdad so scared the city that, on the conclusion of successful operations against them, five hundred Zuṭṭ heads were sent to Baghdad to adorn Mu'tasim's gates and restore equanimity in the city. Many things served as excuses for a public holiday!

The *Kitab al-Muwashsha* of Abu 'l-Taiyyih Muhammad ibn Isḥaq gives glimpses of the importance attached to social conventions and moral characteristics. Clothes of gaudy colours such as yellow or amber are not suited for men—they suit women, singing girls or serving maids—but they may be worn when a man is being bled. At convivial seasons men may adorn themselves with yellow shirts, musky cloaks, and shoes of yellow and black. A polite man, at table, should not keep changing his seat, lick his fingers, or overfill his mouth. Nor should he, in company, scratch himself or touch his nose. These social sanctions did not seem to bind inextricably the unconventional philosopher Ibrahim ibn Isḥaq, who contended that "a man who does not flow along with destiny does not enjoy life. . . . One of my heels was worn down, but

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the other was good, and though I walked all over Baghdad, this side and that, it did not occur to me to mend them, and I complained neither to my mother, nor my sister, nor my wife, nor my daughters. He only is a man who keeps his woes to himself and does not trouble his family with them. . . ."

In 836, owing to the abnormal civil restlessness in Bagdad, and urged perhaps by the wish for an *aere monumentum*, Mutasim, amidst the sycophantic approval of his satellites, changed the seat of government from Baghdad to Samarra, on the Tigris, a fine locality about eighty miles north of Baghdad. "As for Samarra," sang the bard, "its star is wakeful and its air is clean; its day is always as the early morning; . . . unlike Baghdad of the suffocating climate, whose terrain consists of dunghills and whose October is a July."

An interesting account of the Shiah and Sunni *odium theologicum* precedes the resuscitation of Baghdad by the Turcoman Seljuks, whose voracious imperialism expanded the confines of their empire from the Mediterranean to Eastern Persia. The approach to absolutism by the Vizier's office in the person of Nizam al Mulk, the famous minister who is associated in legend with Omar Khayyám and the "Old Man of the Mountains," or chief of the Isma'ila assassins, restored to Baghdad a cherished era of prosperity. The Madrasa al Nizamiya (Nizami college) was founded. He contributed a tithe of his official stipend to augment its finance. Other institutions of learning sprang up and were staffed, not on the basis of religious uniformity, but on that of professional brains. The volume concludes with the downfall of the city under the terrific ruthlessness of Hulagu's Mongol hordes in the middle of the thirteenth century.

We recommend this book as a fresh, interesting textbook on the domesticities, social and administrative life of the Caliphate Baghdad. The dry bones, oft interred in the ponderosity of historians on the Orient, are exhumed, covered with flesh, and made to live as decent Orientals with characteristic faults and merits, idiosyncrasies, and roguish congeniableness.

M. KENNEDY MACLEOD.

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY: RUSSIA — SIBERIA — CHINA. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. Fifty-eight illustrations. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 15, Bedford Street, London, W.C. Price 3s. 6d.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has felt the "urge" to make known to a wider circle the lessons she learnt from her observations in Russia and China. The public gave a good reception to "An Adventurous Journey" when it was published in 1926, but this new issue has been condensed from the 24s. size to a cheap edition at 3s. 6d., which brings it within the reach of the most modest proletarian purse.

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It can well be hoped that there will be an adequate response, for, apart from the literary interest which the exciting account of the authoress's adventures arouses, there is an underlying lesson of great value to be gained from the political misfortunes of Russia and China, and this lesson is that we should all be contented with the conditions under which we live with a well-ordered system of government.

One has only to read the dire politico-economic straits into which the Russian and Chinese people have been and still are plunged to long for the day on which the lot of these struggling masses will be ameliorated.

The first three chapters tell about Russia, and though written three years ago, present accounts show there is no change or improvement. The tale is a forcible, tragic one, and readers will find themselves in line with the authoress in rubbing their eyes to know if they are awake or dreaming. But this is no novel, and every word of it bears the impress of truth.

The journey across Siberia was exciting; it always is. This is the most wonderful railway in the world; no other line has such difficulties against which to contend. The marvel is that it keeps going, but it does; and though Mrs. Alec-Tweedie and many others have had bad experiences on it, there are not a few travellers to the Far East who recognize that the Russians are now grappling with it in a more satisfactory way than has been the case since Imperial times, when the Siberian railway reached the peak of comfort.

China is described in all its whimsicalities, and the book contains word-pictures of the country, its people, and its politics which are very well worth reading. Though there is some progress, China scarcely changes, and civil warfare persists today to much the same extent as during the past few years.

The greater part of the country remains in the throes of virtual anarchy, and only the peaceful, industrial habits of the toiling peasants keep it from running red with official blood. Few books of recent times point these conditions so strikingly as is done in "An Adventurous Journey."

There is food for thought in the concluding chapter on "The Pacific Aflame." The authoress strikes her own line as the outcome of her observations made on the spot, and though there may be room for difference of opinion, there is no gainsaying that the problem of the Far East is a deep and difficult one which will yet loom large in world politics. The subject requires all the study that can be given it, and it is by a book such as this that one can form one's own impressions.

The volume is well illustrated and has been brought up to date by a series of footnotes on Russia and China, including an account of the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin—the Manchurian war lord whose active work

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in exposing the machinations of Moscow in China and stamping out the Communist Soviet Embassy at Peking has not yet been appraised at its true value.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie gives an interesting pen-portrait of this remarkable man, with whom she had an interview.

Altogether an exciting and readable book, and more than ordinarily cheap at the price. The illustrations are clear and comprehensive.

G. D. G.

THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD. By Harry A. Franck. Pp. xiv + 426. 8½″ × 6″. Ninety-five illustrations and map. Methuen: London. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Franck, in his "Friendly word to the possible reader" which prefaces his latest book "The Fringe of the Moslem World," ingenuously informs these "possible readers" that he disclaims any intention of telling anything worth while in his chatty record of several months "nomading" in the Near East. The impetus of his "nomading" came from "his publisher, his public, and his wife." And accordingly he proceeds in 426 closely printed pages interspersed with some excellent photographs to describe in a "chatty" fashion a tour which led him, not into untrodden spheres, of which possibly "his publisher, his public, and his wife" might have wished to learn the hidden secrets, but along the well-marked tourist routes which travel agencies have made familiar all the world over. He visited Alexandria, Cairo, Luxor, Palestine, Transjordan (excluding Petra, where he would at any rate have avoided a hackneyed route), Phœnicia, Syria, Anatolia, and European Turkey. He so times his itinerary as to be in Jerusalem in Easter week, which he describes "chattily" enough, but with inaccuracy and and patent superficiality of observation. In Syria he glides equally superficially over the problems which face Arab and French alike. His chapters on Anatolia are less irritating, but do not ring any the truer. In Constantinople he is frankly sensational. His story, told in language which is at once so rhetorical and individualistic as at times to depart from all traditions of normal narrative style and to lapse into exuberances of self-coined and impossible diction, is, in fact, little more than a loosely conceived and carelessly executed guide-book—and, at that, bad of its kind. Inaccuracies positively bristle. Hussein Kamel, the first Sultan, not King, of Egypt, under the British protectorate of 1914 to 1922, was the uncle, not the nephew, of the deposed Khedive Abbas Hilmy. The second Lausanne Conference did not take place in 1919. These are but two of the countless misstatements which betray Mr. Franck's levity and superficiality, and will mislead "his publisher, and his public, and his wife." But in another respect his book is equally mischievous. In his desire for light relief, he has succumbed to

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the temptation of malicious suggestion. Throughout he is a negative and inaccurate critic of the new order of things in Egypt, in Palestine, in Syria, and in Turkey, which has come to be since the Armistice; and his comments on these new conditions breathe a "superiority complex" to which his patent ignorance and his inability or disinclination to analyze do not entitle him. The book may by its very "chattiness" have an appeal as against its sounder and less extravagant brother the standard guide-book, but it is, in fact, condemned out of Mr. Franck's own mouth. "The Fringe of the Moslem World" is the account of a hackneyed tour which was not worth the telling. O. M. T.

AMONG THE FOREST DWARFS OF MALAYA. By Paul Schebesta. 134 illustrations, 8 diagrams, and a map. Pp. 288. 6½ × 9½. Hutchinson and Co. 21s.

IN JAVA. By John C. Van Dyke. Pp. xii + 310. 5¼ × 7½. Scribners. 1929. 8s. 6d.

Infinite patience and sympathy, a gentle manner, and a capacity for physical endurance of hardships were the weapons with which the shyness of the Semang dwarf tribes was overcome by Mr. Schebesta. For eighteen months, accompanied first by a Tamil and later by a Malay servant, he dwelt in their encampments or accompanied their marches in the densest Malayan forests, winning their confidence, learning more than one unwritten language, questioning the more frank, observing the most reticent. Admiration is the first feeling evoked by reading "Among the Forest Dwarfs of Malaya"—admiration not only for the courage of the explorer but for his impersonality. Minute data are collected and presented clearly, though with the minimum of inference to conclusions; Mr. Schebesta's task was to watch and record, and he is content to upset with dry comment the theories with which his data are in conflict, while seldom offering others in their place.

A book of real value; lacking gaiety, yet full of interest. The Semang numbered only 2,000 in the Malayan census of 1921, and the gradual opening of the forests tends to diminish their hope of survival. In contact with more advanced races they die out or are absorbed, and it was partly on this account that the author sought to collect knowledge of their customs. Living mainly on tubers (hubi) or the smaller birds and animals of the forest, the Semang obtain also rice by barter from the Malay; it is instructive to observe the Malay, himself exploited by the Chinese in most parts of Malaya, here exploiting the weaker tribes who know little of exchange values. No review can do justice to the description of tribal customs or beliefs: the blood sacrifice to pacify the thundergod, the suckling of wild animals by Semang women, the use of the blow-pipe and other wooden instruments.

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Men who count only up to three and have not yet reached the Stone Age (only wooden vessels may be buried with a corpse for the use of the spirit), who know nothing of war and are shocked if a leech is burned off the body with a hot cigarette-end, are sufficiently remote from us to deserve more than casual study. Mr. Schebesta's objective mind is ideally suited to the task. The translation is excellent, and hardly indicates that the author is (possibly) a German.

Professor Van Dyke adopts a different method. "In Java" is a lightly written story of a tour in the Dutch Indian Islands. Scenery receives full attention, and agricultural matters are mentioned from time to time. The Dutch administration is deservedly commended, but it is unwise to pass incisive criticisms on the colonial methods of other countries in a book which allows no space for justifying the censure.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN TWO CONTINENTS. By Mrs. Patrick Ness.

Three-quarters of this vividly written book treats of Africa, with which continent the Central Asian Society is not concerned; the last quarter, however, is full enough of varied experience to make a book of travel by itself.

The writer begins with an interesting account of the second attempt, with women in the party, to cross the desert by motor-car from Damascus to Baghdad. The Nairn Motor Transport Service is well-known nowadays, but in 1923 the journey was not without risk when it is remembered that the travellers were crossing a practically waterless region far from civilization, and were dependent for their direction upon an Arab guide.

Although with good fortune the City of the Caliphs might be reached after spending only one night on the road, yet provisions and water were carried for five days in case of misadventure, and when Mrs. Ness traversed the same route some months later, and heavy rains seemed imminent, food for double that period was laid in, as the desert might become an impassable quagmire.

From Baghdad the writer takes us on the road to Teheran, and we grasp that to cross the high passes on the Kermanshah-Hamadan-Kasvin route with derelict Ford cars can give more thrills than when the journey was made on horseback. Travellers have often had to help their loaded baggage animals over bad parts of the road, but Mrs. Ness and her companions can hardly have expected to be obliged to walk behind their car and push it for all they were worth up the Pai-tak and Asadabad Passes. Yet from the author's description of the vehicles in which she and her party were to travel some four hundred and seventy miles one is only surprised that they reached their goal. She writes: "They were rusty, broken, bent, and torn. They lacked most accessories—lamps, horns, jacks, even starting-handle, and were

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hung from hood to wheel-rims with festoons of inner tubes and skin water-bottles."

Though it may seem that the car is ousting the leisurely caravan in Persia, yet the Land of the Lion and the Sun is little altered away from the towns, and the writer gives many a glimpse of the people and their country such as we find in Chardin's travels or Morier's "Hajji Baba." Her interesting description of the last review held by the last Shah of the Kajar Dynasty makes one wonder what impress Riza Shah Pahlevi, then Minister of War, will finally stamp upon a kingdom that traces its history from 500 B.C. and seems still in the Middle Ages. Space forbids me to follow the author to Isfahan and the Caspian, but her book in its *entirety* is a notable one and will appeal strongly to all who love the open road. E. C. S.

DEAD SEA SALTS CONCESSION. Documents relating to. Presented to Parliament by Command of His Majesty, April, 1929. Cmd. 3317 (1d.), Cmd. 3326 (3d.)

For the last few million years of the world's history the fruitful rain has washed the salts of a somewhat barren tract of land, not into the boundless ocean, but into an inland lake, the Dead Sea, which is, geologically speaking, a part of the great rift which runs from Lake Tiberias to Central Africa, and includes the Dead and the Red Seas, and the Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria. Situated 1,300 feet below sea-level in a deep valley, evaporation is rapid, and in consequence, mineral salts are found therein in a state of concentration which is paralleled only by certain inland waters in Persia, of smaller commercial value. The actual quantities are estimated as follows (in millions of metric tons):

Sodium chloride (common salt)	12,000
Magnesium chloride	22,000
,, bromide	1,000
Potassium chloride	2,000
Calcium chloride	6,000
	43,000

Of these salts potassium chloride has a high commercial value as a fertilizer and for purposes of industry, and it has been ascertained* that a product containing over 70 per cent. of this salt can be obtained by natural evaporation.

The principal sources of potash today are in North Germany and in Alsace, where carnallite (a compound consisting of potassium chloride and magnesium chloride) is mined at depths varying from 400 to 600 metres. This carnallite only contains 16 per cent. of potassium chloride and its concentration involves heavy outlay, which can be avoided by solar evaporation in pans in areas available near the Dead Sea, areas

* By an Expert Committee appointed by the Colonial Office in 1924.

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which, though unhealthy at present, can be rendered habitable by suitable precautions.

The whole question is, as usual in such cases, one of transport, in this case between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean. A narrow gauge railway of sixty miles would be necessary to link up the northern end of the Dead Sea with the present railway line at Beisan (Bashan of the Bulls) at a cost of about half a million pounds sterling. Cheap power will also be needed, and for this the promoters doubtless look to the Palestine Electric Corporation, or alternatively to the Iraq-Mediterranean Pipeline. There is probably an unlimited potential demand for potash as an agricultural fertilizer, at a price. The whole question is, whether or not it can be produced from the Dead Sea at a price which will make its use general throughout Europe and elsewhere. World's requirements of potash at 80 per cent. purity amount at present to approximately 4,000,000 tons, and if the company to whom this concession has been granted can produce 200,000 tons, or 5 per cent. of the world's needs, they will more than justify the hopes of its promoters. The current value of potassium chloride in this country is about £7 10s. a ton, so there is clearly a margin to profit for transportation and working costs.

Nor are the other salts without their value. The salts of bromide have a limited use in industry, but it may be doubted whether the Dead Sea product will compete effectively with other sources. There is likewise a world demand for common salt, but it is so abundantly available in practically every part of the world in one form or another that the Dead Sea product may not be able to stand the inevitable transportation costs.

The documents under review provide that the company to be formed by the promoters, Messrs. Tulloch and Novomeysky, within twelve months of a date not yet fixed, must be registered in Great Britain or Palestine, and not less than half of the capital in excess of the total of £250,000 should be offered for public subscription; a minimum of £100,000 must be paid up in cash or at call. The concession is for seventy-five years, and is exclusive, so far as the right to obtain salts from the Dead Sea is concerned, for a period of twenty-five years. It includes the grant of four square kilometres for evaporation purposes, and additional land for auxiliary needs. The company are bound to produce not less than 1,000 tons per annum of potassium chloride during the third year, increasing to 50,000 tons per annum in the eleventh year. Royalty is fixed at 5 per cent. of the value in bulk at the works, plus a proportion of all profits over and above 10 per cent. of the net divisible profits, which are carefully defined. The Government * retains

* The word Government throughout means the Governments of Palestine and Transjordan jointly.

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the right to take up on most favourable terms a percentage of any capital issues made by the company after the first issue, and further has the option, at a later date, to convert its financial interests in the company (royalty and percentage of profits) into a holding of shares. The Government undertakes certain obligations in regard to highway and ropeway construction, retains the right to control the import of labour by the company and the right of pre-emption of products in time of war. Finally, "*the company are prohibited without the previous consent of Government from making any contract arrangement or understanding with any company, person or undertaking for restriction of output, or for raising or keeping up prices in such manner as to restrict output.*" This last clause seems to the writer to place upon the shoulders of Government responsibilities which might, in certain circumstances, become exceedingly embarrassing and to go much further than the circumstances warrant. It cannot too often be repeated that the world is today a single economic unit, and it is imperative that this fact with all its implications should be recognized by all concerned. If the potash industry is to succeed, whether in Palestine or elsewhere, it must produce potash at an economic price; in other words, at a price which will enable its use on the largest possible scale by agriculturalists all over the world. If the industry is to grow, it must be in a position to obtain further capital from time to time. It can only do so by making steady profits over a period of years. To ensure this, it may well be necessary for the company to reach an agreement as to prices and output with the French and the German potash industries, in order to prevent cut-throat competition, followed perhaps by a régime of subsidies, as in the case of continental beet sugar. The Alsace potash industry is owned and controlled by the French Government; the German potash industry is owned and controlled by an exceedingly powerful German group. If the Palestine potash industry attains the dimensions hoped by its promoters, it will be necessary for it to enter into friendly conversations with both groups, and in the writer's view such an agreement is far more likely to meet public needs if it is reached independently and without the contractual intervention of the British Government. In any case, as remarked in *The Times* (in May last), Great Britain, the greatest foreign investing country, with world-wide interests, should be the last to discriminate against foreign capital, for her flanks are exposed in every direction to retaliatory action. Again, a country which aspires to leadership in finance loses prestige by imposing unnecessary limitations on capital or industry. Each case must, of course, be judged on its merits, and the case for restrictive clauses such as that italicized above does not appear, in the case of Dead Sea Salts, to be strong. Meanwhile, it is of interest to note that the intention is that the Earl of Lytton should be Chairman of the company, and that the Articles of

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Association will provide that the Chairman and a majority of the board should be of British or Palestinian nationality. The financial supporters of the company, as quoted in the first-named paper, are a guarantee that the industry will be prudently managed in its initial stages and adequately financed in its subsequent developments.

The attention of those who desire to study this subject further is invited to a valuable paper by Mr. W. Irwin in the *Geographical Journal* for June, 1923. A. T. WILSON.

THE SEVENTH DOMINION. By Josiah C. Wedgwood, D.S.O., M.P. 7½″ × 5″. Pp. xii + 131. (London: Labour Publishing Co.) 1928. 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

This is a most difficult book to take seriously. It comes at the very moment when the Jewish leaders themselves have abandoned the old idea of a Jewish Palestine and are prosecuting a world-wide campaign for the new ideal of a Jewish cultural centre. In the second place not even Colonel Wedgwood has ventured to assert that the Jews in Palestine or elsewhere share his aspirations; all that we are told is "that the Jews themselves cannot desire" to be excluded from the British Empire, and that they "would be fools if they did not want to enter." In addition to this the book bears all too close a resemblance in tone to a political pamphlet, and invites the same fate. If only Colonel Wedgwood had kept to the method he proposed—"pick out all you dislike and hit as hard as possible"—it might have left a better impression. As it is, the many valuable criticisms and suggestions he has made are apt to be overlooked in the resentment which everyone with even the slightest knowledge of the Palestine Secretariat must feel at the insinuations which he has allowed himself to make against them.

But more than anything else it is the manner of treatment that gives the book such an air of unreality. The view is narrowly focussed on certain features, with the result that everything else is distorted or omitted. The League of Nations is dismissed in one brief paragraph, and never again mentioned in connection with Palestine. On the contrary, many of Colonel Wedgwood's criticisms are based on the assumption that Palestine is a "colony," and on the contrasts between the administration of Palestine and those of "all other colonies." The same disregard, natural to the enthusiast, of the other fellow's case is seen in his references to the Arabs, whether Muslim or Christian. Their opposition is, in his eyes, mere obstinacy, which only requires a little firmness on the part of the Government to be overcome. A whole chapter is devoted to the contrast offered by the successful Greek colonization of Macedonia. Of course, in this case the non-Greeks were deported and the land expropriated, but "if the (Palestine) Secretariat earnestly desire to find land for Jewish colonization, they will find enough

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to go on with, some in Palestine and more in Transjordania. Governments can expropriate and compensate, at least in Eastern climes, with more equity and despatch than can private corporations." Thus the way is to be cleared for the "higher civilization"—at the expense of everything that constitutes its claim to be higher.

In itself, then, "The Seventh Dominion" would seem to call for no more than the brief notice usually given to political tracts. Its importance lies in its after-effects. Before me as I write is the report of the first meeting of the "(Palestine) Dominion League"—a body which owes a good deal to this book, and which aims at utilizing the Jews as an instrument of imperialist policy in the Middle East. With this aim Colonel Wedgwood is in full sympathy; as the quotation above shows, he has no intention of restricting the Seventh Dominion to Palestine. Needless to say, the Dominion League has already attracted notice in the East, and that it has not resulted as yet in an active counter-movement is to be put down to the conviction—not yet lost—of the fundamental good sense and political honesty of the British people. Those who have any illusions as to its possible reactions should read, for example, Mr. Coke's new book, "The Arab's Place in the Sun." Well may the Jews —and the British Empire—pray to be delivered from their friends.

H. A. R. GIBB.

THE BAGHDAD AIR MAIL. By Wing Commander Roderic Hill. 6 × 9. Pp. x + 328. Illustrations and Maps. Edward Arnold and Co. Price 18s.

A more opportune moment than the present, at which to publish this book, could not have been found. A wide interest is attached to the first London to India air mail, and it seems only fitting that an equal appreciation should be given to those pioneers who blazed the trail in earlier and more hazardous days.

There can be few who are better qualified to tell the story than Wing Commander Hill. His reputation extends far, as must be with one who on a day will eat his breakfast in one continent, and either on that same day, should he so wish, or, on the next as a matter of routine, will dine in another. It is a little difficult for many of us, members of *The Society*, to realize how long ago it really is since the days when the fast overland camel mail, under Turkish auspices, took ten days to get from Damascus to Baghdad. Then came the Nairn enterprise, which with amazing regularity would take its passengers from their Damascus hotel to the garage in New Street, next the Tigris, in twenty-four hours and a minute, or even less. It was wonderful going, that day and night motor run right across the Arabian desert. At one point, reached about dawn on the outward trail, the driver would say to you, if you sat next to him, "There is the furrow. The furrow spelt romance to

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me when I first saw it. For the furrow is the guide to aircraft on their way across the desert between Amman and Ramadi. In this book is described why the furrow was made, how it was made, where it leads from, and whither it goes to. The reader, further, is instructed as to landing grounds on the route, whether designated by number or by letter, and why. He may learn also of the type of machine that has been used, from the early Vimys to the great modern machines that recently have done such wonders on the North-West Frontier.

As you read all this, which is not written in the least in a technical style really, you are compelled to realize how indebted must be Imperial Airways to the pioneer work carried out by the Royal Air Force on long-distance flying. Difficulties are explained, and the Wing Commander indicates how they have been obviated. Again, and in no spirit of what the R.A.F. sometimes refers to as "shooting a line," it is shown how difficulties are not only that, but are actual dangers. Mishaps due to engine failure or to climatic conditions, such as sand-storms or flood, are just instanced as possibilities, lightly touched on and so disposed of. Only one inconvenience does your reviewer find no reference to, and that is air-sickness. Perhaps, however, it is as well to leave that alone; after all, it is only a detail.

And so we are led through the story of the years from about 1921. Actually the first air mail left Baghdad on July 28, 1921, and was delivered in London on August 9. It must be borne in mind the R.A.F. ran the air mail for five and a half years after that.

From general considerations the author passes to the personal, and in a series of chapters describes his own experiences as an air mail pilot operating over the route. He makes this section as interesting as those that have preceded it. Other trips also are described, for instance, one or two to Sulimaniyeh in the days when the R.A.F., the Levies, and the Iraq Army were busy chasing Sheikh Mahmud and that super-rascal known as "K.F.B." These little extra trips were made over country where the pilot of a big machine would not welcome a forced landing.

In conclusion, we can see that each air liner on the Alexandria-Baghdad section of the India air route will not fail to have one or more copies of this excellent work in its library. Every passenger should certainly provide himself with a copy. Meanwhile, sitting comfortably at home, one may allow the mind to think back on the view of those stark, bare Judæan hills, on the sight of the Dead Sea from 4,000 feet, on the desert below you, the ribbon of the Euphrates, the first glimpse of the golden domes of the great Shiah Mosque at Kadhimain. Then, one might be permitted the wish that one had a mass of intelligent, adventurous-minded nephews, to each one of whom the gift of this book could not fail to be a godsend. It is very well written in a charming

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style, adequately illustrated, furnished with a sufficiency of maps, and altogether to be recommended. D. S.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. By D. G. Hogarth. Illustrations and map. 216 pp. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$. Oxford Press. 1928.

By the death of Dr. Hogarth, Arabian, as distinct from Arabic, studies have suffered an irreparable loss. His personal experience of Arabia was limited to the fringes thereof, from Carchemish in the north, through Aleppo, Damascus, and Jerusalem, to Jidda in the south; but for thirty years he was the pivot of its exploration, and he was, as no man has ever been or is ever likely to be, a veritable encyclopædia of all knowledge that appertained to the desert peninsula. He was steeped in the lore of Arabian exploration; directly or indirectly he inspired every individual feat of travel and exploration in Arabia during the last thirty years; during the Great War he was a mine of valuable information and sagacious advice tempered with a cynical scepticism, which served to keep the "expert" enthusiasts for one side or the other in some sort of order; his whole feeling for the great desert spaces and their dour inhabitants was instinctive. He made mistakes as most men do, both in the appraisement of individual travel-exploits and in the appreciation of political situations; but, whether one agreed with him or not, one felt that one was crossing swords with a master, whose approbation of one's results or technique was of more intrinsic value than the applause of the press or the world. He died in harness as President of the Royal Geographical Society; but outside Oxford it is perhaps as the patron of Arabian exploration that he will go down to history, and it is at least appropriate that his last work, all but finished at his death, was the biography of Arabia's greatest explorer. Twenty-five years earlier he had completed "The Penetration of Arabia," a classic which has accompanied every explorer of the desert from that day to this. If the Royal Geographical Society is minded to erect a monument to his memory it has not far to seek for a suitable form of memorial. Hogarth's survey of Arabian exploration urgently calls for reissue with the revision and enlargement that a quarter of a century has made necessary.

For the moment we are concerned with his "Life of Doughty." That is a sheer delight to all, and they must be many, who are interested or intrigued by the career of one who must surely be reckoned among the strangest products of the British race, at once typical of his race and profoundly *sui generis*. Highly individualistic in his outlook, he was a worthy representative of his countrymen in strange and foreign lands, where his patient endurance of tribulation was admired by, though it amazed, a people ever accustomed to pursue the line of least resistance amid hardships with them endemic, but by

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him courted though avoidable for a sign or a word. That sign or word was never forthcoming even in the extremities which threatened instant death. It is only amazing that death never came, a death that would have passed unnoticed as of one that had ventured abroad rashly ignoring the warnings and discouragement of his Government's official representatives. It is amazing that he lived to write "Arabia Deserta" and the epics that followed it, and it is not less amazing that in both cases the finished products of his deadly travail in the deserts fell utterly flat on the dull minds of his own fellows, except only a few whose judgment has since (and in the lifetime of the author) been vindicated in the case of the former work. The latter remain *sub judice*, and only one thing can be said of them with certainty: they will not oust "Arabia Deserta" from its present pride of place as the greatest work of Doughty, as the greatest or at least one of the greatest works in travel-literature, and as one of the outstanding masterpieces of English literature in general.

With the epics Dr. Hogarth has dealt with a skill that defies review. He has resolutely declined to plunge with Doughty into the vast impenetrable primeval forests of ancient Britain, but here and there he shows us some charming glade or clearing as he skirts deftly along their outer fringes, and he leaves us with the vague impression that the inner depths may or may not be as wondrous and beautiful as was claimed by the explorer himself, perhaps we should say the creator. At any rate it was not for him to venture an opinion, and posterity is left with a clear field for investigation and judgment. Where angels fear to tread it is not for us to rush in with only "Mansoul" (and that no small effort) to the credit of our reading. Doughty left no manner of doubt that he claimed a high place for his poetry. Contemporary judgment, for all its "Middlesex-like" accents, has given the palm to his prose; and though we may be mistaken, it scarcely seems likely that posterity will upset the judgment of Doughty's contemporaries. Yet it will concede that the author of "Arabia Deserta," during the forty years that intervened between its completion and his death, never lost his powers of literary expression, though he never achieved another masterpiece. And such a masterpiece was sufficient indeed for a single human life.

Even so, strange as it may seem, the world in general and even the majority of his countrymen, who alone (to judge by the difficulties of Professor M. J. de Goeje, p. 164) and by no means all of them are fully capable of appreciating his language, will think of Doughty as an explorer rather than as a literary creator. Such a judgment would have been indignantly repudiated by him at any time in his life until just after the Great War, when something of the immense value of his Arabian studies began to come home to him through the mouths of

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those who had profited by them. He accepted the homage of those who had followed in his footsteps, while perhaps regretting that they were not fit to appreciate his poetry; and he died knowing that he was regarded by all who were competent to form a judgment as the greatest European explorer that ever went to Arabia. Dr. Hogarth rightly, therefore, makes the Arabian episode the central tableau of his "Life," and devotes more than half his work to that theme with its antecedents and consequences. The story is told in Doughty's own way in "Arabia Deserta," but Dr. Hogarth, by drawing more on his contemporary diaries and letters than on the text of the book, makes the "Life" an essential appendix to the latter. With the two we have the whole story of a most remarkable achievement and of a man not less remarkable, who, despite the passage of half a century, is still remembered in Arabia, and not least by the faithless guide of his last journey with the butter caravan, Ibrahim al Sulaim, who still lives and who came down again to Jidda nearly forty-eight years later, in January, 1926, the month of Doughty's death. We have, too, a complete picture of an old world that is no more, though motor-cars have not yet descended to the carrying of the butter. H. StJ. B. Philby.

An Indian Journey. By Waldemar Bonsels. Pp. 273. $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

The publisher announces that this book is unusual and its author a most unusual traveller, with the additional qualification of having succeeded, as have few others, in capturing the spirit of the tranquil and terrible land of India. In detail, however, his knowledge of the country which he describes—the towns of Cannanore and Mangalore and the inland region behind them—and of its people and animals, is as inaccurate as the fancy map of India which adorns the inside covers of the book. It is sufficient to give a few instances out of many. The writer is a German, young at the time of writing, which presumably, though there is little indication of dates, was before the war. His servant, evidently a Malayali of low class, presumably knew no German, and is said to have a poor knowledge of English. He is teaching his master Hindustani, rather an unusual accomplishment in a servant in Malabar. Yet he and his master, who alternately beats him and treats him with the greatest familiarity, and then complains of his insolence, hold long discussions on the nature of God and the qualities of Love. The master, moreover, who is learning Hindustani from a Malayali, is able to trip him up in Canarese, and to take down poetry in Marathi from a fakir, which incidentally contains a reference to expanses of eternal ice, rather an unexpected conceit in Marathi poetry. Those who have visited Cannanore will be surprised to learn that the big guns of the Fort are trained on the palace of the Hindu

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king, ready to lay it in ruins at the first sign of revolt. Others with some knowledge of Mangalore will be still more interested to know that the town possesses a Government House and a "plentiful supply of kings, negroes, and elephants," but has no knowledge of steamboats. One of the principal characters is a Canarese Brahman, curiously announced by a servant as "Bahadur Mangeshe Rao," who has been "expelled from the fellowship of his caste" because he was entered at the University of Madras; a fact that will surprise those acquainted with the number of graduates of that caste both in Madras and Bombay. This Brahman, in addition to displaying a knowledge of German literature unusual even in a graduate of Madras University, has written a textbook of philology, showing the relationship between Sanskrit and the dialects of Southern India, which is really an "able and searching criticism of the British Government." A little knowledge on the part of the author might have told him that criticisms of the British Government in India do not require to be wrapped up in textbooks of philology. The book was, however, sufficient seriously to alarm the Collector, a sympathetic but somewhat unusual officer. He first met the author when the latter called on him, and boxed the ears of the Collector's Eurasian clerk because the latter did not stand when the author spoke to him. The Collector, far from resenting this, gave the author a whisky and soda, and later unbosomed himself regarding the activities of Mangesh Rao. Ultimately, however, British troops and a gunboat are sent down. Mangesh Rao has planted certain papers on the author with the express desire that they should be discovered when the latter's house is searched. The search is carried out by a subaltern and three privates, who apparently are good enough to undertake the duties of the C.I.D. The subaltern, brave lad, is careful to take away the German's penknife before searching the house. Finally, Mangesh Rao is poisoned by his fellow Brahmans, but whether because he entered Madras University or because he wrote a philological textbook aimed at the British Government is not clear.

The author's dealings with the animal world are as fantastic as his human relationships. An epic battle, in which an army of rats is exterminating a family of cats ("long-haired creatures") till the latter are rescued by the appearance of a cobra, takes place in his bedroom. Since, however, another episode with a monkey, in which the latter talks philosophy, took place after the author had drunk "glass after glass of the heavy palm wine" (presumably our old friend toddy), the reality of the rat-cat struggle is perhaps doubtful. Sportsmen will be interested in the author's encounter with wild buffaloes in Malabar and "the faint barkings of the jackals" seems an inadequate description of their nocturnal lamentations.

The author introduces many conventional descriptions of scenery

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and climate, but he singularly fails to convey the deep and quiet beauty of the Malabar hills and rivers.

The book is stated to have reached a sale of nearly four hundred thousand copies in Germany. It may be safe to assume that the English sales with a public somewhat better acquainted with India and less fond of sentimental philosophy will not approach that figure.

P. R. C.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RWALA BEDOUINS. By Alois Musil. New York: American Geographical Society. $8.00.

In this book Professor Musil gives a most exhaustive account of the Rwala or Âl Jelâs, the most powerful of the tribes belonging to the Northern 'Aneza group. The book could only have been written by one who had lived for many months among the people whose manners and customs are here so completely, if rather unimaginatively, described.

The belief that an eclipse is caused by the moon (or the sun) being swallowed by a monster appears to obtain in many parts of the East. The Chinese believe the monster to be a dragon, the Hindus say it is a dog, and the Arabs believe it to be a fish, El Hût. During an eclipse of the moon the Bedouins beat on metal pots and brandish their spears, calling upon the monster to release their beloved moon; in a similar case the Egyptians also make a noise with pots and tin cans, but they supplicate Allah to release the moon; the Chinese are said to tap their thumbnails together in order to frighten away the dragon, as the sound thus made is the only one which it can hear. These beliefs and customs form no part of the Islamic religion; they survive among the lower orders from pre-Islamic times. Muhammad ordered that a special form of prayer should be performed whenever an eclipse occurred.

The best, and in fact almost the only, passages of powerful descriptive writing in this book are the description of a sandstorm on page 19, and that of a raid beginning on page 522.

The language is clear throughout, but the insertion in the text of Arabic words and phrases is far too frequent, being often unnecessary.

It will surprise many to learn that the Rwala eat the flesh of pigs, hyenas, foxes, and snakes. It would be interesting to know whether the Wahhâbis have yet broken them of this practice, for the tribe now pays tribute to Ibn Sa'ud. It is a part of the latter's system of government to send shaykhs of religion to the communities which are allied to him in order that they may be taught to practise Islam in the puritan manner.

Many of the Rwala tales of animals, birds, and reptiles read like the fables of Æsop. The tale of Adam and the serpent reminds me of an experience of my own. Travelling from Et-Taif to Mekka I picked up a

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large stone in the Wâdi Nu'mân and threw it on the head of an adder. A number of these reptiles came from under the clumps of hamdh (camel grass) as we passed by. Being about to enter Mekka I was dressed in the ihrâm or pilgrim dress. One so attired is forbidden to take the life of any creature unless it be dangerous to human life. I remarked to my companion that it was lawful to kill a serpent even when one was wearing the ihrâm. "True," he said. "And the serpent is an enemy of every son of Adam, and he may kill it, even though he be muhrim (wearing the ihrâm)."

The author's chapter on the camel is exceedingly good, and, in the number of facts recorded, is probably as valuable as anything which has yet been written on the subject.

With the Rwala a small riding-litter carried on a camel, and known as Abu-d-Duhûr, takes the place of the flag or standard. This is their mascot. It is somewhat similar to the Mahmals which were sent annually with the pilgrim caravans from Damascus and Cairo, and doubtless the origin of these Mahmals is traceable to a Bedouin source.

On reading Professor Musil's pages, one almost feels as though one is reading the notebook of a scientist who is looking at the Rwala through a microscope, so copious is the information he gives, and so unadorned by any appreciation of the ugliness or beauty of what he tabulates. There is hardly an aspect of the life of these Bedouins which he does not subject to examination; and, in spite of its weight (very nearly 4½ pounds), the book will doubtless be carried in the saddlebag of any future sojourner in the territories of the Rwala.

The author tells us that more than four-fifths of the Rwala men perish in battle or die of wounds (his observations were made during the years 1908-15). If his figures are correct, the population of Northern and Central Arabia should increase at an alarming rate now that Ibn Sa'ud has prohibited inter-tribal raids.

How will this increased population find food? Arabia has never been able to support her population but in semi-starvation. By forbidding the raid, Ibn Sa'ud has not only taken the risk of the economic situation becoming difficult, but he has also taken away the popular pastime. However much we may wish him success in his efforts towards Arabian unity and peace, we cannot help wondering how long the present state of affairs in Arabia will last. The greatest Arab of them all, Muhammad, was unable to make Arabia at once peaceful and self-supporting. When he forbade inter-tribal war the increasing population found its outlet in Syria, Irâk, and Egypt.

The author employs his own system of transliterating Arabic. It is a good system in that each Arabic letter is represented by a single Latin letter. In such a book as this, however, it would probably have been better to have printed the Arabic in the original script. The cases (qâf

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and kâf) in which an Arabic letter has two values, according to the word in which it occurs, could have been met by printing three diacritic points over the qâf, instead of two, where it is pronounced like "z"; and by writing *jîm* with three points, instead of one, to represent *kâf*, where it is sounded like "ch." ELDON RUTTER.

UP THE COUNTRY. Letters written to her sister from the Upper Provinces of India. By the Hon. Emily Eden. First Edition. Bentley. 1866. Shortly to be reprinted.

The letters which compose this book were written by Miss Eden during the years 1837 to 1840. She was the sister of Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India from 1836 to 1842.

Lord Auckland was a real worker and travelled a great deal during his term of office. His main interests lay in education and the expansion of commerce, but unfortunately for him he had to deal with difficult problems in Afghanistan which ultimately proved his undoing.

Miss Eden describes the Viceregal tours with all the immense pomp and retinue involved. They start from Calcutta on October, 1837, passing through Lucknow and Delhi, and reach Simla in April, 1838. After a stay of six months they travel down to meet Ranjit Singh at Lahore, shortly before the death of that famous Sikh.

The letters are intensely interesting and very charming, written day by day as the huge camp moves on. They give a vivid picture of the many personages, English and Indian, who came to see Lord Auckland, and they portray with sympathy and insight the life of India before the Mutiny.

The meeting with Ranjit Singh is described very fully and gives us a real picture of Indian thoughts and habits. The Maharaja was "exactly like an old mouse, with grey whiskers and one eye. He wore no jewels, nothing but the commonest red dress. He had two stockings on at first, which was considered unusual, but he very soon contrived to slip one off that he might sit with one foot in his hand comfortably."

One of Ranjit's favourite topics of conversation was drink. He said he understood there were books written against drunkenness, but that it would be better to have no books at all than that they should contain such foolish notions.

A general favourite was Pertab Singh, the grandson of the Maharaja. He was then only seven years old, and he did much to break down the formalities of the functions, and to bring Miss Eden into touch with the Sikh ladies.

Perhaps the saddest part of the book was that Miss Eden was only happy when sketching—she suffered continually from ill-health, and so the wonders of this great march were a bore and a misery to her.

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She suffered continually, too, from home-sickness, and hated an India which most people would give much to see in the regal way that fell to Miss Eden's lot.

A striking fact brought out in this journal is the terrible loneliness of the lives of so many of the civilians in those days, and their early deaths. Indianization must tend to bring back these conditions. The India of the last forty years was a very pleasant place, but though this has been changed, let us hope that Miss Eden's prophecy of the Kutab as a railway station and the Taj as an hotel will not come true.

H. S.

ON ALEXANDER'S TRACK TO THE INDUS. By Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E. $9\frac{3}{4} \times 7$. Pp. xvi + 182. Illustrations and maps. (London: Macmillan.) 21s.

The north-west frontier of India is not only interesting from the point of view of Afghanistan with its turbulent tribesmen, whose kinsmen on the British side of the frontier are equally virile and warlike. Generation after generation of Englishmen have studied the pages of Arrian with a view to identifying the site of that impregnable natural fortress, Aornos, the capture of which constituted one of the great feats of "Sikandur, Lord of the Two Horns." But since it was impossible to cross the frontier and explore either the upper part of the Swat Valley or the section of the Indus that was sealed country, early students made conjectures, which careful examination proved to be untenable.

During the last forty years Sir Aurel Stein has been among the best equipped and the most earnest of these watchers. Happier than his predecessors, the rise of a powerful chief, who not only subdued the petty states, but was also sympathetic to Sir Aurel's wishes, gave the famous archæologist his longed-for chance.

Alexander the Great, as we know, defeated Darius, and, after that unfortunate monarch's death, annexed his wide-spreading empire. In pursuance of this task he marched across the north of Persia, and traversing what is now Afghanistan, crossed the Hindukush and subdued Central Asia up to the remote Sir Daria, where he found Khojent, distant no less than 3,000 miles from Macedonia.

After two strenuous years' fighting, he recrossed the Hindukush and was, at last, free to undertake a campaign in India. The main army followed a route mainly down the Kabul River, and avoiding the Khyber Pass, to the Peshawar Valley, while Alexander turned north into the mountains to attack the hill tribes situated on his left flank. His policy was to make his lines of communication safe, and no conqueror ever did this more thoroughly.

Marching up the valley of the Kunar he crossed into the Swat

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Valley, which he descended, capturing two great strongholds, Ora and Bazira. He then rejoined his army and inspected the arrangements for crossing the Indus, at a point a few miles above modern Attock.

The enemy in the Swat Valley had fled to the Indus Valley and had taken refuge on Aornos. It might have been thought that they had been sufficiently cowed, but Alexander determined to capture this impregnable stronghold, probably because it was rumoured that Herakles had failed to do so.

Sir Aurel Stein entered the Swat Valley from the lower end, passing Malakand and Chakdara, where, some forty years ago, the British met with such severe fighting. Crossing the frontier he was warmly welcomed by the Badshah, and immediately set to work to survey the valley and to visit its many ruins. He identified numerous ruined *stupas* mentioned in the pages of Hsuang-tsang, but of far greater importance for the task in hand was his discovery of Ora and Bazira, both of which strongholds still retain their ancient names.

Stein then crossed into the Indus Valley and with unerring skill and intuition found that stronghold in a bend of the Indus, which river washes two-thirds of its circumference. It is now known as Pirsar. Arrian's description of its strength is quoted, and Stein used the account of the historian to such good purpose that he shows his readers the exact spot near modern Urra (the origin of the Greek term Aornos), where Ptolemy held an advanced position, from which after filling up a ravine with timbers and earth, Aornos was stormed.

None of Sir Aurel's works are written in so happy a vein, and members of the Central Asian Society will congratulate their distinguished member warmly on the complete accomplishment of his quest.

The illustrations and maps are excellent.

P. M. SYKES.

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HIS EXCELLENCY YANG-TSEN-HSING,

THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SINKIANG

READING the account in the last number of the Society's JOURNAL of the assassination of Yang-tsen-hsing, late Governor of Chinese Turkistan, who, it will be remembered, was treacherously murdered at a dinner party given by his Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, I am reminded of an event which took place some twelve years earlier (February 16, 1916), when Yang-tsen-hsing had recourse to the very same stratagem as that by which he lost his own life; he, too, could violate the rites of hospitality by turning his dining-hall into a slaughter-house.

Briefly this is the incident I have in mind. Yang was a native of Yunnan. In 1916 that province was more or less in revolt against what there was of the Peking Government. This resulted in the arrival in Urumtchi of a few Yunnanese, plotting to bring about the secession of Sinchiang, and the proclamation of Yang-tseh-hsing as King of the Province. How far, at the beginning, Yang was taken into the confidence of the plotters, it is not known. Probably he was to be faced with a *fait accompli* or a *coup d'état*. None the less not only did he discover what was in the air, but found out also that some highly placed subordinates of his were among the conspirators. The whole affair was extremely distasteful to him, and this is how he dealt with it.

He recruited a few Tungan Muhammadan soldiers, and at the same time transferred some Chinese troops from outlying districts to the provincial capital. On February 16, 1916, his preparations being complete, he invited the leading conspirators to a feast, under the pretext of meeting a deputy just arrived from Peking. The Provincial Treasurer, P'an Tajen, and other guests were also invited, these not having the slightest suspicion of the tragedy to be enacted before their eyes. During the dinner, the company was very merry, Governor Yang inviting each guest in turn to drink with him. After several courses had been partaken, he invited two of the company to play for drinks, mentioning first the name of an officer in charge of the artillery. At the same time he arose and left the room. This was a signal. The artillery officer was attacked by several soldiers with swords and was soon despatched. After this business was over, Governor Yang returned, sat down at table and invited the guests to continue the feast. Again the Governor asked one of the guests—this time the officer in charge of his bodyguard—to play for drinks with P'an Tajen. Again the Governor left the room, and that was another signal. The officer was attacked from behind by soldiers, and a terrible struggle ensued. The dinner table was upset. The officer had his fingers chopped off, but continued the struggle with his assailants. He was, however, cut down by superior numbers and done to death. At the same time some of the guests—P'an Tajen included—fainted. The Chief of the Police, the Officer in charge of the Arsenal, and the Chief of the Military Department in the Governor's Yamen were all of the company. These, however, were only made prisoners.

One wonders how far Yang's cold-blooded treachery in 1916 may have been responsible for his tragic end in 1928.

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OBITUARY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. C. YATE.

NEVER has an institution existing for the study of current Eastern affairs had more devoted service from an honorary secretary than that which was given to the C.A.S. by Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Campbell Yate, who died at his residence, Beckbury Hall, Shifnal, Shropshire, on June 12, at the age of 76, only four days after the passing of Mrs. Yate. He brought to the service of this Society a combination of personal knowledge and of close and constant study of the affairs of the Indian Borderland, Central Asia, and the Middle East which few if any contemporaries could equal. *The Times* obituary states that the books, pamphlets, papers, and notes on these subjects in the possession of Colonel Yate at Beckbury Hall were probably more complete than any other private collection. This material, it adds, was supplemented by daily reading of current events and comment and by a tenacious memory, particularly of any event in which he had even a small share.

Born on February 28, 1853, he was the son of the Rev. Charles Yate, Fellow and Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Holme-on-Spalding Moor, Yorkshire. Like his elder brother, Colonel Sir Charles Yate, he was a Salopian. After study at St. John's College, Cambridge, he entered the Army in 1875, served for three years in the 1st West India Regiment, and was then transferred to the Bombay Staff Corps. He was a participant in the second Afghan War, and a member of the Afghan Boundary Commission. Later he served in the Burmese Expedition of 1886, and took part in the pacification of the Upper Province. From 1903 he was in command of his regiment, the 129th (Duke of Connaught's Own) Baluchis, and took great pride in upholding its fine traditions. His experiences included nineteen days' detention in the Spin Baldak Fort within the Afghan border for a technical trespass into Afghan territory when out riding one morning. He was for many years the honorary Organizing Commissioner of the St. John Ambulance Association in India. He wrote various books and innumerable contributions to reviews, magazines, and newspapers on Eastern affairs, his knowledge of which was repeatedly refreshed until his later years by travel in many lands.

Though an original member of the C.A.S., Colonel Yate did not take part in the formation of the Society in 1901, for he was in India at the time, and it was not until four years later that he retired from the active list of the Indian Army. On settling in this country he became a regular attendant at the meetings of the Society, and in 1911 was elected to the Council. During the war only a few stalwarts were left behind to manage the affairs of the C.A.S., and to none was its maintenance more due than to Colonel Yate, who frequently came

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from Shropshire to attend the meetings, and who took in hand the JOURNAL, adding to the records of the proceedings, comments, and reviews which enhanced its value.

As honorary secretary from 1918 he rendered great service, the fruit of which is still being reaped. One of his first actions was to obtain the co-operation of the late Lord Carnock as chairman. The war left behind a great number of new problems to be faced, and Colonel Yate took advantage of the opportunity to interest the stream of men returning from the East. As Sir Edward Penton remarked in giving the toast of the honorary secretary at the annual dinner on July 4, 1923, when Colonel Yate was retiring on grounds of health, "He made the United Service Club yield its quota of great soldiers, and then went across the road and secured the co-operation of distinguished proconsuls at the Athenæum." He found the membership at a low ebb, and with the assistance of Captain Stephenson, added over three hundred names to the roll in a couple of years. None who were brought into contact with him in this connection could fail to recognize the energetic and expansive quality of his mind which at once took in the changes in the post-war Middle East and assisted to guide the C.A.S. in its contributions to public knowledge and opinion thereon; but the immense amount of time, labour, and thought he gave to the interests of the Society was known fully only to a very few in the inner circle. On his retirement from the honorary secretaryship the Society presented him with a Mazer bowl, which he greatly appreciated.

His zeal was illustrated by the eagerness with which he worked to secure notice of the lectures in the Press, and his frequent disappointments when, in the pressure of the many interests which the leading newspapers have to serve, these efforts yielded little result. Sometimes he expressed doubts as to whether the conductors of the daily Press exercised a sufficiently discriminating judgment in the relative attention paid to home and European as distinct from Eastern affairs. The fact was that he did not adequately recognize the limited degree to which his own tireless interest in them could be shared by the ordinary newspaper reader.

On one occasion in conversation with the present writer Colonel Yate deprecated the idea that he had been specially enthusiastic in the service of the Society, and said that whatever success might have been achieved was due to resolute hard work, guided by forty years' experience and intimate knowledge of books and persons and seizing on every opportunity that offered. "I undertook to do the thing, and when I do that, I do not let myself fail if possible." *The Times* rightly holds that the advancement of the C.A.S. was the "ruling ambition of later years," and states that "he was unwearied in the recruitment of both lecturers and members, and never lost an opportunity of seeking the co-

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operation of anyone who had been associated with travel, adventure, or diplomacy in the wide regions covered by the proceedings of the Society."

It was a great satisfaction to the Council to elect him honorary vice-president after his retirement from the honorary secretaryship, and his occasional attendance at meetings was most welcome. In him the Society loses a mainstay of the critical war and post-armistice years, and an ever constant and vigilant supporter. F. H. B.

SIR HENRY BAX-IRONSIDE, K.C.M.G.

By the death, on April 16, of Sir Henry George Outram Bax-Ironside, K.C.M.G., the Central Asian Society loses a distinguished member, who had belonged to it since 1922. His diplomatic career had taken him, at various times, to countries which come within the purview of the Central Asian Society—to wit, Persia, Egypt, and China—and he consequently took great interest in the Society's proceedings and discussions.

Sir Henry Bax-Ironside was educated at Eton and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1883. Besides the countries above mentioned, he served, at different times, at Copenhagen, Vienna, Washington, Central America, Stockholm, Venezuela, Chili, Switzerland and Bulgaria, being H.M.'s Minister at the last four. He retired in 1916.

His health had been precarious for some years past, but the end came with unexpected suddenness. He leaves a widow and one daughter (by his first marriage) to mourn his loss; and he will be missed by many friends in many lands.

The following articles on Asiatic subjects have appeared in the Quarterlies:

May:

The Nineteenth Century: "The Japanese Press and its Influence," by Captain M. D. Kennedy. "Contemporary China," by G. Douglas Gray, M.D., C.B.E.

Contemporary Review: "The Old India and the New Era," by J. Saxon Mills.

Blackwood: "A Holy Mountain," by John Still.

The English Review: "Indian Politics and British Trade."

June:

The Nineteenth Century: "The Presentation of the Christian Message in India," by John S. Hoyland. "Christianity and Young Japan," by Ernest Pickering.

The Fortnightly Review: "The Controlling Minds of Asia," by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah.

The English Review: "The Problem of India," by the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher.

The Contemporary Review: "British Policy in the Near East (1900-1909)," by Professor R. W. Seton-Weston. "Arabia, 1926-1929," by H. St. J. B. Philby.

The Round Table: "India in Suspense."

Blue Peter: "Summer in India," by V. C. Scott O'Connor. "Panama," by Thomas Muir. "A Visit to the Bahrein Islands," by Dorothy MacKay.

Blackwood: "The Two Indias."

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, JOURNAL OF THE CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY.

JIDDA, ARABIA,
May 3, 1929.

SIR,—"J. B. G." in his review of my book accuses me of making "heavy weather" over the word "jazi," which is in fact a very interesting word, precisely because it is one of the commonest words in the Bedouin vocabulary. But surely he makes very heavy weather himself over the expression "Ibn Duwish," and what he says is not altogether correct. Al Duwish is not, as he says, a family nickname, but a personal nickname, which ultimately became the surname (like Blakeney or Cheek, to take two names at random from the columns of the nearest issue of *The Times* at my disposal) of the family which sprang from the loins of him who had apparently earned it by reason of an ophthalmic peculiarity for which he was probably not himself to blame. The son of the original holder of this nickname would have been known as Ibn al Duwish, or "the son of the squinter"; and the males of succeeding generations would be known also as Ibn al Duwish or Squintson. Al Duwish is therefore a surname, but there is no more harm in writing it as Duwish (without the Al) than there is, for instance, in writing Madina instead of Al Madina. Faisal is not himself the Squinter or short-sighted one, but Squintson—*i.e.*, a descendant of the original squinter. In Arabic such words as Mijaz, Madina, Riyadh, Duwish, etc., are, it is true, generally preceded by the article: but it seems more convenient and less pedantic to write them without it when one is writing English, though the practice of travellers differs in this respect, and I find that my own practice is sufficiently varied to meet all tastes. I mention the gentleman in question no less than thirteen times in the course of my book: four times as Faisal al Duwish (to please J. B. G.; twice as Faisal ibn Duwish (to displease him); once simply as Ibn Duwish (again to displease him); twice as Al Duwish (to counteract his displeasure); and, finally, four times quite simply and out of pure cussedness as Duwish. Surely J. B. G. is very hard to please, but I console myself with the comforting reflection that in my waywardness I am in excellent company, *vide* the works of Amin al Rihani and the recently published *magnum opus* of Professor Alois Musil (who is quite shameless in the matter and whose work my reviewer should study). It is curious that the only form of the name which I do not employ and which J. B. G. does not seem to know is that which is absolutely and pedantically and unmistakably correct by all the canons—namely, Faisal ibn al Duwish.

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One could write a fair-sized essay on this subject, but I will desist out of respect for your valuable space, and for fear of an accusation of making heavy weather on a very simple issue. But I would point out for J. B. G.'s benefit that my work simply bristles with shocking examples of the same error: Ibn Rashid, Ibn Husain, and even Ibn Sa'ud.

On the more important issues raised in his review I am content to leave history to judge between his opinions and mine. So far events have been very kind to my rash prophecies.

I am, etc.,

H. StJ. B. PHILBY.

BOOKS FOR REVIEW.

The following books have been received for review:

"A Century of Exploration at Nineveh," by R. Campbell Thompson and R. W. Hutchinson. $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 8\frac{1}{2}''$. 146 pp. Illustrations and plans. (London: Luzac and Co. 1929. 7s. 6d.)

"Om Mani pudme hum" (Meine China u. Tibeterexpedition, 1925-28) by W. Filchner. $9'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$. 352 pp. 103 illustrations and a map. (Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1929.)

"Rabi'a the Mystic," by Margaret Smith. $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 8\frac{3}{4}''$. xxv+219 pp. (Cambridge: University Press. 1929. 10s. 6d.)

"Modern Chinese Civilization." Translation from the French by E. M. Jones. (London: Jonathan Cape.)

"The Arab's Place in the Sun," by Richard Coke. $6'' \times 8\frac{3}{4}''$. 318 pp. Illustrations. (London: Thornton Butterworth. 1929. 21s.)

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JOURNAL

OF THE

CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY

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1929

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NOTICES

CORRIGENDA

Vol. XVI., Part III. (July, 1929):

Review of "Innermost Asia," p. 368, l. 23: For *Tasmanian* read Sasanian.

P. 384: For Reuben *Long* read Reuben Levey.

Members are asked to send in their changes of address, and to notify the office as soon as possible if they are not receiving their cards and JOURNALS. JOURNALS have been returned addressed to: Captain C. M. D. Cade, Captain G. F. Heaney, C. A. Sloper, Captain R. S. Cooke, Major G. S. Brunskill, Mrs. Carberry.

Contributors only are responsible for their statements in the JOURNAL.

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CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY

A RECEPTION was given by this Society, jointly with the Royal Asiatic Society, on July 1 to the Sultan of Zanzibar. Lord Allenby and Professor Margoliouth received, representing the two Societies. The Sultan afterwards attended Mr. Said-Ruete's lecture on "The Al-bu-Said Dynasty in Arabia and East Africa." The Chairman, before the lecture started, welcomed the distinguished guest who had honoured the two Societies by his presence.

THE AL-BU-SAID DYNASTY IN ARABIA AND EAST AFRICA*

BY R. SAID-RUETE

THE dynasty of the Al-bu-Said, which I propose to discuss this afternoon, and of which so distinguished representatives have honoured us by their presence, did not originate in Zanzibar. It sprang up, in fact, in Oman, which is least known of all Arabian countries, situated on the south-eastern coast of the Persian Gulf, and distant more than 2,000 miles from Zanzibar. In the beginning, therefore, it is necessary that we concentrate our attention less on the present seat of the African branch of the dynasty than on its ancestral home, and yet we shall find that Oman and Zanzibar are so closely knit by the ties of history that we shall suffer less inconvenience than might be expected in spanning the immense space which sunders the two countries.

And as we have referred to these ties it becomes, of course, essential that we should give some account, however slight, of their nature. In a short address of this kind it is difficult to decide exactly how far back to begin, and any period of time selected must of necessity be arbitrary; but, if only on the grounds of convenience, I may be pardoned for taking you back for a moment to the opening of the sixteenth century, when the region with which we are dealing was first opened up to European eyes.

The full realization of the extent and the possibilities of this east coast, as well of Africa as of Arabia, came only with the historic voyage of Vasco da Gama in 1498. This voyage was the crowning-point of almost a century of stern and relentless endeavour on the part of the Portuguese, of endeavour which was unremitting but slow. But after 1498 the pace

* Lecture given to a joint meeting of the Royal Asiatic and Central Asian Societies on July 1, 1929, Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby in the Chair.

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was quickened, and within ten years Zanzibar and the islands around it —Mafia and Pemba—became subject to Portuguese influence. By 1508 also the Portuguese had occupied Muscat and Sohar in Oman. This is no place in which to speak of the nature of this Portuguese occupation, but we may say briefly that it followed the general character of an European occupation at this time. The Portuguese, in fact, interfered little in the internal administration of the country, and were content to take in the form of tribute quick returns without responsibility. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that their tenure was comparatively short and left no lasting effects upon the country. We may go even further and say that it was really a tenure on sufferance. On the one hand, there were not lacking European rivals—the Dutch and the English. It might be of interest to recall that the first English ship to touch at Zanzibar was the *Edward Bonaventure* in 1591, and the fruits of her visit were seen nine years later in the formation of the East India Company. On the other hand, the inhabitants themselves, though weakened by inability to take combined action, were ever on the watch for revenge, ever prepared to seize an opportunity for revolt. The first real blow was delivered in 1622, when the invaders lost the island of Ormuz, which was the key to the whole of the Persian Gulf. Within five years a serious rising followed throughout the East African littoral. This was repressed with difficulty. But it was repressed and Portuguese prestige temporarily restored.

The Omani, however, were men of different mettle, and as always in their history the hour might be delayed, but at length it produced the man. This was Nasir bin Murshid, who without being able to expel the Portuguese entirely, yet succeeded so far that the tables were turned and the occupants paid tribute to their erstwhile subjects. A man capable of such deeds was the natural founder of a dynasty, and with Nasir bin Murshid begins the line of the El Yaareba. It was, however, left to his successor, Sultan bin Seif, to carry the work to its conclusion.

By 1651 the Portuguese were expelled from Oman. The consequences of this success were of far-reaching importance. The inhabitants of the east coast of Africa were bound to Oman by affinities, not only of religion but also of race, and it was natural that they should turn to Oman for help in throwing off the yoke. Sultan himself, in spite of early victories, was not successful in expelling the Portuguese from Zanzibar or Mombasa, but his son Seif laid his plans on broader lines. There are not wanting many parallels between the Omani character and the British, and not the least of these is love of the sea and the daring spirit of adventure. Seif, therefore, was quick to turn this advantage to practical account by building what may definitely be called a navy. With its aid he occupied the islands and the whole of the coast from Mombasa to Kilwa. Only Mozambique resisted his onset, and this

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has, of course, remained in Portuguese hands down to our own times.

Naturally he was not left unchallenged; there were constant counter-attacks by the Portuguese down to 1729. But Seif did not merely maintain his position—he strengthened it, and in a few years his influence extended as far as the distant island of Zanzibar. Unfortunately, much of his work in this direction was undone by the dynastic quarrels which sprang up on his death.

It must be remembered that in an Arab kingdom such as Oman there was at that time no rule of primogeniture. That, indeed, renders the question of succession sufficiently difficult, but there is yet a further complicating factor. Nasir bin Murshid had held originally the purely religious office of Imam, and such civil power as he held had accrued to him solely by virtue of his military successes. The Imamate is definitely an elective office and does not necessarily descend in one family. The civil power depended essentially on the question whether the claimant was sufficiently powerful to impose his will on each member of an agglomeration of quasi-independent tribes. Obviously the fuel for dynastic struggle was plentiful, and the death of an exceptionally powerful ruler supplied the spark.

For seventeen years, from 1711 to 1728, there was no strong central power in Oman. The claimants were various, and each concentrated his forces in some easily defended citadel in various parts of the country —Sohar, Rostak, Muscat. Naturally disunion at home had its ill-effects abroad, and the overseas possessions which had been left by Seif under Omani governors reverted gradually either to native rulers or to the independent dominion of their governors. But the culminating blow to the Yaareba dynasty occurred in 1728, when Seif II., grandson of the former Seif bin Sultan, was elected Imam. Seif II., in order to bolster up his position against his rivals, called in the aid of the Persians, who, brought in as auxiliaries, remained as tyrants. For thirteen years Oman groaned under foreign domination, but at last, in 1741, the hour once again produced the man.

There was in the service of the Yaareba as Wali of Sohar one Ahmed bin Said bin Ahmed bin Mohammed bin Khalif bin Said es Saidy el Azdy el Omani el Ibady, a man of unblemished though humble descent—he was born at the small village of Adem near Semed—who by his action at this crisis proved himself a worthy founder of a dynasty which was destined to be one of the most powerful and respected in Arab history. His accession to power was helped by two timely deaths—those of Sultan bin Murschid and of Seif, the last of the Yaareba rulers.

As the Yaareba had attained power by expelling the Portuguese, so the Al-bu-Said attained it by expelling the Persians. As the Yaareba

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had shown their energy and initiative by stretching their power over East Africa, so the Al-bu-Said showed theirs by recovering what thirty years of strife had lost. Of all Seif bin Sultan's possessions Zanzibar alone had remained loyal, and Zanzibar was hard bestead to beat off the attacks of the Mazrui who had established themselves in Mombasa. Ahmed appointed a new Wali at Zanzibar, and gradually, as dissension appeared in the ranks of his opponents, was enabled to spread his influence over the adjoining islands.

Forthwith Ahmed showed a vigorous and far-sighted power of decision By taking in marriage the daughter of Seif el Yaareba he strengthened his position with the partisans of the deposed dynasty. He was also building up a considerable fleet, consisting at times of twelve men-of-war of fifty guns each, which in case of need were dry-docked at Bombay, besides many smaller ships. To cement friendly relations with the Turks and to strike a blow at the Persians, with whom he was at war and who had invaded the country of the Shat al Arab, Ahmed set out for Basra with his fleet conveying 10,000 men, and there forced the iron chain suspended across the river, and routed and drove out the Persians. The Ottoman Sultan Mustapha III. acknowledged this gallant act of support by granting an annual subsidy to the Oman Government which continued to the time of Said bin Sultan. Ahmed also sent a mission to Mangalore and concluded with Tippoo Sahib, who acted for his father, the Moghul Emperor, an offensive and defensive alliance.

It was at the time of Ahmed that the Danish traveller Niebuhr visited Muscat and was impressed by the noble qualities, the religious tolerance and politeness shown towards foreigners by the inhabitants. And an even more famous personality visited Oman in the summer of 1775, the future hero of the Nile and Trafalgar. Horatio Nelson was a midshipman on board the *Seahorse* when she was stationed at Muscat for about two months.

Ahmed showed an energy and resolution which has since characterized his descendants, but he was guilty of one experiment of which the results were, for a time at any rate, extremely unfortunate. Being himself invested with the Imamate and having acquired by his heroic acts undisputed civil power over Oman, he decided to split it up and to found a decentralized form of government. To this end he established his sons in key positions throughout Oman, gave them civil power and conferred on them the titles of Seyyids, or Princes. The results were worse than disappointing. During his lifetime he had not only constantly to intervene to settle their quarrels with each other but he had even to defend himself against their combined attacks upon his own position. But disastrous as was the experiment during Ahmed's lifetime, it was even more disastrous after his death, which

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took place in 1783 at Rostak, the town he had made his residence. His tomb near the great mosque of that city bears a long inscription, of which, after quotations from the Koran, the following is a translation:

"This is the grave of our Master, our Seyyid, the light of our darkness, the Imam, the just, benevolent, the perfect, the learned, the worker, the pious, the devout, the ornament, the Imam of Mohammed, the administrator of the Faithful, the banner of fighter in the cause of religion, the Imam of Mussulmans."

The struggle, of course, at once centred round the question of succession to the Imamate. The chiefs and the people of Oman had wished to confer this office on Ahmed's eldest and most intelligent son, Hilal, but they were unable to do so as he was deprived of his eyesight. He died later at Sind, where he had gone in the hope of being cured. The successful candidate was a man of limited capacity—Ahmed's second son, Said. It may be wondered at that the weakest of the competitors should so easily gain the prize, but certain subtle considerations must be taken into account. Oman is a country in which sense of common race is subordinate to sense of common clan or common family. There exists in time of stress an unusual capacity to sink these differences in face of a common foe, and this it is perhaps which has distinguished the Omani from their brother Arabs. But peace is the testing time, and then the weaker the central power the greater the scope for unlimited freedom of individual action. In view of this it is perhaps the less curious that in time of tranquillity and in the absence of danger from without, a candidate should succeed on the strength of his weaknesses rather than on that of his virtues.

Perhaps, however, Ahmed's experiment in splitting asunder religious and political power had been less harmful than at first sight would seem likely. At any rate in this case the issue was not an unhappy one. For the result was not so much to give scope for internal disruption as to allow stronger men not clothed with the panoply of the Imamate to concentrate civil power in their own hands, and so to counterbalance the evil results which would inevitably have followed from weakness in the Imamate. In this case civil power was in the first place seized by Hamed, another of Ahmed's sons, and on his death in 1792 by Sultan, yet a third of Ahmed's family.

It is not suggested that the situation was not fraught with weakness, but this at least can be said: whether as Seyyid or as Imam, Said bin Ahmed would have proved a weak man and a ruler of no metal to cope with high-spirited clans. But as it was, he retained some semblance of religious control, while the country as a whole was well directed under the civil power. Moreover, as year followed year the country grew accustomed to what had at first been a novel form of dual

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government, until in the end the experiment of the eighteenth century became the established practice of the nineteenth.

At home, therefore, no such evil consequences ensued as might have been foreboded. But abroad there followed that gradual process of disintegration which must always be looked for where outside power is relaxed or removed. We find, therefore, at this period the same sequence of events in Zanzibar as had taken place fifty years earlier. Oman maintained still its commercial contact with East Africa and still exercised nominal suzerainty; but strong ruler though Sultan proved to be, he was too closely occupied at home to maintain adequately the conquests of his father.

Sultan is said to have been tall and of noble presence, courageous, and of sound judgment, nor inferior in any way to his father, of whom he was a worthy successor. From his time dates the closer connection with France and England. He was, as a matter of fact, the first ruler in Arabia to enter into political relations with England. By a treaty concluded with the East India Company in 1798 he provided for the exclusion of Frenchmen and French ships from Oman during the war between England and France. It was at the beginning of the next year that Napoleon sent to Sultan the following letter from Cairo:

"I write you this letter to inform you of the arrival of the French army in Egypt. As you have always been friendly, you must be convinced of our desire to protect all the merchant vessels you may send to Suez. I also beg you will forward the enclosed letter to Tippoo Sahib by the first opportunity.

"BONAPARTE."

The message and enclosure, however, did not reach their destination, as they were intercepted by the British Agent at Mocha and transmitted to India. The year 1800 was noteworthy for Oman, as by the Sultan's request the first Resident on behalf of the East India Company was installed at Muscat, and it was in the same year that the warlike Wahabis of Central Arabia made their first appearance in Oman. In 1803 Sultan performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and in the following year, returning from an expedition to Basra, he was killed in an unexpected sea fight, when with exceptional personal bravery he met the attack of pirates at Linjah, near Bunder Abbas, where he was buried.

He left behind him two sons, Salim and Said, aged respectively fifteen and thirteen years. Of these the younger, Said, showed from his earliest years that firmness of character, pertinacity of purpose, and quickness of decision which rendered him famous among Arab rulers. He was fortunate in being guided as a young man by two able relatives, one of whom was his aunt, the Bibi Mouza bin Ahmed, a lady of unusual qualities such as were produced more than once during this dynasty. The other, Mahommed bin Nasir, in spite of periodical

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quarrels and differences of opinion, remained by his side and proved his greatest support for more than thirty years; and indeed, in the situation in which Said found himself, support no less strong than this was urgently necessary, for amidst competing claims to power in such surroundings the chances of a young man of thirteen are slender indeed. Moreover, a strong rival was in the field in the shape of Said's uncle, Kais bin Ahmed. Nor was this all. We have spoken already of the disuniting tendencies of the great families in Oman, but Said had much more than this to contend with. The internal trouble of the previous centuries had not prevented Oman from so increasing its commercial prosperity as to form a tempting prey to the Cowasim. This piratical race had its lairs not only on the eastern shores of the Persian Gulf but also on the coast of Oman itself. On the other hand, there was danger from the land also, for the Wahabis, that relentless, puritanical Mahommedan sect, were at that time enjoying one of their periods of activity. Their religious fervour was an even greater danger than the piratical enterprises of the Cowasim, for the Wahabis held the conviction that the sword alone was the cure for forms of Mahommedan beliefs differing from their own. It was twenty years before Said could well be said to have made his position secure against these three dangers, whether he had to meet them singly or, as was more often the case, in unexpected alliance. Nor must it be thought that the history of these twenty years is the history of unvarying success; rather is the opposite the case. So far, for instance, as rival claimants were concerned, Said suffered from the disadvantage of being a strong and, therefore, not necessarily a popular ruler; suffered, too, from the disadvantage of being unable to make that wide religious appeal which the Imamate might have given him; suffered, finally, from the disadvantage that his family could not claim descent more distinguished than that of half a dozen other leading families in Oman. As far, again, as the Cowasim were concerned, he found it no easy task to tackle them; his commerce lay open, an easy victim to their onslaught. Under the circumstances it was reasonable that he should turn for assistance to the English, whose commerce suffered no less than his; but they, too, had their difficulties, and even when combined action had reduced one of the piratical strongholds, the subsequent clemency of Bombay was frequently interpreted as weakness. He had difficulty in dealing with the Wahabis as a military power. He had fixed seats to defend, they had none which he could attack; they were a race of men whose lives were spent in the field, his was a race whose lives were spent in less martial pursuits. Not once or twice did the Wahabis invade Muscat with success, nor once or twice subject the town to tribute; and yet in the end, as a result no less of the cleverness and pertinacity of Said as of outside factors—such as the famine which at one time nearly wiped

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them out—gradually and by slow degrees the danger passed, and Said was left to look farther afield. So were spent the first twenty years of his reign, and, had this been all, it would have been no mean tale to tell of a monarch who succeeded at such an age, in such a country, and in such circumstances.

But the best was still before him. Casting his mind back over the history of his fathers, Said could not but be drawn to the idea of that overseas empire to which as well the increasing commercial activity of his subjects as the tradition of his race attracted him. The passing of the years had, of course, separated East Africa from its Omani masters, and the reimposition of Arab power was a task not easily to be encompassed. Here again it is the cleverness, pertinacity, and diplomacy of Said which we have to admire. The empire which he ultimately built up—one of the largest Arab empires which the world has ever seen, and by no means small even to modern European eyes—this was the fruit of three great and innumerable small expeditions, and of many years of able planning, ceaseless striving, and clever manipulation. As in the previous century, the Mazrui at Mombasa proved the most stubborn enemies, but, once they fell in 1837, the true greatness of Said was clearly shown.

It may perhaps be permissible to speak of the two great and enduring monuments to his fame—the foundation of the modern town of Zanzibar and the establishment of the clove trade. The old town of Zanzibar had practically disappeared with the overthrow of the Portuguese, and Said re-established it; not in its old situation, but in a situation which none but the discerning eye would have chosen. To those who survey that thriving city now it must come as something of a shock to realize that only a hundred years ago the site of Zanzibar was a mudflat, which the sole and unaided genius of Said converted into what was to become the greatest entrepôt of that portion of the African coast. Equally unaided was his establishment of the clove trade, and equally unlooked for its success. The French, who were at this period of great influence, and who had applied with good results in their colonies the fruits of scientific research, had suggested the cultivation of sugar as showing the greatest possibilities. But Said insisted on cloves, and nothing, neither the obstructions of doubt nor the set-backs of the early years nor the antiquated ideas of the cultivators, could turn him from his project. He cultivated it himself, he forced others to cultivate it. What the clove means to Zanzibar is now the common knowledge of all men; its introduction was the work of one man.

In time, of course, he came to concentrate his attention more and more on his new possessions. He stationed his family there; there built his palaces, the greatest of which, and his favourite, was Bet

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el Mtoni. Gradually what was begun as a speculation gathered momentum by progress, and brought to him that credit with the outside world which was his by right.

We have already spoken of the aid given him, at first grudgingly, by the Bombay Government. From this time onwards he did not seek aid in vain, and aid was given him with less stint. At one period he could have expected it from the French or the Americans no less than from the English, but it was to the English that he remained unswervingly loyal. He made treaties on equal terms with both the other nations, but when, in 1841, Colonel Hamerton was sent out as Resident to Zanzibar, Said quickly struck up a close friendship with him, and relied upon his advice to the end of his reign.

It can rightly be said that English influence was of no small assistance to Said, but he paid for that support in a generous and highly unselfish manner, and the form and the cheerfulness of that payment are one of the greatest tributes to his character. This was the period at which, under the stimulation pre-eminently of Wilberforce and of the Clapham Sect, the English conscience was becoming alive to the abhorrent but frequently much over-estimated effects of the slave trade. It is not the least extraordinary feature of that extraordinary movement that, regarding nothing human as being without its ken, it was willing to enforce its doctrines no less upon those with whom it had no concern than upon those who were its chief concern. The result in Said's case was the signing of two treaties in 1839 and 1845 whereby he set himself to discountenance traffic in slaves and to abolish it within his dominions. It is to be remembered that we are dealing here with a man to whom the trade gave no religious offence, rather the reverse; with a man who had grown up to regard it as part of the ordinary course of nature; with a man whose greatest source of revenue it was. Nor is the opposition aroused in his subjects to be esteemed lightly. It is only when we sufficiently weigh these facts that we are able to understand the high-mindedness of the man and the magnitude of the sacrifices which he was prepared to make for the sake of the alliance and friendship of England.

It is a matter of no small curiosity to watch the double rôle which Said was supporting during the whole of this later period. The turbulence of his home country never disappeared. Again and again he was called back, now to suppress insurrections caused by the incapacity of the governors whom he had left behind, now to check the attacks of pirates upon his commerce, and now to thwart the intentions of the Wahabis. And yet each time, once he had restored Oman to temporary tranquillity, the favouring monsoon would bring him back to Zanzibar, rightly called the Mother of the East African Territories; and all the time his influence would spread up the coast to Lamu, down the coast

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to Kilwa and deep into the interior, till European traveller after European traveller records meetings with his commercial agents as far within as the Great Lakes. And this is perhaps the most memorable feature of his imperial system, that it depended not on the closely-knit organization of a tyrant, nor on the inescapable and systematic design of territorial encroachment, but on the agglomeration of community after community into one corporate whole, bound each to each by threads not the less strong because invisible—the threads of mutually advantageous commercial expansion.

The time at my disposal does not allow me to dwell on the rare personal qualities and achievements of Said. I must limit myself to mentioning only at random a very few instances of special interest.

Said was the first Al-bu-Said ruler to make Muscat, that rocky citadel admirably protected from land attacks by the barren encircling hills, and disposing besides of a very secure harbour, his residence.

On a joint expedition with the English—one of many—he personally rescued a wounded English artilleryman, and received for this gallant act a sword of honour from the Bombay Government.

In 1824 he undertook the pilgrimage to Mecca. His reception in the Holy City was a triumph. Mohammed Ali of Egypt sent a body of officers to greet him as he landed; the Turkish Governor accorded him an official welcome at Jeddah; he was given a personal audience by the Sherif. Everywhere the sumptuousness of his retinue and the graciousness of his appearance excited the liveliest approbation.

At the coronation of Queen Victoria Said had sent a mission of congratulation to London, bearing presents of considerable value. But that was not the only occasion when presents—even as substantial as men-of-war or guano deposits of 200,000 tons—were given or exchanged.

His relations with the English, however, procured him one honour of which he was rightly proud. In 1837 he was made an Honorary Member—one of the very first—of the Royal Asiatic Society. An extract from the speech of the President describes the event:

"The Council took occasion to recommend to the Society the election of His Highness as Honorary Member in token of its approbation of the encouragement given by His Highness to the Arts and Sciences among his people, particularly to those of Shipbuilding and Navigation; and as manifesting its high sense of his desire to open direct intercourse between his country and Great Britain; and of the friendly feelings he has on all occasions exhibited towards the subjects, Asiatic as well as European, of the British Empire."

If testimonies by contemporaries who personally met him mean anything, then indeed was Said—judged by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans—the ideal of manhood. As a just, honour-

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able, and scrupulous man, as a successful diplomat, merchant, and ruler, as a devoted father and an enlightened philanthropist, he does not render ridiculous the titles which have been applied to him—a second Omar, the Haroun al Raschid of his time, Mohammed Ali of the Further East, Le Jupiter de cet Olympe Africain.

Said died at sea off the Seychelles in 1856. He had embarked at Muscat for Zanzibar, and with the presentiment of death strong upon him had taken affectionate leave of his aged mother, to whom he was especially devoted.

His body was embalmed and taken to Zanzibar, where it was laid to rest in the little cemetery near the palace. By the piety of our distinguished guest, his great-grandson, a worthy memorial was erected in 1925.

The general mourning on his death proved how sincerely he had been loved by all. Black flags hung from every house in Zanzibar, and even the smallest hut fastened up a piece of black stuff. When the sad news was proclaimed in Muscat it caused—as the historian expressed himself—"such a wailing throughout the town that the hills were almost shaken by it."

Till a few years ago it was thought that no portrait of Said was in existence. Then it became known that the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, a place which during Said's time maintained considerable intercourse with Zanzibar, possessed—besides a sword, a diamond ring, and some letters originating from Said—a portrait of him in oil which had been given by a gentleman of Salem who had resided in Zanzibar for many years. The painting was probably done between May, 1830, and the beginning of 1832, when Said was resident in Oman, by Lieutenant Lynch, of Euphrates Expedition fame, who in 1829 was appointed Arabic and Persian Interpreter to the Commodore of the Persian Gulf Squadron. Said's seemingly dark colouring on this reproduction is certainly misleading and due to the age of the picture. We have it on the authority of several contemporaries that his complexion was of a very light character.

The situation which existed in the joint dominion of Oman and Zanzibar on the death of Said would have been as difficult as any of its predecessors had it not been for the fact that the presence of the British exercised a moderating influence and thrust succession troubles beneath the surface. Said himself, strong though he was, and great as was his prestige amongst his subjects, had found the dual government no easy burden to sustain. Indeed, the friendly intervention of the English had helped him to preserve his suzerainty over Oman, and had it ever come to a choice, there is no doubt over which dominion he would have preferred to rule. He had therefore made provision, looking as well to the requirements of the two countries as to those of his

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family, for the division of power. He directed that his son, Thoweynee, should rule at Muscat, while another of his sons, Majid, should succeed to Zanzibar, and from the date of his death the two countries have been controlled by separate lines of the same dynasty.

It was not unnatural that there should be a certain amount of rivalry between the two brothers, and that Thoweynee should feel that his brother had been left the lion's share, and this was accentuated by the fact that Thoweynee himself was not only an ambitious man but was also much respected amongst the Arabs for his bravery and generosity. The rivalry went so far that an agreement had to be drawn up that Majid should compensate Thoweynee by paying him an annuity of 40,000 dollars. This agreement, however, did not take its full effect, and there was a serious possibility that Muscat should once more attempt to recover control of Zanzibar. Happily the Commission appointed, with the approval of both sides, by Lord Canning, then Governor-General of India, hit on a solution whereby the annuity should be paid in the future without affecting the complete independence of Zanzibar, and later the sum was guaranteed by the British Government.

Thoweynee, who died in 1866, had the usual trouble with the inland tribes, and particularly with the Wahabis, but was able to maintain his position. He was succeeded eventually, after an interval of four years, during which his son Salim and Azzan bin Kais contested with each other for power, by his brother Turki, to whom at first the Bombay Government had been by no means favourable. Turki proved a popular ruler, not the less because he had vigorously withstood the efforts of a bigoted priesthood under Said bin Khalfan both to centralize the government and to adopt puritanical religious reform. Turki worked in complete accord with the English, and was in 1876 invited by the Indian Government to attend the Delhi Assemblage on the occasion of the assumption of the Imperial title by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Ten years later he was made an honorary G.C.S.I. He died in 1888 and was succeeded by his son Feisal, who was immediately recognized by the Government of India. Of his reign little need be said except that it was accompanied by increasing commercial expansion and friendship with Great Britain. When the late Viscount Curzon, as Viceroy and Governor-General of India, made his celebrated visit to the Persian Gulf, it was Feisal who received him, and to the cordiality of that reception Lord Curzon paid tribute. On his death in 1913 he was succeeded by his son Taimur, whose visit to this country last year, though by no means the first visit paid by a member of the Al-bu-Said family, was yet the first paid by the ruler of Oman, and gains added significance on that account. The graciousness and charm of his manner, which is a heritage of the illustrious family he belongs to, impressed everyone who was privileged to meet him.

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We must turn now to Zanzibar. The influence of the English here had, of course, for years been great, and was destined, coupled with the friendship of the ruling house, to confer lasting benefits on both sides. We have spoken of the jealousy which Majid incurred when he succeeded Said in East Africa and the happy effect of the Canning Commission in settling the quarrel before actual war broke out. In fact, however, Thoweynee had found in the person of a younger son of Said, called Bargash, no mean ally. Bargash, a man whose force of character was seen to greater advantage when later he succeeded to power, was only prevented from overthrowing the *status quo* by the prompt action of the English Consul-General. But the Canning award definitely put an end to these troubles, and when Majid died in 1870, Bargash proved not only his logical successor but, what is rarer, a more than capable ruler. For the period in which he reigned was by no means an easy one; it coincided with the efforts of more than one European nation to found an African empire, and to carve that empire out of the territory gained by his father. Suffice it to say that in 1886 the Sultan's dominions were, by agreement between the great European Powers, roughly delimited to the four islands of Zanzibar, Pemba, Lamu, and Mafia, and a strip of coast from Tungi to Kipani, with the seat of government at Mombasa, running ten miles inland.

In 1875 Bargash, then already an Honorary Member of the Royal Geographical Society, paid a visit to England, where he received a magnificent welcome. He was, of course, the first of the Zanzibar rulers to visit this country, and his journey was of no small influence in cementing the relations which had grown up.

In addition to being a man of great vigour and strength of character, Bargash was what we should call modern in his outlook; he not only built himself costly and luxurious palaces, one of which is used today as Government offices, but also installed in the town of Zanzibar that system of water-supply which even at the present time is far in advance of the systems prevailing on the East African coast generally.

He showed, too, his father's generous and humane outlook on the subject of the slave trade, and carried out a series of reforms designed to fill up the gaps left by the earlier treaties of Said's reign. In this, as in all else, he owed much to the influence and support of that remarkable Scotsman, the friend and companion of the great explorer and philanthropist Livingstone, Sir John Kirk, one of the long series of English public servants who established those traditions to which so many of his successors have done honour. Bargash died in 1888, having shown by his demeanour in a time of no small stress and difficulty that he could worthily maintain those standards set by his great ancestor of dignity and loyalty. He was succeeded by his brother,

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Khalifa bin Said, and this succession marks a turning-point in the history of Zanzibar in that it was unaccompanied by any violence and undisturbed by rival claimants. Living but two years, he was in turn succeeded by his brother Ali, upon whose accession the British Protectorate was by European consent extended over all the dominions covered by his rule. It is in Ali's reign—a reign marked by the absence both of European dissensions and of Arab unrest, and marked consequently by that commercial development and expansion which has contributed so much to the importance of Zanzibar in modern times—that we get for the first time that close and friendly association between the ruling house and British administrators which has counted for so much. Amongst a line of eminent men, each of whom has made a distinct contribution to the prosperity of this kingdom, we may mention Sir Lloyd Mathews, whose energetic action was responsible for the reduction of the slave trade and for the introduction of sound administrative methods. These two reforms would have been impossible without the close co-operation of Ali, and it is for that close co-operation that Ali can best be remembered.

The accession to the throne of Hamed bin Thoweynee seemed likely to be by no means peaceful, for the son of Bargash, Khalid, a man not without personal qualities, was already in the field as claimant. But the ill effects of unrest were averted by the prompt action of Sir Lloyd Mathews and Sir Rennell Rodd, then the representative of Great Britain in Zanzibar. When Hamed died in 1896, Khalid again attempted to seize power, but was again baulked, and Hamud bin Mohamed was proclaimed Sultan. Under Hamud still further efforts were made towards the complete extirpation of slavery, and the bond between the dynasty and the English was drawn even closer. What had in earlier years been an experiment became now an established fact, and Zanzibar, while remaining faithful to its Eastern ideals and aspirations, became more and more reconciled to Western ideas. A great blow was received in 1901 by the death of Sir Lloyd Mathews, who had been to successive Sultans what Colonel Hamerton had been to Said, and the blow was felt no less keenly by Hamud and his family than by the community in general. Within a year Hamud followed his friend and counsellor to the grave, and was succeeded by his son Ali. Ali's place was in turn taken by the present ruler, who in the sixth generation still maintains undimmed the lustre of his ancestral line.

We have now traced out, imperfectly perhaps and certainly briefly, the modern history of a territory which is obviously destined to be of increasing importance in the affairs not only of this country but of a united East Africa in general. But I may be pardoned if I suggest that our task has been somewhat less academic and somewhat less constricted than such a statement would suggest.

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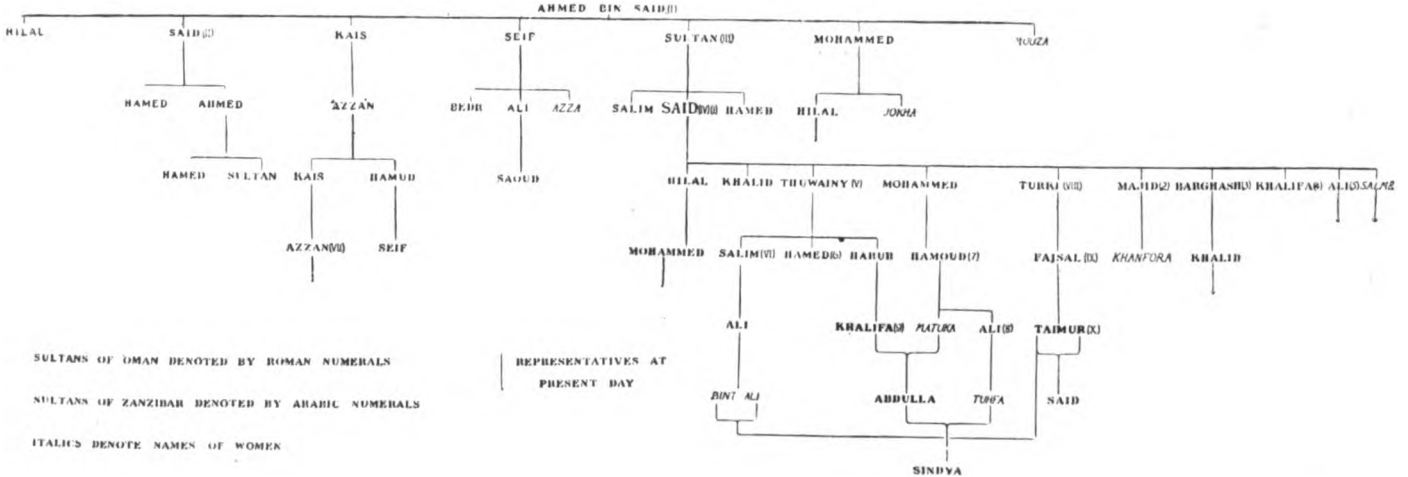
THE AL BU SAID DYNASTY
MAIN BRANCHES



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The years which have elapsed since the end of the Great War have shown with increasing clarity that, to our generation at any rate, the proper study of mankind is man, and this afternoon we have been engaged in a study, not perhaps of one man, but of the effects of a generation of men who have shown each after the other in varying degrees, but with no exception, certain qualities which are confined to no race, and to which no nation can lay exclusive claim. The Al-bu-Said rescued their country from anarchy, welded it into such coherence as was permitted by the material, opened up rich new territories to the eyes of man, and in the subsequent administration of those territories showed qualities of loyalty and friendship and a capacity for harmonious co-operation which would be no mean ornament to any dynasty, race, or period of history.

With the widely branched genealogical table before us, we can feel confident that the noble dynasty of the Al-bu-Said will flourish for a long time to come, to the lasting benefit of both their countries, and to the great satisfaction of its well-intentioned supporters and many sincere friends.

After a few appreciative words from Mr. YUSUF ALI, Admiral Richmond spoke very warmly of the kindness shown to men of the Royal Navy when they visited Zanzibar. Lord Allenby, in thanking the lecturer, also spoke of the island, of its beauty and hospitality, and the kindness with which he was received by the Sultan.

A very hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. Said-Ruete for his most interesting and instructive lecture.

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POLITICS AND TRADE IN CENTRAL ASIA

By W. BOSSHARD

LECTURE GIVEN TO THE CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY ON JULY 10, 1929, THE EARL PEEL, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY, IN THE CHAIR.

LORD PEEL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Chinese Turkestan, or Sinkiang as it is called by the Chinese, was the country of my travels during 1927-28. This part of the world, situated in the heart of a great continent, is called Central Asia, but I do not know whether geographers are using this definition in a wider sense, or whether they have definitely laid down what one should call Central Asia; at any rate, I have not succeeded in discovering this in any of the books I have studied on this subject. Before entering upon my subject of "Politics and Trade in Central Asia," I will try to give you a short description of the country and its inhabitants. Chinese Turkestan is situated between 76 and 89 degrees east longitude and 35 and 44 degrees north latitude. It is an immense plain, steadily decreasing from north-west to south-east, covered in its biggest part by an absolutely sterile sea of sand, the Takla-Makan. The desert covers 98½ per cent. of the whole country, while the fertile land only amounts to 1½ per cent.* This vast, immense country, which knows nothing of motor-cars and aeroplanes, telephones and railways, nor newspapers, is the westernmost province of the great Chinese Republic. It was connected with the Chinese Empire more than 2,000 years ago, was lost several times, but in spite of the enormous distance from Peking, always reconquered by the faithful troops of the Chinese Emperors.

On the other hand, it is most surprising to read that the total period of the Chinese occupation up to date amounts only to 427 years,† and when I first came to that country I was puzzled by the question how the Chinese had been able to hold it so long with their system of maladministration prevailing under the late Peking Government.

The desert, with its enormous dunes of sand in some parts and its big barren plains in others, has during the last 1,500 years very much increased. The splendid researches made by Sir Aurel Stein during the last thirty years have fully proved that during the first centuries of our era a number of settlements existed in places which are today ten to seventy miles from the nearest water-pond. During the winter of 1927-28, Dr. Trinkler and I visited a few of these old ruined sites, and during these desert journeys my attention was drawn to the most extraordinary fact that the water subsoil level is in many places only

* Sykes: "Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia."
† Skrine: "Chinese Central Asia."

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6 to 7 feet below the surface. We had large quantities of water as well as ice with us, but we seldom used it, because our men would nearly every evening, when the camp was put up, dig a well with very little difficulty. Sir Aurel Stein gives us in his maps a number of details which clearly prove that the present ground-water level is not as deep as one would expect it in a desert. This water-level seems to fall gradually from south to north. Along the mountain ranges of the Kuen-Lun we have the rivers and brooks watering the oases, but they soon dwindle down into small irrigation channels, and eventually disappear entirely. But beyond the cultivated area there is generally a large zone of tamarisk shrubs, followed by a girdle of poplar-trees. Only when going further into the desert does one meet with these most impressive forests of dead poplars. But even there the water is within easy reach below the surface. The reason why I am going into all these details is to show you what a big area could be turned into a fertile country were modern technical achievements allowed to work there. Colonel Etherton says in his book* that there could be practically an unlimited production of cotton in the area at present open to cultivation and with the facilities for extending the irrigation system. Although he is, in my opinion, too great an optimist as regards trade development in Central Asia, I entirely agree with him on this point. Sir Aurel Stein, undoubtedly the greatest authority on Central Asia, has further told us that the sand which he collected from the desert would give the most fertile ground could it be properly watered;† this so-called sand, actually loess, is carried by the strong winds, the *boorans* as they call them in Central Asia, to the oases, and their great fertility is partly due to this dung provided by Nature in unlimited quantities. So much about the desert.

The cultivated land which stretches between the mountains and the Takla-Makan is one of the most fertile countries I have ever seen. A number of oases are situated along the edge of the great desert; the most important of them are: Kashgar, Yarkand, Khargalik, Guma, Khotan and Keria to the south of the Takla-Makan; Turfan, Karashar, Kuchar, Aksu, and Maralbashi on the north.

The total population of this district is estimated at about 1,500,000,‡ and it may be divided into the Turkis, the natives of the country; the nomadic and semi-nomadic tribes, living in the valleys of the Kuen-Lun and Tian-shan Mountains; and the Chinese officials and immigrants.

The Turkis are said to be of Aryan descent,§ and one encounters many a man who could easily be taken for an inhabitant of Southern

* Etherton: "In the Heart of Asia."

† Sir Aurel Stein: "Innermost Asia: Its Geography as a Factor in History" (the *Geographical Journal*, May and June, 1925).

‡ Sykes: "Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia

§ Skrine: "Chinese Central Asia."

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Europe. Being Mohammedans of the Sunni or orthodox sect, their women have to veil their faces when they leave their houses.

The nomadic tribes, mostly Kirghiz, do not aggregate more than 125,000 in all.* They live, as already mentioned, in the steep valleys of the adjacent mountains, herding their flocks of sheep, and moving with their transportable houses, the so-called *aquois* or *kibitkas*, during the summer to the high grazing grounds at the edge of the glaciers and snow-fields, and returning for the cold winter months to the lower part of the country. They are of typical Mongolian descent, Mohammedans too; but their women, being compelled to do a great part of the daily work, go about unveiled and freely mix with men. They are very picturesque, with enormous white head-dresses, decorated with beads of coral, lapis-lazuli, turquoise and glass, and their long embroidered ribbons reaching nearly down to their heels.

And now comes the ruling class, the Chinese. I probably need not go into details of the present administrative organization of Sinkiang, as you all know that the seat of the Governor-General, or, as it is called since the days of the Nanking régime, the Council, is at Urumchi The country is divided into six circuits, each presided over by a Tao-Tai, the Hsing-Cheng-Chang of today. He is responsible to Urumchi, and his subordinates are the Ambans, or magistrates, numbering in the whole province about fifty. These districts are again subdivided into areas controlled by natives. All the Chinese depend entirely on the so-called Begs, who are employed as translators, as practically none of the officials know the local language. Besides the ruling class there is a great number of Chinese immigrants. Many a small trader has opened his shop near the official quarters; money-lenders come, disappearing after a few years with their harvest; but all these people seemed to me insignificant in comparison with the big merchants whom one encounters in trade centres like Hong-Kong, Canton, Shanghai, or Nanking. They are all small traders, flourishing under, and catering mostly for, the ruling class, the Tao-Tais, Ambans, and their numerous hangers-on.

The Administration.

I will try now to give you a rough sketch of how the Chinese have ruled this province since the fall of the Imperial throne. In 1911, after several months of unrest and insecurity, the Governor Yang at Urumchi assumed power, and soon restored order and confidence. In this country, where the majority of the population is divided into a great number of different races, the Governor-General has very wisely adopted the old Roman principle of rule by division. Officially he acknowledged the Central Government in Peking, but being far away from headquarters, he formed a kingdom of his own, with its adminis-

* Sykes: "Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia."

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tration, laws, and money. Mr. Lattimore, in his lecture before the Central Asian Society (March 28, 1928), has given a vivid description of the Sinkiang Administration. The lecturer then described the autocratic way adopted by Yang Tu-chun, the Governor-General, and at the same time gave us the solution of how he had been able to keep this province quiet, while national and other agents were stirring up the rest of China. No official appointment was made without getting first a strong hold of the man in question; even the biggest idealist had to step down and accept his superior's view. "Other people may be misled by ideals, but the Chinese are only apt to be misled by the cash in hand," Mr. Lattimore rightly remarks. Officials sent from Peking for important jobs were either held up at his Yamen till he was sure that they were not holding views opposed to his own, or he sent them back after a short time with a present. I have been told that the Central Government tried several times to replace him by another man, but as they were unable to send an army across the Gobi, in order to give their orders impressive weight, Yang simply refused to relinquish the power he was holding. During the last seventeen years he established what may be called a family hierarchy, posting all his relations from one end of the country to the other. In 1927 all the Ambans from Keria to Kashgar were, with two or three exceptions, either directly or through marriage related to the Governor-General. Undoubtedly he was a strong man, who, first of all, put his personal ambitions above the welfare of the country; but, taking into consideration the conditions prevailing in other provinces of the Chinese Republic, I must admit that his governorship seemed, at first sight, to be a success. During the last seventeen years there have been no riots of any importance, and highway robbery, such as made roads unsafe in the East, were unknown in Chinese Turkestan. But it is doubtful whether his success would have lasted. In June, 1928, the Chang-Chung, as he was called, acknowledged the Nanking Government, the five-coloured flag disappeared, titles were changed, but conditions seemed to remain the same. On July 7 he was shot by his own Foreign Minister Fang, who, according to what I have been told by Europeans who knew him, was a well-educated Chinese, with principles opposed to the selfish, pocket-filling way followed by his superior. The Governor-General seems to have had a very clear notion of what was going to happen and what the results of his governorship would be. He transferred, a long time ago, his enormous wealth to the safe custody of British and American banks, and sent his family away to settle down in the Philippine Islands. His subalterns, nearly all of the same clan, had to pay big sums for any appointment in the province. Their salary was so small that they had to adopt a most corrupt system in order to recover capital and interest. They followed the example of their master, and in the far-away towns,

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where relationship and money had placed them, they tried to amass a fortune in the shortest possible time. Any means justify the end, was their slogan—presents had to be given and bribes paid in order to obtain justice or favours; only in the most exaggerated cases did the suppressed people have the courage to apply to the Governor-General at Urumchi, who sometimes recalled the Amban, or whatever he might have been, punished him by taking part of his amassed wealth and by giving him a job in another corner of the province. It must be borne in mind that in Chinese Turkestan, where corruptness permeated all classes, advancement, like other marketable commodities, was bought and sold. A local Amban had probably paid a very large sum in order to obtain his post. As his appointment was apt to be cancelled at any moment, it followed that he had to hasten to make money while he could and lost no opportunity of extorting bribes from those beneath him. As with the Ambans, so with his subordinates: they all worked on the same lines, with the result that nothing was done which was not specially paid for, and the people were plundered in order that their rulers might grow rich. Such were the ways in which villages and towns were vampired; but history proves that whenever a ruler oversteps a certain limit, the patience of the oppressed people one day ceases, and an unpleasant outburst is the result. The last such instance occurred at the time of Yakoob Beg, in 1874, when tax collectors claimed from the poor landowner three times the amount of the legal demand, the result being that when the Chinese reconquered the country the local inhabitants greeted them as their benefactors.*

The Chinese practically did nothing for the upkeep of the country. The roads were very bad, the bridges unsafe; public work was mostly done by forced labour. The Government had no money for irrigation schemes which would have opened great areas for cultivation. The water of many rivers could be stored up, with small cost, by barrages, and from the ground claimed back from the desert thousands of families could find a livelihood. But such a far-sighted policy as was adopted by the British in India, Egypt, Iraq, and the Sudan, did not suit the higher Chinese officials. The statement made by one of them to an Englishman clearly illustrates this fact. During a conversation the Chinese referred to some English statesmen, saying that he had heard that in Europe men sometimes put the interest of their country above personal aims. "In China," he said, "it is different: our first thought and all our thoughts are directed by our family interests." The Chinese were, further, wise to do their utmost to delay the march of education within the borders of Sinkiang, for so surely as the intelligence of the children became developed, so surely would the most corrupt governmental system in modern history

* Boulger: "Life of Yakoob Beg."

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have been shaken in its foundations. I hold that the present state of administration under Governor Yang was destined to exist only so long as the governing classes succeeded in exerting their sway by the repression of individuality and by withholding education from the masses. No newspaper in the Turki language was allowed to be printed. Chinese and foreign papers were subjected to a censure, which tried to withhold any news which might cause disturbances. But in spite of all this, conditions in Sinkiang, as far as I could judge them, had not yet come to the point of open dissatisfaction, because the people are very indifferent and still remember the hardship their fathers had suffered under the rule of a man originating from their own country, Yakoob Beg. But should the policy of the late Governor-General be continued and Russia get the influence she is aiming at, a change is certainly to be expected in Sinkiang. I hardly believe that it can come from the interior of the country; there is no strong man, no second Yakoob Beg, with ambition and courage; there are no arms, except with the Chinese; and the population on the whole are cowards, and there can be no question that the condition of the masses is what the late Governor desired it to be. The Chinese, fully aware of their difficult position, had spies all over the country—minor officials who, after having learned from the superiors how to make money and lead an easy life, would be unpleasantly affected by any change of Government. "The Begs, these Chinese-speaking Turkis, which have directly to deal with the native inhabitants, were far too content with their present position, in which they were allowed to plunder the people at their heart's content, to agitate for any change of Government; so long as they kept the Chinese well supplied with money and did not bother them, no question was asked, for the Chinese maxim is above all things, 'Anything for a quiet life.'"* This was written nearly thirty years ago by Cobbold, but very little indeed had changed in 1928 since he visited Sinkiang in 1898.

Politics.

If a change comes, it can only originate from outside or with the help of neighbouring states, and that leads us to the relations Chinese Turkestan has with the adjacent powers. There are Tibet, India, and Afghanistan in the south; Russia in the west. Although there have been invasions from the south in former times, when Tibet was a great power in Asia, holding in subjection vast tracts of Sinkiang, Kansu, and even Central China,† I do not think that the Lhasa Government of today has any ambition in this direction. Afghanistan, even if she should recover from the present troubles, certainly has no intention of bringing troops across difficult mountain paths in order to plunge into a campaign which might lead to a guerilla warfare with very

* Cobbold: "Innermost Asia." † Stein: "Ruins of Desert Cathay."

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uncertain results. There remain India and Russia, the two great powers which during the whole of last century were rivals in Central Asian politics. Let me give you now a brief history of diplomatic relations with these two powers.

Johnson, Hayward, Shaw, possibly other Englishmen, visited the country unofficially during the sixties of last century. In 1873 an official mission was appointed by the Viceroy of India, under Sir Douglas Forsyth, for the purpose of concluding a commercial treaty with His Highness the Amir of Yarkand and Kashgar.* But the effect of this impressive expedition did not last very long. Yakoob Beg's kingdom fell with him, after a successful invasion of the Chinese General Chang Yao. The new rulers paid no direct attention to any treaties concluded by the rebellious Athalik Gazhi, and for nearly twenty years no official mission came from India to Kashgar. Most likely the Chinese considered the great attention paid by the British Crown to a man who in their eyes was a minor rebel as a very inopportune and unfriendly act towards their Emperor. They did not protest, but they certainly did not forget—no Chinaman, I think, ever does—that one of the greatest European powers had considered one of their provinces as definitely lost to China. When, in 1892, the Government of India appointed Mr. (now Sir) George Macartney as an Assistant to the Resident in Kashmir, with headquarters at Kashgar, he was faced by great obstinacy. Whether it was the official Chinese world or Russian intrigues which were opposed to his appointment as Consul, I cannot say, but until 1904 his position was by no means what one could call satisfactory. After twelve years Sir George Macartney had succeeded in persuading the Chinese of the friendly intentions of himself as well as of the Government he represented. They agreed to his appointment as British Consul-General, and the following fourteen years fully proved how great a friend the Chinese had in Sir George Macartney. I had no opportunity of seeing any official papers relating to his activity while at Kashgar. I can only judge from what I have heard and from what is mentioned in the few books dealing with Central Asian politics,† but I think I am not very far from the fact when stating that the high esteem in which British representatives are still held is entirely due to his great statesmanship and his eminent knowledge of the Chinese and Turki people. I am probably not exaggerating when calling him the balancing power between Russia, China, and the British Empire, and Sir Percy Sykes gives us in his book more than one instance which illustrates my statement.

* Forsyth: "Report of a Mission to Yarkand in 1873."

† Blacker: "On Secret Patrol in High Asia." Cobbold: "Innermost Asia." Etherton: "In the Heart of Asia." Sykes: "Through Deserts and Oases of Central Asia.'

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His own, as well as the ability of some of his successors, has till today been able to hold local opinion of British rule at a very high standard, and one of the rights which British subjects still enjoy in Chinese Turkestan is extra-territoriality. Legal cases are therefore settled under the supervision of the Consul-General, which means that the usual way of bribing the Judge cannot be taken as it would if the matter rested entirely in Chinese hands. Up to 1920 British subjects further enjoyed freedom from any taxation, but with the cancelling of the Russian agreement this had to be given up.

During the war political intrigue in Central Asia was at its height. German official missions were sent out to stir up the people of Asia against the Allies; the leader of one of them, Dr. von Hentig, was stranded at the Yamen of Kashgar, but eventually escaped the Russian Cossacks who had been after him ever since he had come to Chinese Turkestan.* But he as well as all the others who travelled "unofficially," either under disguise or with passports of a neutral country, were minor episodes in comparison with what was going on in Russia. The wildest rumours spread over Sinkiang, and eventually in the summer of 1918 "the Government of India decided to send a mission to Tashkent in order to gain touch with the new régime in Russia, and further to keep a watch on enemy movements in Central Asia."† The head of this mission was Sir George Macartney; the second in command, Colonel Bailey. Very little has been published about the adventures of this mission, and in studying the events of that period, I found that the present British Consul-General was right in saying that two books on the Central Asian question were still unwritten: Sir George Macartney's and Colonel Bailey's.

And now let me turn to Russia and give a brief history of her diplomatic relations with Chinese Turkestan. In doing so I am much handicapped, as I do not know the Russian language and have had to rely entirely on English and German publications, which from my point of view are one-sided.

Russian interests in Central Asia have always been of a much greater importance than British. Russia is separated from Sinkiang by a mountain range which can be crossed by caravans at all times of the year, while the way to India is only open for a few summer months. Russia further borders Chinese Turkestan with a frontier about three times as long as India's, and a number of important commercial towns are within easy reach from Kashgar, Aksu, and Urumchi. The people of Chinese Turkestan have also very much in common with the population of the Ferghana Basin, and an old trade-route has connected these two countries since im-

* von Hentig: "Eine Diplomatenfahrt ins verbotene Land."

† Blacker: "On Secret Patrol in High Asia," etc. Etherton: "In the Heart of Asia."

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memorial times. This probably was one of the reasons why Russia had established an Imperial Consulate-General long before England sent Sir George Macartney to Kashgar. The Czarist representative had always a great number of Cossacks at hand, and Cobbold * tells us that for a long time he was the actual ruler of this part of the province. Whenever he had to discuss an important question he called the local Chinese authorities to his house, and they were mere puppets in his hands. But the Chinese "never forget": they may remain silent, but they remember well. When they saw that the Russian Empire had fallen to pieces, that Russian influence had vanished, the Chinese, who had for years sought to recover what they had been compelled to cede to Russia in the past, seized the opportunity presented by the fall of the northern Colossus and closed all the Russian Consulates in China, requesting the Consuls to "move on." † In October, 1920, according to Colonel Etherton's statement, the Imperial Consulate at Kashgar was closed down. For five years there was no Russian representative in Chinese Turkestan, the former trade agreement between Russia and the Sinkiang Government was abrogated in 1922.‡ But the Soviets, after having settled affairs in Russia in a more or less satisfactory manner, turned their eyes towards Sinkiang and concluded a trade agreement with the late Governor Yang.

In July, 1925, the doors of the former Imperial Russian Consulate at Kashgar opened again, and when I visited it first in November, 1927, pictures of all the prominent members of the Soviet Council decorated the walls of the big reception hall. The present Consul-General has no escort any more, but his staff numbers more than forty Russians from Moscow, assisted by numerous natives from both sides of the border. The attitude Chinese officials are taking towards the Russian representative resembles concealed warfare and chicane. Every year the Chinese close the frontier at Irkestan for a few months for some reason or other; they threaten to put Turkis into prison should they take any work as servants at the Soviet Consulate. During summer, 1928, the present Consul-General intended to make a journey round the Takla-Makan. He informed the Chinese authorities and they agreed to his plans. He got as far as Kuchar, where big supplies for the onward journey were collected, but as soon as he had gone as far as Shahyar, the Chinese stopped him, arrested one of his men under some pretext, and after long negotiations he had to return to Kashgar. The Chinese did not want to let the Soviet Consul-General go to the Lop-Nor, and were only looking for a pretext on which to send him back. Such and similar actions might please anti-Sovietists, but they do not cause a very bright outlook from the European standpoint. European

* Cobbold: "Innermost Asia." † Etherton: "In the Heart of Asia."
‡ Skrine: "Chinese Central Asia."

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prestige has during the last years already suffered enormously in Central Asia, and the day might come when England's representative would be subjected to similar conditions, should personal or national relations cease to be as good as they are at present.

The Chinese undoubtedly fully realize the results Soviet propaganda would cause, and they are trying to counteract any move which they recognize as such. When the Soviet Consul-General was at Yarkand last summer, a man of his retinue, a Russian Mohammedan subject, wanted to preach at the biggest mosque. His request was sanctioned by the local Amban, and day and hour were made known all over the place. But the poor man's surprise was great when at the fixed time not a single soul appeared. Only afterwards it became known to the Russians that the local magistrate had prohibited, under heavy penalty, any Chinese subject from attending this meeting. Again, last summer the doctor of the Soviet Consulate went to Bostan Terek, a hill-station two days' journey from Kashgar. He wanted to stop at the Kazi's house at Upal, but the latter, hearing who the newcomer was, closed the door in front of him and shut him out. The Kashgar Tao-Tai, being informed of what had happened, sent a present of five taels to the Kazi for his loyal behaviour. A third and last instance: At Yarkand, a wealthy Turki was alleged to be a friend of the Soviet. His entire property was confiscated and the man was sent to Aksu without any trial. These are only three instances out of a long list which I could quote, but they certainly illustrate the great efforts made by the Chinese to keep Bolshevism out of their country.

Yet again, when last summer all the Russian diplomatic agents had to leave China, the five Soviet Consulates in Sinkiang remained, and were left undisturbed in spite of the broken relations with the Nanking Government.

After this rough sketch of the historical development of diplomatic relations with Chinese Turkestan, I have to come back to the question already mentioned at the beginning: Will China be able to hold this province against any aggression towards its territorial rights?

China has been for years in a state of turmoil. At present the Nanking Government pretends to represent the whole of China, but already there has been a rising of the Dungans, the Mohammedan Chinese in Kansu, which has led to the massacre of more than 200,000 Chinese. Sinkiang is separated from Central and Eastern China by the Gobi, and any forces which the Urumchi Government might need would have to undertake a march of several months. The local army, consisting of Chinese, Chinese Turki half-castes, and pure Turkis, is mostly on paper. In more than one book dealing with Central Asia it has been related how commanders in the different places are making up for the small salary they get by pocketing

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the wages of three-fourths of their army, keeping in actual service only one-fourth of the official list. When one notes such facts, one really wonders that Chinese Turkestan still exists as a province of the Celestial Republic, after all the changes which have swept away a number of Asiatic kingdoms and khanates. In my opinion, Sinkiang leads "une existence de grâce," being at the mercy of Soviet Russia whenever she should feel inclined to push the frontier a few hundred miles eastwards.

England can, according to my judgment, have no territorial interests in Chinese Turkestan, a country which would cost enormous amounts for administrative upkeep, for roads, bridges, telegraphs, etc., and which is, as already mentioned, during several months of the year cut off from the nearest base, India.

India has some commercial interests in Chinese Turkestan, and so has Russia, and this leads to the second part of my lecture: the trade in Central Asia.

Sinkiang, in spite of its natural wealth, is still in a stage which may be called prehistoric as regards commerce, and it was scarcely likely that the resources of the country would be developed as long as the late Governor Yang's system of administration was dominating. Apart from the Russian cotton-cleaning factories, which can by no means be called modern, there is no factory whatsoever in the country. The absence of any of them is the more remarkable, as it would be possible to manufacture in the country a great number of articles which are at present imported. Although there are numerous rivers with a strong current, such as we have in Switzerland, there is no electric light nor power in Chinese Turkestan. The carpet-making is dying out, the once well-known Central Asian or so-called Samarkand pattern has disappeared from the market, and the Chinese have done everything to kill an industry which once was famous all over the world, and had occupied a great number of workers. Or take the silk. What development could be expected if Western enterprise were allowed to work on the same basis as in Europe? The climatic conditions are ideal for the delicate silkworm, material is abundant, labour is cheap, though at present poor in quality. In Kashmir conditions are certainly not as good as they are in Sinkiang, and yet Srinagar has the biggest silk factory in the world. But the Chinese lack any interest in such enterprises, and the Russians, in order to get rid of an unpleasant competitor, levy a prohibitive Customs duty on any kind of silk which goes in transit to Europe.

Trade.

Trade connections between Ladakh and Chinese Turkestan existed long before the Forsyth Mission came to Kashgar. Shaw mentions in his book * some caravans going every year from Central Asia to

* Shaw: "High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kashgar."

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Western Tibet. It was not until 1874 that England concluded the first commercial treaty with Kashgar, and the rules and regulations laid down fifty years ago have proved to be so far-sighted that they have governed trade with Central Asia ever since. All goods originating from this part of the world were declared duty free when coming to India. The Indian Government further provided the traders with a reliable transport system along the treaty high-road, and further constructed bridges and ferries at very high cost; but the statement made by Shaw in one of his reports on trade in Ladakh in the early seventies reads as if it had been made yesterday. He says:*

"It must be confessed that the greater our experience of the routes between India and Yarkand, the greater do the difficulties appear in the way of establishing a satisfactory trade route, owing to the length of the journey, the enormous altitudes to be traversed, the arid and unproductive character of a large portion of the country, the absence of population, and the deficiency of carriage and supplies."

Today the trade between India and Chinese Turkestan is mostly in the hands of Hindus from Hoshiarpur and Shikarpur. During the war, when Russian imports had ceased to be of any importance, these Indians exploited their hunting-ground mercilessly. They do not trade in the way a European would do it; they do not look ahead nor alter their methods to suit changed circumstances; they have no proper system nor organization, and they do not stick to quality, but buy anything in India which takes their fancy and with which they hope to realize big profits. As most of these goods are bought in India, and high import duty has been paid at Bombay, Calcutta, or Karachi, they are sold at an unreasonably high price in Chinese Turkestan. Few of these Hindu traders know English; none of them would be able to deal direct with a Manchester firm and bring goods in transit to Central Asia, evading the prohibitive Indian Customs duty, and thus enable the local people to buy goods at a much reduced price. Many of the Hindus are money-lenders of the worst kind, taking advantage of the lawless conditions of the country. When these Hindus saw their chance, they imported Japanese goods of the cheapest possible quality and sold them in local bazaars at a high price. The natives of Turkestan, not knowing the origin of these goods, which had come from Hindustan, bitterly complained of the inferior quality of British merchandise. Some of the Hindus, I have been told, made fortunes in a very short time, not realizing how greatly they had damaged British and European trade interests. When, therefore, in 1925 the Russians started to trade officially with Sinkiang, people gladly turned to their cheaper goods, and imports from India suffered year by year. The

* Forsyth: "Report of a Mission to Yarkand in 1873."

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following figures will give you an idea of the trade between India and Chinese Turkestan:

Year.	*Amount of Export to Ladakh.*	*Import from Ladakh.*
1918	Rupees 3,439,000	Rupees 3,529,000
1920	2,706,000	4,348,000
1924	2,610,000	1,453,000
1925	2,356,000	1,860,000
1926	2,991,000	2,480,000
1927	2,014,000	1,215,000

The Hindu, further, does not give any encouragement to export and local manufactures. Unwillingly he buys felts, silk, charas, and other products, but his object in doing so is only to remit his money. Should he have the opportunity of transferring his profits through a bank, he would not care at all for export, and several Hindus told me that transactions which did not earn a net profit of at least 35 per cent. were of no interest to them. But it is a well-known fact that a market can only be developed by exchanging goods from a foreign country with local products.

If no action is taken to back up British as well as European trade in Central Asia—and I do not at present see that any British subject in Sinkiang would be able to take such action without Government's help—the figures already quoted will dwindle down to an insignificant amount, which is in no proportion to the high expenses incurred on the other side by the upkeep of bridges, roads, and the official survey of them.

The Mohammedan population of Chinese Turkestan does not like the Hindu traders; it loathes them, but knows that the Indians are backed by a European representative of the powerful British Raj.

Russian Trade.

Let us now see what Russia has been doing. In 1851 Russia concluded a commercial treaty with China, which mostly affected the northern part of Sinkiang. General von Kaufmann, in 1872, came to a similar arrangement with Yakoob Beg as Forsyth did two years later. The Russians developed before the war an enormous activity; they pushed the railway from Tashkent on to Osch, twelve days' easy journey from Kashgar. Trade with Russia had become so important that the Banque Russo-Asiatique established a branch at Kashgar, linking up this commercial centre with Moscow and Europe. In order to stimulate trade with Central Asia the old Russian Government paid a reward or bounty of sixteen gold roubles (about £2 stg.) for every pony load which crossed the Russian frontier towards Chinese

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Turkestan. They further started building roads and rest-houses, some of them undoubtedly for military purposes, and they would have brought Central Asia within easy reach from Europe had not the war and the revolution following it put an end to their activities.

I have already mentioned that in 1922 the existing treaty with Russia was cancelled by the Sinkiang Government. The Chinese closed the frontier towards the west, and for the time being trade was carried on, on a very small scale, by a few merchants without any governmental support. In 1925 the Russians came back, gradually building up what had been destroyed during the past years. I have not been able to obtain any pre-war figures, but I can show you the trade development with Russia during the last three years:

Year.	*Imports from Russia.*	*Exports to Russia.*
1925/26	Roubles 2,600,000	Roubles 800,000
1926/27	11,200,000	5,600,000
1927/28	12,000,000	6,800,000

The present Russian policy on Central Asian trade can be best described by the statement made in 1873 by Captain Chapman, a member of the Forsyth Mission. He says:*

"The progress of trade beyond her [Russia's] frontier as a political measure, apart from its importance as a source of national wealth, has been the first consideration of Russia in her dealings with Central Asian States, whose markets have been closely studied in order that they might be made dependent on Russian commercial centres.

"The systematic pursuit of a commercial policy, moving hand in hand with a forward foreign policy, and not working spasmodically, marks each step of Russian progress: the wisdom which has produced these goods which are the most necessary to each locality, and has refrained from pouring articles of luxury into countries unprepared for their reception, has made her merchants amongst the most successful of her pioneers in those regions where, until lately, Europeans penetrated with infinite difficulty."

Government in Russia has changed, but the policy of the late Czaristic régime was exactly the same as that now adopted by the Soviets. They have the following system: Connected with the Consulate is a so-called Trade Agency with a big office, a staff of Turki- and Chinese-speaking Russians, and a number of native salesmen. Their show and sample room can compare favourably with any of its kind of a big firm in Europe, the goods being well arranged and properly labelled. This permanent exhibition of goods manufactured in Soviet Russia undoubtedly impresses the native buyer much more than the dirty Hindu serai, where so-called British goods are sold. The Soviet

* Forsyth: "Report of a Mission to Yarkand in 1873," chap. ix.

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Trade Agency specially caters for the local markets, and no expense is spared to secure the buyers' interest. Many articles are sold cheaper at Kashgar than one can buy them at Andijan or Tashkent, and only during my stay in Moscow I came to understand Russia's trade policy. Counting together the cost, the expense for bringing the goods on horse- or camel-back from the Russian railway head to Kashgar, the 7½ per cent. import duty levied by the Chinese and the expenses in connection with their sale, one would expect a higher selling price in Chinese Turkestan than in Russian territory, and yet one can obtain Russian cloth, sugar, oil, cigarettes, etc., 20 to 35 per cent. cheaper at Kashgar than at Andijan.

In trying to find out any reason for this amazing fact, I have come to the conclusion that Russia's intention by selling at such cheap rates is to obtain world currencies, such as dollar or £ stg., with which foreign products can be bought. With this money the Russian Government is able to import machines, typewriters, etc., which are sold by the Government in its shops with an increase of 300 per cent. and more.

The Soviet Government is therefore making very little profit—if any—out of this export business, but I think, as regards Central Asian trade, there is another object behind. For a century Russia has been trying to kill the trade with India, but I should not be surprised if the present prices made a big jump as soon as the head of the Trade Agency considers this achievement realized. The present propaganda of Russian manufactures is at any rate in the hands of very able people. Of course, I do not know whether Russian merchandise is still sold at Kashgar with some profit, or whether the Soviets are paying for an eventual loss incurred in the export business, but it proves to me they are doing their utmost to attack England where they think her weak points are. Connected with the Trade Agency is a branch of the State Bank, which, however, has not yet assumed the importance of the former Banque Russo-Asiatique, which, as you certainly know, went bankrupt in 1925.

As big as the import from Russia is the export from Chinese Turkestan. I need not go into details about products of the country. Forsyth gave a very good description in 1874, and Colonel Etherton, Sir Percy Sykes, Mr. Skrine, and others mention fifty years later the rural wealth of Chinese Turkestan. Russia, in order to take full advantage of her investments, has been building up in a very short time an enormous export trade. The biggest share falls to cotton and wool, which, if my information is correct, is shipped direct to the U.S.A. The Russians have established big cotton and wool cleaning factories at Kashgar, and these export goods are packed by experts according to European standard. When one realizes that the price of the best wool is at Kashgar about four times less than the cheapest quality on the

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London market, one can fully understand the great attention Russia is paying to this line of export trade. The next big item is livestock, amounting to over 300,000 taels or 600,000 rupees a year; then follow silk, carpets, hides and furs, felt carpets, etc.

The whole import as well as export trade is so well organized that one who has the opportunity of getting an inside view can only but admire the great efforts and the unceasing zeal of the organizers. The Russian buyer is paying better prices than the Hindu, probably with the same object as already mentioned, but as soon as the greedy and narrow-minded Indians have definitely closed down their serais and Russia remains the only buyer, she undoubtedly will dictate the prices and use her influence towards the local producers.

All the trade is, according to Soviet system, in the hands of State officials who are connected with the Consulate and enjoy the privileges of the diplomatic staff.

Trade and the Chinese Officials.

The attitude of the Chinese officials towards trade is of no small interest. They do not encourage it, in spite of the big income arising from import as well as export duty. They tolerate it, but in their hearts I think they consider it a nuisance. They would prefer to build another Chinese wall along the frontier and be satisfied with their caravans going and coming to and from Peking. From time to time regulations of a most striking nature are issued. The object is clear: the Chinese try to discourage any outside trade. While they are indifferent to the Hindu traders, for reasons already mentioned, they do make difficulties for the Russians. Some time ago the Trade Agency was buying up lots of carpets of pre-aniline age: the Tao-Tai of Kashgar, hearing about it, prohibited the export to Russia. Another instance: In November last, the present manager of the Trade Agency wanted to go from Kashgar to Khotan in order to study personally further possible developments of trade. The Chinese refused to give their consent for such a journey and it had to be cancelled.

Whatever the view of the Chinese officials may be, they certainly fully realize that Russian trade goes hand in hand with propaganda, and more than once it has been suggested to me by Chinese as well as Turki residents to take an active interest in Central Asian trade. Many of them hold the opinion that Bolshevist propaganda has to be carefully watched. But the question immediately arises: How long will the Russians accept such treatment? Personally I was surprised at first that the Russians had not sent an army over to Chinese Turkestan a long time ago, as Kashgar is within easy reach of the Russian border. I have already mentioned that no proper army exists, and half a regiment of infantry and two batteries, supported by three or four aeroplanes,

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could take the whole of Sinkiang. Some of the Chinese are undoubtedly fully aware of the Russian danger, and when last summer the Russo-German Pamir Expedition was near the border of Sinkiang, a rumour swept through the bazaars that a Russian army was on its way to Kashgar. About 500 soldiers were sent up to Muk-Karaul, in order to hold up this imaginary fiend, consisting of about one dozen German and Russian scientists.

But coming back to Russia, the most striking anomaly in connection with this complicated subject is to be found in the financial aspects of the case. Russia, with a depreciated currency and a damaged credit, has for years past annually expended with one hand hundreds of millions of roubles in foreign countries on schemes which remain unremunerative, while with the other hand she has tried to seize at any cost Asiatic markets. The territorial expansion by means of military force has come to a standstill: commercial hegemony is leading to the same result. And yet, I believe, there are three reasons which guaranteed in the past, and might still guarantee for some time, the independence of Chinese Turkestan:

1. The cost of an occupation and administrative army would in this vast country swallow enormous amounts of money, which probably could not be balanced by taxes and revenues.

2. After the failure Bolshevist propaganda has suffered in Europe, Moscow has turned her interest towards Asia. The reception offered to King Amanullah of Afghanistan, the treaty with Persia, etc., clearly show that the Soviets are trying to gain the confidence of the remaining Asiatic States. Any territorial expansion of Russia at the cost of China would create the greatest suspicion with the Asiatic people, and would particularly cause an ill-feeling in the Chinese Republic itself, where Moscow, in spite of the present strained relations, still hopes to get a permanent footing.

3. Russia's financial position is not stronger than it was some years ago. Moscow is doing its utmost to stabilize trade and currency and to obtain a footing in foreign markets. In Europe they had very little success; Russian goods are of much inferior quality in comparison with pre-war manufactures. They therefore have to push their export trade in another direction—viz., Asia—where European goods are only obtainable at high cost and they consequently can compete with them. But export helps at the same time to stabilize the currency and brings ready cash, which is, according to newspaper reports, badly needed at the Kremlin.

These three reasons probably explain the present policy of Soviet Russia towards Sinkiang. There may be others, unknown to me, which hold Moscow's politicians back from any aggressive action. But should the Chinese continue with the system of administration adopted

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by the late Governor Yang, there may come a day when the native inhabitants, after careful and well-planned Russian propaganda, will apply to Moscow for help, which in my opinion would be freely granted. For an outsider it remains now to speculate on what steps England would take. There is a great community in Sinkiang which entertains strong anti-Soviet ideas, a community which looks towards India for help should Russia threaten the present status of Chinese Turkestan. I am no politician; I can only judge Britain's policy from happenings during the last few years, but I believe that the Government of India would disappoint those who believe that they could expect financial or military support against the Soviets.

Conclusion.

I am coming towards the end, and, summarizing, I have come to the conclusion that politically England's position has been considerably weakened during the last few years; but she still holds a strong position in Central Asia in comparison with her old rival, Russia. Yet the question remains open to me what steps Great Britain would take should extra-territoriality go and their representative be subjected to the same treatment as his colleague, the Soviet Consul-General. Commercially speaking, India had a great chance during and after the war. Had trade been in proper hands at that time it would have obtained a sure footing and would have developed into large proportions. The circumstances connected with this question have been already fully discussed, and it only remains to state that dealings with India are losing ground with great rapidity, and probably soon will die their natural death if no measures are taken to revive British and European trade.

Let me add that, after careful investigation, I have come to the conclusion that Chinese Turkestan with its great rural wealth could easily be developed, and a most interesting and profitable trade could be done with India to the great advantage of China itself. I have closely studied the most important markets and gathered together much information, and taking into consideration the great desire of the new Nanking Government to establish and develop foreign relations and trade, I firmly believe that Sinkiang will play in the future, when connections between different countries are made shorter every day, a more important part than it has done during the past.

On the other side, Soviet Russia, with her already great trading interests, might use her influence to regain the political hegemony the Czarist Government was holding twenty or thirty years ago.

As regards the Chinese, Mr. Lattimore has told us, in his lecture already mentioned, that to their mind one of the chief functions of Chinese power is to assert Chinese domination — domination, not

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equality—over every race that comes within the scope of Chinese action. All their talk of the so-called unequal or equal treaties is a mere farce; they never intend to give to another race the same rights enjoyed by their own people in foreign countries. They might agree on certain points as far as the big commercial centres are concerned, but there never will be any equality in Central Asia as long as the Chinese are not compelled either by military force or other pressure to come down from their present high and unapproachable seat, and accept and guarantee—let me lay stress on the word "guarantee"—equal treaties, such as exist between civilized nations.

Sir LOUIS DANE: My Lord, I may perhaps say that my connection with Central Asian trade and politics extended off and on from 1880 to 1913, and during those thirty-three years the widest possible changes politically and otherwise have taken place. Mr. Bosshard in his very interesting lecture has enlarged upon the rivalry of England and Russia in the East, and especially in Central Asia. Of course before 1880 we really knew very little about the territories here between us and the Russian boundary. We knew something about Central Asia owing to Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission in 1873. I have met a good many officers and Indians who went up with Sir Douglas Forsyth, Colonel Biddulph, and others who took part in that mission, but we knew very little about the other territories. We have now, however, a very complete idea of what the country is like, and we know that it is physically impossible for India to be invaded in force by any of the routes coming across the extreme north-western corner of India. Consequently we are not so vitally interested in what is happening in Kashgar, Urumchi, and the rest of Sinkiang as we were before 1880. There is no doubt we shall always do our best to maintain our influence there and to further Indian trade. Indian trade has gone on for centuries—indeed, thousands of years—over those passes. It is limited by the fact that it has to cross some passes over eighteen thousand feet high, not to speak of others over seventeen thousand feet. It can only be conducted during four months of the year, and only articles of extreme value in relation to their size can possibly be carried, such as charas, a drug made from the female hemp plant, silk, certain other Central Asian drugs and gems and carpets and felts. In the old days a certain amount of opium went up, but of course that is all closed down. We can never hope for any large trade with Central Asia; the Government does its best with the route which runs from Hoshiarpur through Kulu over the Karakarom Pass to Kashgar and Yarkand and on to Khotan. For three years, as Assistant Commissioner at Kulu, I was in charge of the British portion of that route, which will always be kept up; but I do not think anybody in his senses would suggest we

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should enter into a foreign conflict with Russia with the idea of boosting English and Indian trade in those tracts in which, as you have heard from Mr. Bosshard, Russian trade so readily enters Kashgar.

One thing has happened since the 'eighties: in those days people used to be very much alarmed along the Indian frontier by the mere rumour of Russian emissaries, or of Russian officers being seen in or near our Border. I remember a prominent statesman, now the Prime Minister of Nepal, being most seriously concerned about the comings and goings of Russian emissaries along his frontier. The much spoken of Tibet Expedition of 1904 and 1905 entirely crumpled up any such ideas. It was shown that when the British Government was really moved to take action, even in Tibet, on behalf of its serious interests, it was quite capable of doing so; and from Gilgit and Kashmir down to Nepal and Assam the people along our frontier realized pretty well that we were the strong man armed, and could keep our house even on the other side of the Himalayas.

With regard to trade, Mr. Bosshard talks of a great silk industry in Kashmir, and compares it with the fading industry in Yarkand and Kashgar. He perhaps does not know that the silk industry in Kashmir in 1894 or 1895 had absolutely ceased to exist. The whole of the silk-worms had been destroyed by two diseases—pebrine and flachery. Then, owing to the enlightened policy of the Durbar and my friend the Raja, Sir Umr Singh, the Resident, and the settlement officer, Sir Walter Lawrence, we made one of our favourite socialistic attempts in India—India is perhaps the greatest example of successful state socialism in the world—and the Durbar took up the question of re-habilitating the industry. Disease-free eggs—or "seeds" as they are called—were got from France and Bulgaria, and were successfully used, and now the industry is getting on very well. My own interest came when I was appointed Resident in 1901. I became aware when I was in London before I went out that the English capitalist was taking a great interest in the Kashmir silk industry, which it was proposed at that time to hand over to private enterprise. I was invited by all sorts of magnates to lunches and dinners, and they came down even to Kensington to see me. I ventured to telegraph to the Viceroy that there was more in it than met the eye, and suggested that they had better leave the conclusion of the agreement until I got there. I knew the Durbar was very much opposed to its being handed over to private enterprise, and when I got there I found it would be impossible to do this, as the industry only existed because of moral pressure on people to grow silkworms. In view of the previous failure they were very much disinclined to take eggs. Then the worms could only be fed on leaves of mulberry trees, which were a state monopoly. So if any unfortunate European had taken over the industry in Kashmir, first

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of all the state would have provided him with none of the zemindars to take the seeds—some 80,000 people are employed in growing the worms—and next he would have got no mulberry leaves if he happened to breed any silkworms. Very elaborate calculations had been made, which showed that, including the initial cost of setting up these huge filatures, which employ men, women, and boys by thousands, there had been a loss of 60,000 rupees in four years. But there was no less than seven lakhs' worth of finest Milan silk lying in Lyons unsold, and the Government officers in Kashmir would not take it into account. Silk industry remained with the state, and during the war, I believe, produced a revenue of something like £250,000 a year. It is a sensibly managed enterprise in an Indian state, but it would certainly have disappeared if handed over to private enterprise for the reasons I have given you. Mr. Bosshard might inquire if there may have been something of the same sort in Kashgar; the worms may have suffered from the same disease, and there may have been a natural cause for the decrease of the industry. Silk used to come down into the Punjab and also those very charming Khotan carpets, which are now very hard to get. I will not trouble you further; but we have had a most interesting lecture, and owe our thanks to Mr. Bosshard. (Applause.)

A MEMBER: I would like to ask Mr. Bosshard a question with regard to the figures he has shown us of the trade between Russia and Sinkiang. Apparently the trade imports from Russia into Sinkiang are about double the amount in the other direction. How is that paid for? It can hardly be transport charges.

The LECTURER: The import is about half the export. I have been told by the Indians that that is the profit they make in Chinese Turkestan. They remit that by buying goods and sending them back.

The MEMBER: The trade between Russia and Sinkiang is eleven million roubles in one direction and twenty-five million in the other.

The LECTURER: That is so. The import from Russia has gone up from two million in 1925 and 1926, to twelve million in 1927 and 1928. I cannot guarantee the figures. Export to Russia is nearly everywhere about half, and here I believe that the biggest part of the money is paid out as salaries and probably as propaganda. I do not think that very much money goes back to Russia except in kind. But I have been told that they spend a fairly big amount for propaganda all through Sinkiang.

The CHAIRMAN: I will not comment on the eloquent defence of state socialism we have had from Sir Louis Dane, but I would like to thank the lecturer; he has given us an interesting account not only of Sinkiang itself, but of the relations of Sinkiang to three great empires—our own, Russia, and China. I was interested to hear his account of the Russian methods; they seem to follow the old lines we

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are familiar with in other parts of the world—trading at a loss, propaganda, and methods of using their officials as diplomatic agents. I agree with Sir Louis Dane, I do not think we need be in a state of anxiety as to what is going on in that country. As regards development and possibilities, it seems to me our capital will be better employed in other parts of the world than expended for the moment in Sinkiang. The lecturer has added considerably to our information; certainly he has to mine, though I do not think he has altered any general opinion I had already formed. But he has filled up many interesting details, and has illuminated the lecture by excellent slides. I am sure on behalf of the Society we can give him a very hearty vote of thanks for coming here and reading us so interesting and informative a lecture. (Applause.)

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THE ILI DISTRICT

ALTHOUGH the Ili valley is one of the most fertile parts of the Chinese province of Sinkiang, the area under cultivation is comparatively small; for rebellions have been numerous, and cultivators, whether rebels or not, have suffered from the suppression of the revolts. The nomads, both Kasaks and Kalmucks, resent the encroachments of cultivation on their pastures, and much good land remains untilled in consequence.

From 1871 to 1881 the whole of the Ili valley was occupied by the Russians, as the lawlessness prevailing on the Chinese side of the frontier, due largely to the Amir Yaqub Beg, Bedaulat, wresting the greater part of Chinese Turkestan from the hands of the Chinese, brought about an intolerable state of affairs for the Russian authorities.

The Russian occupation restored order, but after ten years the territory was surrendered to the Chinese. It is not clear why this was done. The abortive treaty of Livadia, which was finally repudiated by the Emperor of China, showed clearly that the Russians wished to retain the Ili valley, as by this treaty they only gave up Suiting to the Chinese to "save their face." However, by a new treaty signed at St. Petersburg on February 12, 1881, the greater part of the valley was handed back to its old masters.

This action was not expected by the Russian settlers in the valley, who had constantly been told by the Governor of Semirechia that Russia would never give up the district, and the trend of Russian policy at that time lent weight to the Governor's assurances. However, the district was given back, and the Russian settlers had to give away or sell their property, usually at a loss.

The fertility of the Ili valley depends on the large river of the same name, which is formed by its tributaries, the Kash, Kunges, and Tekes. These rivers flow through fine prairie and pasture land, and a district which now supports a bare quarter of a million would be capable of sustaining a population of many millions.

The Kunges valley is wide and easily irrigated, whilst both parts of th Tekes and Kash valleys could be cultivated. In addition there are pasture which now support many herds and flocks, but the methods of the nomads are prodigal in the extreme. Much good grass is wasted or spoilt, and large areas are so eaten down that they never get the chance to recover; and, consequently, where an important dairy-farming industry could be established, a very poor supply of milk products is now obtainable.

The chief town of the district is Ili, Ningyuan, or Kuldja, usually known by the last name. Here resides the Taotai or Governor, and here, too, are the chief business firms. It is the most important place in the district, but is an unattractive town. The western or Russian town, now inhabited by Tartars and Russians, is separated by a small stream, the Pelichinka, which is dangerous in spate. There are a few fine, if rather dilapidated, buildings and warehouses, built in semi-European style, and the large and impressive Russian consulate, with well-wooded grounds, is an important feature.

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There is one decent street in the town, with a mosque built by the Tartars in a mixed style, half Eddystone lighthouse, half Nonconformist chapel. There are two churches, one a Russian, now used as a cinema-hall and theatre, and the other a Catholic one, in charge of a German missionary society.

There are no amenities at Kuldja. Fly-blown, dusty, and stifling in summer, cold and bleak in winter, a morass in spring or after early rain, it is one of those scrambling, tatterdemalion towns, comfortless and unhealthy, which are so plentiful in Central Asia.

Twenty miles west of Kuldja lies the town of Hweiyuan, usually known as "Kura" or Camp. This is the garrison town of the district, and here lives the Chang-sho-she or Military Governor. The town is well laid out, with straight wide streets crossing in the centre, and appears to be the only town in the province with any pretensions to cleanliness. The Military Governor is also the chief authority over all the nomads and the Manchus as well. The usual civil authorities have no control at all over these races, and the result of this divided jurisdiction is endless confusion, and leads to difficulties and situations that are complicated indeed. There does not seem to be any adequate reason now for the continuation of such an arrangement, but reason is the last thing to look for in Chinese administration.

Four miles west of Kura lies Suiting, rather a dull little town, which has fallen from its high estate after the treatment it received in the Tungan rebellions.

The people of the Ili valley comprise a large number of races, who have been attracted there by the good farming prospects. There are the Chinese settlers, not very numerous, but still in fair numbers. The Taranchis, as the Turki or Sarts are known as, are probably the most numerous class of all, as they predominate in the towns, and are also most numerous in the cultivated areas. The word Taranchi means cultivator, and it is a simple but wholly pointless name to give to these men.

Besides the Sarts and Chinese settlers, there are a number of Tungans and Russians who have taken up land; and near the Ili river itself Manchus are found, both Shipo and Solon. Although the Manchus appear to be much disliked, the Shipo in particular, to the casual visitor the intelligence and progressive spirit shown by this masterful race are in marked contrast to the unenterprising nature of the inhabitants of the Ili valley. One very well-to-do Taranchi who was asking questions about foreign countries and the other parts of Sinkiang had been nowhere outside the valley, and remarked that "Taranchis do not travel."

Besides the farmers, there are in the valley itself many nomads, chiefly Kazaks of the Kazai tribe and some Tangut Mongols. In the Kash valley, however, there are the Zungur Mongols, from whom Zungaria gets its name. They have a large lamasery a few miles north-east of Nilki, but in summer the lamas move up to a cooler place, where they pitch a camp. At this place in 1928 there were sixty-eight large white felt aouls, arranged in a circle, with more ornate and coloured tents in the centre, where the monks gathered for worship, and where the images and pictures were kept. The Zungur Mongols, both clergy and laity, were very pleasant and courteous, and seemed to be considerably more civilized than the Tanguts.

There are also Charkars in the district. These people, though called Mongols, are really allied to the Koreans, and it is said that they were "settled" here by the Chinese authorities, who were afraid of them when they lived not far from Peking and compelled them to emigrate. They seem pleasant folk, and live in the Borotala and on the banks of the Sairam Nor.

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The town dwellers are even more mixed than are the country people. In Ili there are many Russians, both Red and White, and Tartars, often refugees from Bolshevist territory, are numerous. There is also a sprinkling of Bokharans, Poles, and British Indian subjects, and even representatives of Roumania, Italy, and other countries—*e.g.*, Germany and Turkey.

The trade of the Ili district is chiefly with Russia, as the roads to the south over the Muzart Pass, and to the north to Chuguchak and Urumchi, are too long for the transport of any goods other than local products from the south, or tea and other Chinese goods from Tientsin or Shanghai. Owing to the difficulties in dealing with Russia, trade is not flourishing. The goods that come from the Soviet Republic are shoddy and unattractive. Wine—even port—brandy, liqueurs, and champagne are to be had in quantities, but judging from their taste, appearance, and after effects all appear to be highly synthetic. The port wine has certainly never been nearer Portugal than the Kremlin.

The great difficulties in dealing with the U.S.S.R. are the compulsory pricing of all Chinese exports by the Russian authorities, their refusal to pay cash, their inability to deliver Russian goods in exchange except after great delays, and the lack of variety of these goods. The merchants of Ili, however, have no other market for their exports, which consist chiefly of wool, skins, and a few minor products, and have no redress. Everybody in the streets of Ili seems to be in business, and it is not easy to find someone who has not got a couple of lamb skins or a marmot skin in his hand. Smuggling is very brisk, and it is impossible to check it under present conditions.

There are still a few signs left of the Russian occupation. In the upper Kunges the old Russian forts are pointed out, and the names of many villages are said to be traceable to Russian influence. The Russians grouped families into a unit of one hundred under a headman, and villages are called after this classification—*e.g.*, Islam Yuz, or the hundred under the headman Islam.

Travelling through the district, no traveller can fail to see the possibilities of development and the flourishing industries that could be established here. The soil is productive, and everything will grow, and it only needs a little impetus for Ili to become a prosperous area supporting a large population. As it is there is no real progress, and, until someone with energy comes along, things will go on in the present hugger-mugger way.

Although Ili is capable of producing far more than its own requirements, the price of corn was very high in 1929, which was said to have been due to heavy, if contraband, exports of grain to Russian territory. Yet there is enough land in Ili to produce enough and more than enough for all, as was the case with Semirechia a few years ago, starvation ridden though it be today.

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WAHHABISM IN ARABIA: PAST AND PRESENT*

By SHEIKH HAFIZ WAHBA

COUNSELLOR TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF THE HEDJAZ AND MINISTER OF EDUCATION

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

I thank you one and all for the trouble you have taken in coming over here this afternoon to listen to this brief sketch in which I endeavour to review the history of Wahhabism, its origin in former times, its recent progress; or, in other words, I shall analyze to you, as clearly and as precisely as I can, the Gospel which they are preaching and the principles which they are propagating.

If I regret anything this afternoon, it is my inability to address you in your own beautiful language, which I have set myself the task of learning and mastering; for what could be more romantic than to see a real and genuine "Sheikh" addressing such a brilliant gathering in the heart of London in the English tongue?

You will allow me to state at the outset that this sketch is of a general character; it is a purely unbiased historical survey, which aims neither at raising any religious controversy, nor at supporting a certain creed or sect against another; it is solely and purely a colourless elucidation of Wahhabism as it really is. After that, you can pass your judgment for or against it.

A Retrospect: Appearance of Ibn Taimiyyah.

Before dealing with the origin of Wahhabism I must ask your indulgence to cast a hurried glance at the events which took place at the end of and the beginning of the sixth and seventh centuries of the Muslim era respectively, which roughly corresponds to the thirteenth century of the Christian era. I particularly chose that period because it is closely connected with the rise of Wahhabism.

It was late in the sixth century (Muslim era) that the renowned Muslim theologian, Sheikh Ibn Taimiyyah, appeared. Curiously enough, the appearance of that great reformer in the East synchronized with the appearance of the great reformer Luther in the West. You will forgive me, ladies and gentlemen, for stating that, but for the

* Lecture delivered in Arabic to a group of the Central Asian Society on July 5, Lord Allenby in the Chair.

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difference of creed and the then scanty means of communication between Orient and Occident, one could safely say that each of these two great men was inspired by the other and was preaching a similar Gospel.

It might interest and astound you, ladies and gentlemen, to hear that while Luther was attacking the clericals, Ibn Taimiyyah was harassing the "Mullas" and "Sufis"; further, while the former was preaching the simple Gospel of the Bible and denouncing "Confession," the latter was urging a return to the simple teachings of the "Qur-án" and "Tradition" and exclusion of any medium or intermediary between man and his Creator.

Ibn Taimiyyah was, further, against all imitators, who would stick only to the methods of one of the four Muslim chiefs, and he was for *Ijtihad*; understanding, in his opinion, was a common privilege, and infallibility was claimed only by the holy prophets.

This corresponded exactly with what Luther was preaching when he repudiated the idea that understanding the holy Gospel was a privilege reserved only to clericals.

Further, while Ibn Taimiyyah was vigorously attacking the stupid beliefs current in his days and proclaiming that repentance was open before one and all, Luther was against intercession.

In a word, both reformers were endeavouring to emancipate humanity from the clerical bondage, so long as that emancipation did not involve an abandonment of any of the sound principles laid down by religion.

But Luther was the more fortunate of the two. For by dint of excellent preparation, combined with unique favourable circumstances, his doctrines spread far and wide until they were consummated in the new Protestantism.

His contemporary in the East was, however, less fortunate. None of the princes had supported him. It was only natural that he, in due course, should reap the fruits of the wrath brought about by his slanderous opponents at the Court of the Mameluke Sultans, which led ultimately to his imprisonment and maltreatment. Little wonder, then, that his doctrines remained dormant compared with his great contemporary's.

I hope, ladies and gentlemen, an occasion may present itself when I can deal more fully with the teaching of these two reformers. A comparative analysis would, I presume, be of absorbing interest to all students of history.

WAHHABISM.

Ladies and gentlemen, paradoxical though it may sound to you, the term "Wahhabism," notwithstanding its world-wide significance, is,

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literally, unknown in Nejd. Probably Turkish diplomacy was responsible for this nomenclature. It looks as if that diplomacy aimed at antagonizing Islam against the people of Nejd by representing them as the pioneers of a new form of Islam contrary to what had been taught by the four recognized leaders of that religion. But what a gross misrepresentation! For the Nejd people are, in fact, followers of the Imam Ahmed Ibn Hanbal, the fourth of the said leaders of the four schools of thought of Islam, who has a tremendous following scattered all over the Mohammedan world.

But, though the term does not exist in Nejd, as I have just explained, I am nevertheless going to use it, as it seems to be the recognized name by which the Nejd people are known outside their dominions.

Mohammad Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhab.

In 1703 Sheikh Mohammad Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb was born at Al-'Uyaina, north of Riyād, the present capital of Nejd. He received his elementary schooling from his father. Later he travelled to Al-Hasa, the Hedjaz, and Basra, seeking knowledge and learning. It was in this way that he became an authority on "Hadith"—*i.e.*, the Prophet's Traditions—on jurisprudence, and on the Arabic language. He also became thoroughly conversant with everything connected with theology. Further, he acquainted himself with what was perpetrated in those countries which was considered contrary to the spirit of Islam. Lastly, he mastered several of the works of Sheikhu 'l-Islam Ibn Taimiyyah and his disciples, especially Ibn Al-Qayyim and Ibn Kathīr, etc.

Nejd in Former Days.

From a religious point of view Nejd was a battle-ground for sectarian animosities and feuds, which were one and all in opposition to the true spirit of Islam.

Take the question of the tombs, for instance, which were thought to belong to the Prophet's companions.

There was such a tomb at Wādī Musīm that was purported to belong to Zaid, son of 'Omar the second caliph. People used to flock to that tomb and there pray for amelioration of their lot and fulfilment of their needs.

Similar tombs existed at Dar'iyyah, which became, later on, the seat of the Ibn Sa'ūd dynasty. They were frequented by the people for similar purposes.

But strangest of all, ladies and gentlemen, was that male genus of palm-tree at Biladata 'l-Fiddah, to which spinsters flocked, fervently and openly praying for a speedy matrimony before the year was out.

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Then there was that mysterious cave at Dar'iyyah, which was held in reverence by the people, as it was thought, so the story goes, to have been the shelter of a certain "daughter of the Amīr," who, having fled from the molestation of a certain tyrant, sought shelter in a rocky mountain and made good her escape in a cave which was miraculously opened in the mountain.

These and similar stories show you the then prevalent condition of Nejd from a religious point of view.

From the administrative point of view, however, justice was administered solely according to the arbitrary rule of the princes and their satellites.

Politically, Arabia was divided into innumerable little states, over each of which ruled a prince who had nothing in common with his next-door neighbour. Prominent amongst those princes were Prince Al-'Urai'ar in Al-Hasa, Al-Mu'ammar in 'Uyainah, the sheriffs in the Hedjaz, as-Sa'ūd in Dar'iyyah, and as-Sa'adūn in the Mesopotamia tablelands. Besides these there were smaller and less important princes, who need not be discussed here.

The Arabian townsfolk were in perpetual war with the country Bedouins; the Princes were in turn waiting for the favourable opportunity to fly at one another's throat if any of them caught the other in a state of unpreparedness.

Such, in brief, ladies and gentlemen, was the condition of Arabia and Nejd when Sheikh Mohammad Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb returned home. He settled at 'Uyainah, where he resolved to spare no effort to purge Nejd of all its evils. He began to preach to the people to revert to the true and pure Islam, discarding all latter-day heresies and everything that was contrary to the spirit of Islam. Meanwhile he enjoined upon the authorities to enforce the Islamic penal code.

He gave his message in a most peaceful manner. At the same time he got into touch with the leading Muslim theologians in other lands, and to them expressed his grief at what had befallen Islam, urging upon them to rouse themselves to Islamic reform. All this was naturally bound to exasperate his opponents and those whose authority was jeopardized by his preaching. Ultimately he was compelled to leave 'Uyainah, which Sulaimān al-Muhammad, Chief of Beni Khalid and Al-Hasa, had threatened to attack unless it rid itself of Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb.

In 1741 he left it for Dar'iyyah, the seat of the Ibn Sa'ūd dynasty, and there met their chief, Mohammad, with whom he immediately entered into an alliance, aiming at religious restoration, purging Arabia of all heresy, and preaching the true gospel of Islam both to the townsfolk and Bedouins regardless both of the difficulties that might arise before them and the dangers to which they might be exposed from their

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opponents; they verily believed that by the grace of God they were mightier, and by the righteousness of their cause more firmly fortified.

Ladies and gentlemen, since Mohammad Ibn Sa'ūd entrusted Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb with the supervision of everything concerned with theology, the latter, remaining at Dar'iyyah, continued peacefully to preach the true gospel of Islam; but no sooner did they discover that their adversaries had combined against them in the hope of suppressing the propagation of this holy gospel, than they resolved to resort to the sword, and they consequently declared *djehād* according to their modest means.

You might, indeed, ladies and gentlemen, be astounded to learn that these religious wars lasted over sixty years, and were in some respects reminiscent of the wars that lasted for generations between Catholics and Protestants in the West.

In 1765 the Amīr Mohammad Ibn Sa'ūd passed away, but his son 'Abdu 'l-Aziz followed in his footsteps in supporting Sheikh Ibn 'Abdul 'l-Wahhāb in propagating his mission all over Arabia.

Although the Sa'ūd dynasty waged those wars against their united enemies, the aims of the latter were frustrated; indeed, the mission gained in strength and made headway as gradually and as surely as the might of Ibn Sa'ūd became dominant in Arabia.

In 1791 Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb passed away, after having fulfilled his life's work and laid a sound foundation for his mission. His sons succeeded him, and allied themselves more closely with the Ibn Sa'ūd dynasty.

In 1805 the whole of the Arabian Peninsula, together with a great part of Yemen and Oman, was already under the sway of as-Sa'ūd; the inhabitants of these vast regions actually performed their religious rites according to the method initiated by Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb.

The Turks, ladies and gentlemen, naturally became alarmed at the turn of events in Arabia, just as they had been alarmed at the rapid rise to power of Mohammad 'Alī in Egypt. They therefore thought it politic to get rid of both opponents by bringing a conflict between them, which culminated in temporarily crippling the power of the Sa'ūd dynasty.

But sheer brutal force could not, and did not, shake the faith of the people of Nejd, nor damp their ardour.

What is Wahhabism?

Ladies and gentlemen, I have just stated that the term "Wahhabism" is unknown in Arabia. But it is now generally applied to any person who aims at religious reformation, even if that person be a complete stranger to Nejd. Nay, the confusion on that point was such that even Ibn Taimiyyah was mistaken for a Wahhābī, although he had appeared five centuries before Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb.

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In religion, as well as in dealing with other people, the Wahhābīs differ not from the rest of Muslims; they are followers of Ibn Hanbal, one of the four Muslim Imams. They only aim at restoring Islam to what it was in the time of the holy Prophet and the great caliphs. Their teachings could be briefly summarized as follows:

First, individual interpretation from the Qur-án and Tradition is open to one and all so long as a person, in virtue of his education and learning, can do so. A learned man is entitled to understand the Qur-án and Tradition. Religion, in their opinion, is no monopoly of a certain class that claims to itself the sole right of interpreting the Qur-án and the Prophet's practice.

Secondly, everything and every action is done by God, Who is Omnipotent. No human being, however exalted, can intercede with him for a sinner. One has to rely only on what good one can do in this world, as the holy Qur-án verily says: "He who has done an atom's weight of good, he shall see it; he who has done an atom's weight of evil, he shall see it."

It follows, therefore, that intercession has no value according to Wahhābī teaching, and that the way of repentance, on the other hand, is open to all people without a medium or intermediary, for God is verily nearer to one than his life-vein.

It is likely that the idea of intercession originated from bygone centuries, when favouritism was rampant. You know, ladies and gentlemen, that a king is popular so long as he freely mixes with his own people and tries personally to redress any wrong of which they may be complaining. The same cannot be said of the king who prefers to be hedged in by a battalion of guards who render him inaccessible to his people. If that be the case, ladies and gentlemen, of ordinary kings, is it not only natural, as the Wahhābīs believe, that the King of Kings, the Creator, should be accessible to His creatures without any intermediary?

Thirdly, actions only matter in this world—*i.e.*, one is not considered a true Muslim merely because one believes in God and His Holy Prophet without performing the practices of Islam or believing in access to God by other means than goodly actions in this world.

Fourthly, worship in its various forms should be given to God and to God alone. In other words, no offerings should be made except to Him; with Him alone should one intercede by means of right action. Access to God should not be sought through tombs, nor should these be approached for fulfilment of worldly desires.

Fifthly, God worship must be on the lines indicated by His Holy Prophet. But dealing with people could be adjusted according to the requirements of the time subject to the general spirit of Islam.

In a word, the Wahhābīs aim at the restoration of the happy days

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of the caliphs, who, in virtue of their long association with the Holy Prophet, are more conversant with the spirit of legislation, and are in a better position to understand the Prophet's methods and ways.

MODERN WAHHABISM.

After the suppression of the political influence of the Wahhābīs by the Turks, Wahhabism was almost confined to Nejd. But Sheikh Mohammad 'Âbdu, the late Grand Mufti of Egypt, was indeed the first man in the Nile Valley to eulogize Sheikh Mohammad Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb and denounce his opponents. Nay, Sheikh 'Abdu, in his lectures at Al-Azhar, was preaching the very teachings of Ibn 'Abdu 'l-Wahhāb, with this difference—that the latter had behind him Ibn Sa'ūd's word and influence while the former had only a small following amongst the enlightened Egyptians.

The disciples of the Sheikh 'Abdu are without exaggeration, ladies and gentlemen, to be considered as Wahhābīs in practice, though not in name, and without the prestige of their illustrious chief.

During Sheikh 'Abdu's life a policeman was for the first time put in the Husain Mosque to prevent worshippers from rubbing their shoulders against the well-known pillar to which the people flocked for fulfilment of their wishes. Indeed, he caused to be written on it that it was but a mere pillar of stone that could do neither harm nor good. But, unfortunately, that great reformer passed away before the realization of his programme of reforms.

It is gratifying, however, ladies and gentlemen, to see many of the principles of Ibn Taimiyyah have, for the first time in the history of Egyptian legislation, been incorporated in the law dealing with personal relations. Great credit for that is due to the present Chief of Al-Azhar and his colleague the present Grand Mufti, who are amongst the senior disciples of the late Sheikh 'Abdu.

It is no exaggeration, ladies and gentlemen, if I state, categorically and publicly, that the enlightened class in every Muslim land is Wahhābī in practice, though not in name or origin, because it is this class, as is duly recognized in all the Muslim world, that preaches the gospel of self-reliance, suppression of hagiology, or appeal to the inmates of tombs who belong to the past and can do neither good nor evil.

Wahhabism, furthermore, preaches true democracy and exclusion of the so-called "holy influence" which the Turkish Ottamans, following the example of the Romans, assumed for themselves. The attitude of the Wahhābīs towards their king is governed by the Islamic principle, "No submission to a mortal contrary to the laws of the Creator." This same principle is applied everywhere; the tendency is always towards the limitation of the ruler's influence.

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Any of you who visits Nejd or the Hedjaz at the present time would see for himself how freely the chief of the Wahhābīs mixes with his people; you would indeed imagine that you were in Islam's glorious bygone days, or, on account of Ibn Sa'ūd's simplicity of life, strength of character, justice, pride, foresight, and statesmanship, you might imagine that you were in the time of Caliph 'Omar the Great.

In 1910 the present King Ibn Sa'ūd resolved to attain what his predecessor could not do. The Wahhābī's teaching was formerly preached amongst town-dwellers only. Consequently, Bedouins were responsible to a great extent for much of the upheaval that had taken place at different times. They always sided with the party whom they dreaded most or who promised them most booty. That is why they were sometimes counted as Egyptians or Turkish or Wahhābīs or Reshidites. The onus of defence fell thereby on the shoulders of town-dwellers. King Ibn Sa'ūd thought fit to tackle this Bedouin question by establishing special dwellings for them near the springs and encouraging them to follow agricultural pursuits, and by detailing to each and every village a learned sheikh to instruct them in the elements of theology and good conduct, reading and writing, and reading to them the life of the holy Prophet as well as his predecessors, of Prophets, Apostles, and holy men. They are also being warned against the evils of desert life and its accompaniments, aggression on other peoples' lives and property, etc. It is eight years since the present king started this policy, but the Bedouins, after being a great menace to Nejd, have now become a powerful factor for good, and they certainly have a say in the administration and policy of the country; and whereas they were formerly a danger to whichever party they elected to support, they have now become staunch and reliable in the face of death itself, as might be illustrated by this humorous anecdote.

It was after the Battle of Tarba, between Ibn Sa'ūd and ex-King Hussein in 1919, which culminated in the annihilation of the latter's forces, that a Bedouin came to one of the learned sheikhs to inquire about the meaning of "hypocrisy"; on being informed of it, the Bedouin asked, "Should I be considered a hypocrite deserving God's wrath if I met the enemy not with my face but with my side?" The sheikh retorted, "Not unless you turned your back on him," to which the Bedouin replied: "I don't consider this to be a true interpretation. So I demand that you should beat my side with your stick so as to purge it of hypocrisy. For, on seeing the enemy's intense fire, I temporarily lost courage; but I soon regained it; I did not turn my back on him; I simply sprang on him, and with sword in hand I rushed on his gun and killed him. I demand, nevertheless, that you should soundly thrash this side which showed temporary wavering to purge it of hypocrisy."

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WAHHABISM AND THE CALIPHATE.

Well, this is rather an interesting topic on which, I believe, you require some enlightenment from the representative of Ibn Sa'ūd.

Before the Great War, Nejd was politically and internationally regarded as a Turkish province. Nevertheless, the people of Nejd never recognized Turkish authority or the Turkish Caliphate. For the Wahhābīs never considered the Turks to be the true and ardent supporters of Islam which they ought to have been as caliphs.

They had abolished the Islamic penal code, left the heart and spirit of Islam, and become the staunch supporters of the "Mullas," the "Dancing Dervishes," and other sects that were an insult to Islam.

Rumour had it that the present king, Ibn Sa'ūd, was aiming at the caliphate. The people who are in the confidence of Ibn Sa'ūd could not imagine a more groundless fantasy. I declare, categorically and publicly, that Ibn Sa'ūd entertains nothing of the sort.

Muslims at the present time are not as they used to be in the time of the four great caliphs. They were then one centralized Government. The caliphate, therefore, was symbolized by the head of that immense and complex Government, who was in a position to defend it in every corner of his far-flung dominions. The oath of fidelity was then tantamount to what is called in modern times "popular verdict by referendum."

But most of the Muslim peoples nowadays are under the sway of many Foreign Powers; a caliph could accordingly have no authority whatsoever. He could, at his best, be a mere figurehead to an institution that no longer existed. Ibn Sa'ūd most emphatically declines to be that figurehead. Furthermore, he sees that the caliphate is a burden which involves endless and useless troubles for him.

ISLAMIC PROPAGANDA IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Ladies and gentlemen, this lecture would not be complete if I did not make a brief reference to Islamic propaganda in Britain and what toleration it meets with. Will you allow me to state that I am not in the least surprised about that; for, are not the British people well known for their strength of character, fairness, and tolerance?

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT FOR THE UNION POSTAL CONGRESS.

Ladies and gentlemen, if I may be allowed to make a digression, it is to express my profound gratitude for the hospitality and generosity extended by the British Government to the delegates of the Union Postal Congress during the past two months. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was gracious enough to inaugurate the sittings of the Congress at the

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House of Lords on May 10. After that the machinery of the British Secretariat of the Congress was set in motion, and it worked full time and overtime. It is no exaggeration to state that the Secretariat and General Williamson spared no effort to make the stay of the delegates in this country all that could be desired and full of happy reminiscences. Even the British weather joined in that hospitality, and the sun kept shining all the time of the Congress. May I be allowed to add that the work of the Secretariat was very successful and highly appreciated by the representatives of eighty nations? It is therefore gratifying to see amongst you the head of the British Secretariat, Mr. Fulke Radice, and his wife, Mrs. Fulke Radice, who during the past two months have spared no effort to provide for the comfort of the delegates. For this I offer my sincere thanks to His Majesty's Government.

Thanking Lord Allenby.

Before resuming my seat I must express my sincere thanks to Lord Allenby for having consented to sacrifice some of his valuable time to accept the chair this afternoon. He is truly a great man, whom you rightly honour as much as we Arabs rightly respect. For, as you well know, we have been brought up to admire courage and truthfulness, and Lord Allenby is the embodiment of both; moreover, on many an occasion his Lordship showed a marked sympathy with the cause of the Arabs.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I must again thank you all for having listened to my lecture, and I sincerely thank the Central Asian Society for all the assistance it rendered to make this meeting a complete success. (Applause.)

The lecture was ably translated by Shukri Bey.

Speeches and questions in Arabic and English followed. Professor Margoliouth, speaking in Arabic and English, praised the able exposition of the history of Wahhabism; all wellwishers and lovers of Islam welcomed the skill and moderation with which that great and living movement was now guided. Mr. Yusuf Ali spoke in English, Mr. Eldon Rutter in Arabic and in English. Sir Percy Cox asked when the term Wahhābī came into use; he also spoke of the great pleasure it had given him to hear such beautiful Arabic.

The Chairman, in summing up, welcomed the distinguished lecturer in the name of the Central Asian Society, and thanked him for his extremely able lecture. He had had the greatest pleasure in listening to the lecture and to Mr. Shukri Bey's translation; but, moreover, as a friend of the Arab people he welcomed such a lecture, and hoped it might be followed by others of the same kind. (Applause.)

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A SURVEY OF WAHHABI ARABIA, 1929*

By H. ST. J. B. PHILBY, C.I.E.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

To one who spends as much of his time as I do in self-imposed exile far from the delights that appeal to the great masses of civilized humanity it is always exceedingly gratifying to find on the occasion of one's fleeting visits home that the sphere which one has chosen for one's life-work is not altogether without interest for one's fellow-countrymen. Whatever the season and however near what we are accustomed to call *the* season is to its end—and I fully realize that the imperious claims of work and amusement during these summer months are essentially more exhausting to health and temper than the simple life and delightful climate which have been my lot during the two years which have elapsed since I last left England—it would seem from my experience that there are always two or three guileless persons ready to gather together for an afternoon in the hope of inhaling something of the perfumes of Araby. Perhaps, if the truth were known, they come rather in the hope of witnessing a gladiatorial combat, for, as most of you know, Arabia since the war has been a fruitful battleground of virulent controversy, to which I have contributed my modest quota and from which I have acquired the wholly unmerited reputation of ever being ready to rush in where angels fear to tread. I am very glad to see some of the angels assembled here before me, and I shall endeavour to tempt them to tread for once, however gingerly, the elusive sands of Arabian controversy for the delectation and instruction of those of you who have been good enough to come here to hear me and them. It is curious how Arabia, the extreme south-westerly corner of the great continent of Asia and geologically more African than Asiatic in character, has recently tended to become the *pièce de résistance* as it were of the intellectual meals so lavishly supplied by a Society which owes its inception to the Russian and other nineteenth-century bogeys of Central Asia. It would almost seem that, yielding unconsciously to the growing influence of the socialistic war on luxury, the Central Asian Society has removed caviare and vodka from its sessional menus in favour of a simpler diet of locusts and wild honey. On that change it is to be congratulated, but it is with some trepidation that I stand before you this evening, knowing as I do that you have had a good dose of Arabian physic during the session which is so near its end. I under-

* Lecture given to the Central Asian Society on July 22, 1929, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond in the Chair.

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stand you have during the past few months heard Mr. B. S. Thomas and Mr. Said-Ruete on the affairs of South-Eastern Arabia, and that Mr. Eldon Rutter has had an opportunity of initiating you into some of the mysteries of Mecca and the Islamic Holy Land, while more recently you have had a treat which must surely be unique in the annals of the Society. I refer to the address in Arabic recently delivered before you by H. E. Shaikh Hafidh Wahba, which provoked quite a number of the members of the Society to reply wholly or in part in his own beautiful and magnificent tongue. I am sorry to have missed that treat, and I am still more sorry that the Shaikh is not able to be here today owing to his detention in a nursing home after an operation. I do not know whether there was anyone present on that occasion who was able to tell you anything about the very distinguished part he has played in the creation and development of the Wahhabi State about which I am to speak today. An Egyptian by birth, he was some years ago one of the young men who took a prominent part in the post-war beginnings of the Egyptian nationalist movement, and he endured a certain amount of inevitable tribulation for his pains. But his opportunity for distinction came a few years later when he realized that the country and service of Ibn Saud offered the best chance to young, vigorous, and intelligent men to help on the cause of Arab independence to which they had consecrated their lives. He accordingly made his way to Riyadh about the year 1922, when the future of Arabia was still in suspense between the Wahhabi and Sharifian dynasties then contending for the supremacy. Ibn Saud was able to profit by his experience and counsel, and when, in 1925, the Wahhabi invasion of the Hijaz was crowned by final success, Hafidh Wahba was one of the small band of distinguished men to whom history will accord the credit of reorganizing the administration of a country which had become a scene of chaos under the extraordinary rule of King Husain. To give but one instance of his influence at this period I would single him out as the pioneer of motor transport in Arabia: under the régime of Husain I think there were only four motor-cars in the Hijaz; that was the position in January, 1926, and the four cars all belonged to the king himself and his family. Now, after little more than three years, the number of cars operating in the country must be close on 1,500; and if you want to know whether that has been an advantage you have only to ask the thousands of pilgrims who have visited the holy cities of Islam during the four pilgrimages which have been made under Wahhabi auspices. About 420,000 pilgrims have come from overseas during these last four seasons, and I suppose that at least half of them have used the motor-car in preference to the camel in travelling to Mecca and Madina. I imagine that most of them fully appreciate the difference in the two methods of locomotion in so far as their physical comfort is concerned;

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and perhaps some of you also have good reason to understand the change involved by the introduction of motor traffic into the pilgrim country, while the rest can surely guess.

In this move, as I have indicated, Shaikh Hafidh Wahba played a leading part, thus contributing substantially to the comfort of the pilgrims, while Ibn Saud himself devoted his energies to securing their safety while travelling on the roads of the Hijaz. Security and comfort for the pilgrims have indeed been the watchwords of Wahhabi policy in the Hijaz during the past few years, and those two assets constitute the outstanding differences between the Wahhabi régime of today and the Turkish and Sharifian régimes of past years and centuries. It cannot be denied that the pilgrim of today is better cared for and safer than his predecessors ever were; but we can go further and say that in no country of the world is the standard of personal security and safety higher than in the Hijaz and in Wahhabi Arabia generally. It would be a very poor country for evening newspapers and other journals of a sensational character which depend on head-lines and placards for their sales to guileless persons in search of excitement. Yet these extraordinary results have been achieved with a surprisingly small expenditure on military or police organizations; one never sees a guardian of the peace on the high-roads of the Hijaz, but highway robbery has ceased to be attractive as an occupation for gentlemen as effectively as in England. Its disadvantages are now too great, and it is quite extraordinary how safe private property is even when carelessly left about by its owners. Some time ago, for instance, I was returning with a small party by car from a picnic on the Rabigh road, and we found on arrival at Jidda that our lunch-basket had dropped off the carrier on the way. Next day we sent out a car to recover it, and the basket was duly found in a somewhat damaged condition by the wayside. A revolver and some ammunition and other desirable articles were found intact, while practically all the loose food had disappeared, but it was not difficult to fix the guilt for such pilfering. After all, the hyena and various birds of prey cannot be expected to be respecters even of Wahhabi laws, and a colony of ants had settled down comfortably to finish up the remnants left by the larger animals. Meanwhile such human beings as had passed that way had apparently resisted the temptation of inspecting the contents of the basket. It is perhaps unnecessary to labour the point, and I ask you to accept my statement of fact that there is complete security of life and property throughout Wahhabi Arabia, and particularly in the Hijaz, where the interests of the pilgrims are concerned.

It is consequently somewhat strange to have to admit that a state of extraordinary lawlessness still continues on all the frontiers where Wahhabi territory impinges on the countries under a British mandate.

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And this admission brings me to what must inevitably be the main point of my address to you today, the story of a rather unnecessary misunderstanding between Arabia and Great Britain and of its lamentable consequences. To understand the matter aright you have to go back to the years 1921 and 1922, when the British Government, having recently taken up a mandate for Iraq and Trans-Jordan, was concerned to secure in consultation with Ibn Saud some understanding as to where those countries ended and Najd began. Such an understanding was all the more necessary in view of the ever-growing estrangement between Ibn Saud on the one hand and the various elements of the Sharifian family, which had commended themselves to the British Government as suitable rulers of the states fringing the Arabian desert on the west, north, and north-east. Hitherto such a thing as a demarcated boundary in the desert had been entirely unknown, and the natural boundaries between the various Badawin tribes had expanded and contracted under the influence of pastoral and political conditions, the whole area of the desert and the sown being at any rate nominally under the single supreme control of the Ottoman Government. The post-war policy of the British Government had, however, for better or worse created a series of separate states in this area, and this creation had pointed in the direction of the stereotyping of boundaries. Ibn Saud saw no need for such a revolutionary development so contrary to the Badawin sentiment of countless ages, and he rightly foresaw that, whatever arrangement was arrived at by the responsible rulers of the various spheres, difficulties of a practical nature would arise as soon as a shortage of rain or pasture forced the tribes of one side or the other to cross a boundary which had no existence except on scraps of paper called maps, which no Badawin could possibly be expected to read or worry about. Nevertheless, he sent his representatives to discuss the matter with Sir Percy Cox, who was then the British High Commissioner of Iraq, and it is not surprising that the practised diplomatic skill of the latter gained an easy victory over the comparative inexperience of the Najdi mission, which by accepting the instrument known as the Treaty of Muhammara early in 1922, allowed the imposition of a hard-and-fast boundary line between the Badawin tribes of Najd and their customary pasture lands along the Iraq hinterland. Ibn Saud was quick to perceive the disadvantages of such an arrangement, and boldly denounced the treaty as having been agreed to by his representatives without authority. Such a step was obviously well within his rights, as such a treaty could not come into force without his formal ratification; and Sir Percy Cox was constrained to propose a meeting with Ibn Saud himself for the purpose of discussing any modifications which he might have to propose in the unwelcome treaty. The meeting took place at the end of 1922 at Uqair, opposite Bahrain,

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and, to cut a long story short, resulted in what are known as the Protocols of Uqair, which were to be read as part and parcel of the Treaty of Muhammara. Sir Percy Cox had his way in the matter of a fixed boundary, but the diplomacy of Ibn Saud secured an important modification of the principle involved in that it was agreed that, firstly, the boundary should in no way interfere with the immemorial rights of the Badawin to water and pasture on either side of the imaginary line as of old without let or hindrance; and, secondly, that the wells and watering-places on either side of the frontier should on no account be used for military purposes, or for the building of forts or fortified camps and the like. The compromise seemed reasonable enough in the circumstances if the British Government really insisted on a boundary, and Ibn Saud can at least claim that, in agreeing to a modified form of boundary, he proved beyond dispute both his goodwill and his faith in the honesty of British intentions. And what is more, the text of the Uqair protocols seemed so straightforward and clear that there seemed to be no possibility of its actual meaning ever being called in question. But a new generation arose in Iraq which knew not Jacob, and five years later, in the autumn of 1927, the Iraq Government, presumably with the approval of Sir Henry Dobbs, the then High Commissioner, and therefore of the British Government, proceeded to build a fort or a fort-like building at the wells of Busaiya on the Iraq side of the frontier. Almost at the same moment a party of Badawin of the Mutair tribe arrived at the same place in search of water, and seeing the builders at work in a place where their own king had assured them that no buildings would ever be allowed under the treaty, fell upon the infringers of the desert peace and massacred them. Thereupon British aeroplanes and armoured cars were launched into the desert to seek out and destroy the Badawin encampments; and the Badawin retaliated by raids into Iraq and Kuwait territory.

For several months a sort of unofficial war surged to and fro across the desert frontier, and the more light-headed organs of the British press filled their columns with news items calculated to alarm and excite their perfectly ignorant readers. It was Ibn Saud himself who proposed that the whole affair should be transferred from the battle-field to the council-chamber for discussion in a calm atmosphere; but the incident had by then created a deep and unpleasant impression among the tribes of Najd, the effects of which have not even yet been entirely eradicated by the vigorous methods adopted by Ibn Saud since the negotiations with Sir Gilbert Clayton to bring the wilder elements of his own Badawin population to heel. The more fanatical Ikhwan elements of Najd are convinced that the building of the fort at Busaiya (and the other forts contemplated by the Iraq Government) is in some way intended as a threat to and an encroachment on their rights and

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independence; and probably nothing short of the demolition of these forts will ever convince them to the contrary. On the other hand, Ibn Saud intends to show them that, while in general he shares their view of the impropriety of such building, it is he and not they that is responsible to secure their ultimate removal, at which he aims through the usual diplomatic channels. He has therefore been unwittingly involved in a double quarrel for which no responsibility whatever attaches to him though he has had to shoulder all the unpleasantness of it, for it can scarcely be doubted for a moment that it is very repugnant to him to have to strike down his own faithful followers merely for their excess of zeal in a cause that is entirely his own, while I can assure you that it is very distasteful to him to be involved in any kind of dispute with the British Government. Fortunately, that dispute has been conducted in an atmosphere of evident goodwill on both sides, thanks to the efforts of both Ibn Saud and Sir Gilbert Clayton; and the hope of an early and satisfactory solution to a difficult problem is greatly enhanced by two factors. First and foremost, Sir Gilbert Clayton, having acquired a deep and personal knowledge of the Wahhabi end of the problem, has gone to Iraq as High Commissioner; and, secondly, one of the Iraq representatives who accompanied him to Jidda last year, namely Taufiq Bey al Suwaidi, has now become Prime Minister in Iraq; and he never made any secret of his personal opinion that such a problem was essentially one for solution by arbitration. Surely that is the best method of approach to a problem in respect of which the inability of the two sides to agree is entirely due to the fact that they have committed themselves to conflicting interpretations of the very simple wording of the Uqair protocols. Sir Percy Cox will doubtless have something to say to you as regards his interpretation of certain treaty clauses of which he was part-author; but I can assure you categorically that the other part-author of those clauses, namely Ibn Saud himself, regards the building of the Busaiya fort as a clear infringement of the Uqair protocols as understood by him, and as the protocols were framed in Arabic, he has at least a serious claim to be heard in respect of their proper interpretation. I do not, however, propose to trouble you, in spite of the great collective knowledge of Arabic displayed by you on the occasion of Hafidh Wahba's recent lecture, with a detailed discussion of the exact meaning of the words *Atraf al hudud*, on which the dispute seems to turn. I can only say that I agree unreservedly with Ibn Saud's interpretation and that I should expect him to succeed on arbitration.

The idea of arbitration leads one to hope that the scope of any arbitral commission might be extended to embrace certain other problems which have for too long already been outstanding between the British Government and Wahhabi Arabia. For instance, there is the

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vexed question of the Aqaba-Maan district which, in July, 1925, was annexed to the area of the British mandate by force of arms, while Ibn Saud was engaged in the expulsion of the Sharifian dynasty from other parts of the Hijaz ; and that in spite of a British declaration of neutrality in the struggle between the two contending elements. I do not propose to develop this point any further as I have already discussed it on other occasions, but I would press for an early and definite solution of a problem that inevitably retards the development—the economic development—of the Hijaz. Another question suitable for inclusion in the scope of the arbitral commission is, of course, that of the Hijaz Railway, the continued monopolization of which by the British and French Governments as mandatories for the territories of Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and Syria scarcely makes for the spread of goodwill among the various Muslim populations of the world, who persist in regarding certain European nations as still wedded to a policy of imperialistic expansion, particularly in the East.

One can talk of these problems now, ten years after the end of the Great War, less bitterly than it was possible to do some years ago at the height of the controversies which they occasioned. Indeed, it is with much satisfaction that I find my own attitude towards some of these matters cleared of all bitterness by the years that have passed over our heads, bringing with them inexorably, slowly perhaps, but surely, a recognition of certain essential factors in the Arab situation. There is no longer, for instance, need of any words of mine to impress upon you the simple fact that Ibn Saud has made good in the immense sphere that fate has called upon him to rule, or to make you realize that he is a valuable asset in the world of today, a progressive and enlightened ruler, the like of which has seldom been seen in Arabia. That it is to the general interest of Great Britain to develop friendly relations with him will scarcely be gainsaid by any thinking person today ; but I would go further and say that we should make early and vigorous efforts to remove from the path all the petty sources of misunderstanding which still militate against complete and whole-hearted co-operation with the Wahhabi ruler in the advancement of the cause of peace and progress in a field that will become increasingly important as this twentieth century of ours speeds on its course. With the speeding up and development of communications, particularly in the air, the Arab countries, forming as they do a nodal point of the old world, must and will become increasingly important. The Arabs, once in the past arbiters of the destinies of a great part of three continents, have woken up after a long sleep and shown beyond dispute that their intellect has not been impaired by their long rest.

So I put it to you all that it is of no small importance for the nations of Europe, and particularly for Great Britain, to secure their

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goodwill and active assistance in the cause of progress on the very lines which some far-seeing spirits during the war envisaged as possible. Those people saw the vast extent of the Arab countries of the future as a state or a series of states, strong and independent and progressive; and in the name of Great Britain and of the Allies, Sir Henry Macmahon made certain promises to the Arabs, which for the most part, I must warn you, have not yet been redeemed. The Arabs have not forgotten those promises and still look to their redemption, and surely the time must be very near for some move in that direction. They were put off in the beginning of the post-war period with the argument that they were not fully able to stand on their own legs, and that therefore they must accept assistance and even control. But since then Ibn Saud and his government have more than vindicated their capacity to rule an enormous area without support and in complete independence for many years; and who will be bold enough to get up and say that the Arabs of Syria and Iraq and Trans-Jordan are less advanced than those of Najd and the Hijaz and less fitted to manage their own affairs? I plead that the time is now full ripe for a careful reconsideration of the whole problem in the light of our own past promises and the measure of progress made in the interval since the war by those sections of the Arabs who have been under tutelage, which after all is the measure of the success or failure of the mandatory Governments in the administration of their charges. And I feel sure that His Majesty's Government, as soon as it can find leisure from its more immediately pressing labours, will approach this problem in a spirit of entire goodwill and of solicitude for the welfare of the Arabs as a whole. That is the only consideration justified by our mandatory position, and I for one am fully disposed to await in patience the verdict of a Government which has already given ample signs of its will to peace and goodwill on earth.

Meanwhile it is a very satisfactory factor in the situation that the French Government, after many years of rather troublous wandering in the wilderness, has shown a manifest disposition to reach a solution of the Syrian problem in consultation with, and perhaps in co-operation with, what I cannot but regard as the element of greatest stability in Arabia—namely, Ibn Saud. It is difficult of course to speak with any precision of more or less unofficial pourparlers on a subject bristling with complications and difficulties, but this much I think I can say: the French Government has come to the conclusion that no local solution of the Syrian embroglio is feasible. It has made many efforts to discover such a solution, and the conclusion to which it has come is probably perfectly sound. It has therefore begun to look further afield for a solution, and there seems to be every reason to hope and believe that it will find one in co-operation with the Wahhabi king, who will certainly be disposed to help any cause likely to bring advan-

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tage to the Arabs of Syria, who are so largely his compatriots, and originally emanated from the deserts which have bred him and his own people. On this point I will say no more for the moment than that the urgency of finding a solution of the Syrian problem, coupled with the unofficial and semi-official discussions which have taken place during the last few months between the officials of the Wahhabi Government and representatives of French interests, point to the possibility of an early solution of the problem itself on what I will boldly call Wahhabi lines. Certain it is that recent French visitors to the Hijaz, including a new French consul of higher status than has hitherto been nominated to Jidda, have been greatly impressed by the manner in which the Wahhabi king has tackled and solved his own problems in the Hijaz and in Najd; and I have recently seen articles in serious French reviews in which a solution on such lines is boldly advocated. All this is perhaps but a straw indicating the direction of the prevailing winds of today; but it helps me, as I hope it will help you also, to feel more optimistic about Arabian affairs than I have been able to feel for many years. For a long time the fortunes of Arabia have been on the ebb, but I feel that there are good reasons for believing that the tide is turning at last, and that no man has contributed more substantially to the change than Ibn Saud himself and the little band of men like Hafidh Wahba and the present Foreign Secretary, Fuad Hamza, and a Finance Minister of pure Najdi birth and breed, who have all in their own ways helped to show that the Arab is not so incapable of managing his own affairs as was supposed not so many years ago.

It is a ground for real satisfaction that Arabian affairs are tending to lose their controversial aspect, and it is particularly satisfactory that both Great Britain and France, the two countries at present most vitally concerned in Arabian developments, have so reoriented their Middle East policy as to bring the Wahhabi State fully into the picture. Another very satisfactory development of recent times has been the recognition accorded to Ibn Saud and his Government by the German Government, and the consequent introduction into Arabia of an element of healthy commercial competition, which can be nothing but beneficial to Arabia itself, while it is to be hoped that it will stimulate British enterprise to something better than the "take it or leave it" attitude which has been an unfortunate feature of the post-war transition period in the Middle East. We have seen how German enterprise has gone ahead in Persia, for instance, during the last few years, and the same thing will inevitably happen in Arabia if we do not take care. There can be no doubt whatever that Arabia is a rapidly developing market capable of absorbing British goods to an almost unlimited extent: and British manufactures, particularly of machinery, are as good as, if not better than, any in the world. Unfortunately, owing to our industrial

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conditions, British manufactures are generally more expensive than those of our rivals, and the Hijaz is not a rich country, and it is quite rightly trying to keep as much as possible out of debt. The solution of the problem in the common interests of the Hijaz and of the British manufacturer would therefore seem to me to lie in the organization of a system of credits. And I would suggest for the consideration of His Majesty's Government that the most should be made of such openings as occur under the Trade Facilities Act. It is essential that all political difficulties should first be removed from the path, and a combination of political settlement with commercial enterprise is undoubtedly what we should aim at now with the least possible delay. And, without offence to other nations, I think I can say with assurance that Ibn Saud would welcome such an arrangement with Great Britain above all things.

This is, after all, natural enough in the circumstances, as, even under present conditions, about three-quarters of the political and diplomatic work of the Wahhabi State is conducted with Great Britain. Such a state of affairs necessitates serious consideration as to whether our existing system of representation in Wahhabi Arabia is adequate to the strain imposed on it. Consular representation is most decidedly not enough, as has been demonstrated by the fact that special envoys have had to be sent to Ibn Saud whenever any matter of importance has had to be discussed with him. Happily there are indications that this inadequate method of representation will shortly be changed; and it is very satisfactory to think that Shaikh Hafidh Wahba, who is at present representing his king in this country, is likely to remain here permanently in some diplomatic capacity. When conditions enable the British Government to nominate a Minister or Chargé-d'affaires to Jidda a long-felt need will have been satisfied, and British relations with Arabia can scarcely fail to be on a better footing thereafter. Hitherto there has inevitably been a feeling that the rival interests of Iraq and Trans-Jordan, when they have clashed with those of the Wahhabi State, have always been supported in the council-chambers of the British Government by much heavier artillery than those of Ibn Saud. Our consuls at Jidda have always done their best to represent his case with vigour, but it needed all the experience and skill of Sir Gilbert Clayton to counterbalance the vigorous advocacy of Sir Henry Dobbs in the recent controversies relating to the Iraq frontier. If I might make a suggestion seemingly in keeping with the general spirit of the foreign policy of our present Government, and trespass for a brief minute on the adjacent field of Egyptian affairs, I would suggest that the needs of the British Government in the important sphere of the Middle East might best be served by the appointment of some diplomat of high standing as Ambassador to Egypt and Arabia. He

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might have a counsellor or Chargé-d'affaires permanently at Jidda. Such a scheme would have the great advantage of correlating British policy in two fields which are much more closely related than some may suppose. This leads me to make a reference to the existing relations between Egypt and Arabia. At present I regret to say that the Egyptian Government has not yet seen fit to accord the usual formal recognition to the Wahhabi State; and I venture to think that in this respect it has been unwise in allowing the spirit of the old Mahmal controversy to brood over the narrow strip of Red Sea which separates two countries both intensely proud of their Arabian culture and civilization. That controversy is no longer a live issue, and the large numbers of Egyptian pilgrims who came to the Hijaz this year would seem to show that the Egyptian people care little for the tinsel and trappings which once used to lend glamour to the performance of their religious duties. I still hope that the Egyptian Government will before long follow the lead unmistakably given to it by the people of Egypt; and I should be very glad to see the British Government lend its good offices for the securing of an official rapprochement between the two Arab countries whose peace and prosperity cannot but be a matter of concern to us. My proposal of a common embassy would perhaps enable us to help towards the solution of this problem without interference with the essential independence of the two countries.

I will not detain you much longer, but I would like to say a few words on a subject on which there seems to be some misconception among people of admitted authority on Arabian affairs. It seems to be generally supposed, and doughty champions of autocratic forms of government like Sir Arnold Wilson rejoice in the supposition, that the administration of the Wahhabi State is what one might class as a beneficent and benevolent tyranny. That seems to me a very erroneous view. It is true that Ibn Saud entirely dominates the Arabian situation at the present moment, but surely he only does so because he carries with him the entire approval of the people he governs. His predecessor in the Hijaz was in the true sense an autocrat, but he never won the approbation of his people, and in due course he fell because his people refused to stir a hand to help him when he got into trouble. The same thing would happen to Ibn Saud if his administration ceased to please, because the Arab is essentially democratic in character, probably the most completely democratic people in the world. At any rate it is a great mistake to suppose that the régime in Arabia is a hereditary tyranny, and I think I can best illustrate this point by saying that the question of the succession is not yet by any means settled. It is certainly not a foregone conclusion, though there is every reasonable ground for supposing that the eldest son, Saud, will in due course succeed his father. This supposition, however, rests on the

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fact that by character and experience he has already shown some of the qualities which have made his father so great a man. He will therefore no doubt before long be acclaimed as the heir-apparent, but the fact that he has to be so acclaimed is not the least interesting feature of the Arabian constitution, which is therefore democratic in theory as well as in practice. Another point in illustration of this contention is the regency arrangement for the administration of the Hijaz during the periods of Ibn Saud's absence in other parts of his territory. There is an elected advisory council of thirteen members (five members from Mecca, three each from Medina and Jidda, and one each from Yanbu and Taif), which considers and reports on all matters requiring legislation. Through this council, which is in permanent session, the king, and in his absence the executive council, which is a sort of regency in commission, is constantly kept in touch with local opinion; and experience has shown that the views of the people do in practice exercise a considerable effect on the legislative activities of the Government. The executive council consists of the Amir Faisal in his capacity as Viceroy of the Hijaz, the Finance Minister, the Foreign Minister, and a Minister without portfolio, who acts as vice-president as well as *ex-officio* president of the advisory council. The Amir Faisal and the Minister without portfolio control all the departments of state which do not come directly under the Foreign and Finance Ministers, but any legislation or important act of government requires the assent of the executive council at all times when the king himself is not present. Thus you will appreciate the fact that in the past few years a scheme of government has been developed which meets all the practical requirements of the situation in Arabia. That scheme gives hope for future stability, and the essentially democratic basis of it should not be ignored by those who under present conditions see the dominating personality of Ibn Saud looming so large over all. For all his modesty no one sees so clearly how essential it is that he should perpetuate the democratic scheme on a sound foundation before he himself passes from the scene. And for all his own dominating influence on affairs, no one practises more honestly the Quranic precept of free consultation on all matters. He is the most accessible of monarchs, and to guard against any attempt to impair that feature of his rule he has recently instituted a common complaint box, of which he himself keeps the key, and which he himself daily opens to read the views of those who wish to approach him privately.

There are many other matters on which I would like to speak today, but I hope I have touched on a sufficient number of the features of the Wahhabi Arabia of today to give the rest of you an opportunity of filling in the short time that remains for discussion. And I only hope that I have been able to contribute something to the maintenance

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of your interest in one of the most interesting countries of the modern world.

Sir ARNOLD WILSON: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I think we must all agree this is one of the most important lectures that we have had for some years. Lord Acton once said that Ranke had taught historians to be critical, to be colourless, and to be new. Mr. Philby has been new, and critical, and to some extent colourless; he has referred to the absence from his utterances of an element which formerly enlivened them which he described as "bitterness," for which I should prefer to substitute the word "controversy." In such matters we want not less, but more, controversy. Clear and definite opinions strongly held and backed by a body of fact are a useful element in the formation of public opinion. Our information regarding Arabia is so defective, for reasons explained by Mr. Philby, that we should greatly miss the presence of an effective controversialist to represent the other side. The impartial writings on Arabian matters that arm-chair students of historical affairs are apt to produce need to be supplemented by the views of those able to express the feelings of the Arabs amongst whom they have lived; and in the past we have had that in full measure, and occasionally running over, from Mr. Philby.

I confess to a mild surprise at the active assistance given to pilgrims by Ibn Saud's administration. Here we have fanatical advocates of the purest monotheism actively assisting members of every race to spend their little all on what the Ikhwan, if I understand them rightly, regard as an idolatrous pilgrimage to a pre-Islamic shrine: the reason no doubt is that the commerce and prosperity of the Hijaz depend on the pilgrimage. That the motor-car should be acceptable to the pilgrims is natural, for the vast majority of them come from countries where the camel is unknown outside a zoo. It is impossible for anyone to talk to pilgrims from all over the world without recognizing the immense boon that Ibn Saud has conferred upon the Islamic nations by the measures he has taken. If we place our diplomatic relations with him on a regular footing by accrediting a diplomatic representative, no doubt our example will be followed by many other powers. Whether that will be satisfactory to Ibn Saud remains to be seen: it is one thing to have a single Minister, but to have a whole colony of them at Jeddah is a different matter; their presence might be a source of real embarrassment.

As to the desirability of arbitration, experience shows that it is absolutely essential to agree in advance what points are to be offered for decision and what documents and what evidence is to be admitted. It is likely to be exceedingly difficult to agree on these preliminaries, more particularly in regard to the Hijaz Railway: it is all very well to describe it as a railway with a religious purpose, but my impression is

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that 95 per cent. of the money was contributed by Turkey, or by Turks under compulsion, and that only 5 per cent. consisted of genuine voluntary contributions. It is an exceedingly complicated question, and I do not see at present material for arbitration. One must first settle the precise points at issue, otherwise the arbitrators have to refer back to the contending parties for instructions. Moreover, Great Britain has succeeded in nine points out of ten that she has submitted to arbitration; at The Hague we have succeeded because we never go to arbitration unless we are certain of our ground. In diplomatic controversy our rule seems to be to give way on every point as to which we are not quite sure of our ground, and to arbitrate only on the irreducible minimum. On the subject of commerce I venture to express the opinion that commercial development in Arabia depends mainly on export possibilities, of which we know little as yet. If the measure of success obtained by Germany in the Hijaz is not greater than that obtained in Persia in recent years, I do not think it is likely to assume formidable dimensions. (Applause.)

A MEMBER: It would be interesting to know how the Wahhabi Government is tackling the problem of education, if it is tackling it at all?

The LECTURER: On the point of education I would refer to the gentleman who sits immediately beside me, His Excellency Shaikh Hafiz Wahba. He was the Minister of Education. I am not going to argue the points raised by Sir Arnold Wilson; they are perfectly legitimate points, but I do not think it would be fair for me to take up your time.

The CHAIRMAN: It remains for me to ask you to thank Mr. Philby for the very interesting discourse that he has given us. He has ranged over a very wide variety of subjects, told us about the difficulty of the forts on the frontier, the Aqabaman district, and the difficulty of the Hijaz railway, and has enabled us to see what points are outstanding and, at any rate, one side of the question. As Sir Arnold Wilson said just now it is a very great advantage if anybody comes here red hot in an opinion, thoroughly convinced of its rightness. I have always heard Mr. Philby speak very strongly, give expression to opinions with the greatest frankness—his criticisms of the Government and of everyone else are given in the most pungent manner. As Sir Arnold Wilson said, we could have enjoyed his being more pungent today. We have had a sketch of the happenings of the last two or three years which enables us to form some sketchy estimation of what is going on in that extraordinarily interesting country. I have nothing to add to the discussion. My purpose in the chair is merely to present to Mr. Philby on your behalf our very grateful thanks for coming here and delivering an address which has widely opened our eyes to this vastly interesting problem. (Applause.)

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SOME HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DESPATCHES OF CAPTAIN JOHN MALCOLM, HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S ENVOY AT THE COURT OF H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA, DECEMBER, 1799, TO MAY, 1801

THESE despatches, which form part of the papers of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, afterwards first Viscount Melville, President of the Board of Control of the Honourable East India Company, describe Sir John Malcolm's progress from Bombay through Bushire, Shiraz, Isfahan and Tehran, and thence to Baghdad. A full account is included of his negotiations with Persia respecting Zaman Shah of Kabul, and of French and Russian plans, together with details of his two successful agreements with Persia. There are also letters from a Roman Catholic priest in Isfahan (originally in cypher), with Mr. Campbell (afterwards Sir John Campbell and British Envoy to Persia) at the British Legation in Persia, and letters to Lord Elgin, British Ambassador at Constantinople.

The despatches throw fresh light on an interesting and important period in Anglo-Persian relations. In a subsequent number of this Journal will be printed further despatches, hitherto unpublished, sent to Lord Melville by Sir John Malcolm's successors, Sir H. J. Brydges and Sir R. K. Porter.

A. T. WILSON.

NO. 1. *To the Right Hon'ble Henry Dundas, President of the Board of Control.*

BOMBAY,
Dec. 17th, 1799.

SIR,

In the Instructions which I received from the Right Hon'ble the Governor General, when appointed Envoy to the Court of Persia, I am directed to inform you from time to time of my progress, and of the state of the negotiations with which I have the honor to be entrusted. In obedience to these orders I shall by every opportunity that offers, communicate whatever appears in any degree essential.

I leave Bombay on the 25th or 26th instant, and proceed first to Muskat, where, in conformity to the directions of the Governor General, and the wishes of the Government of Bombay, I shall enter into the most full explanation with the Imaume respecting his late conduct, which, if not in direct violation of his engagements, has certainly been

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such as to warrant strong suspicions of his partiality to the Enemies of the British Nation, particularly the French. My chief object will be to establish, either in a public, or private character, a Company's Servant as Resident at Muskat, which is in fact the only effectual check that can be put upon the Imaume's conduct.

From Muskat, I propose proceeding to Bushire, and whether I go from that Port direct to the Court of Persia, or follow the more circuitous route of Bussorah and Bagdad, will depend upon circumstances of the moment.

No. 2. *To the Same.*

ABOU SHEHER,
Feb. 3rd, 1800.

SIR,

I had the honor of addressing you from Bombay under date the 27th Decr. I have now to inform you of my arrival at this port after a passage which was protracted for a few days by a negotiation with the Imaume of Muscat, which terminated in an Agreement that stipulated in the first instance for a strict and faithful performance of his former engagements, and in the second for the residence of an English Agent at his Capital; a measure which I have little doubt will effectually secure this Prince in the English interests and completely detach him from any connection with the French.

The Imaume is a young active man of considerable enterprise; his subjects carry on the whole traffic between India the Persian Gulph and the Red Sea. He is the first Merchant as well as the Sovereign of the State, and protects his own property, and that of his people by a fleet that is far from being contemptible. Five vessels, three of which carry upwards of twenty Guns are kept exclusively as Cruizers, and the remainder of the Vessels belonging to Muscat, which consist of near twenty rigged in the European style and three hundred Arab craft are all more or less armed to protect themselves from the numerous pirates that infest the Shores to which they trade.

I expect to leave this for Tehran in six or seven weeks, and have every reason to anticipate the most favourable reception.

Report states the likelihood of Baba Khan marching towards Khorassan the latter end of March, and many circumstances render the event probable. If he does, whatever may be the consequences in that quarter it will effectually remove every apprehension of Zemaun Shah's invading India this Season.

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No. 3. *To the Same.*

CAMP NEAR ABOU SHEHER,
April 20th, 1800.

SIR,

I had the honour of addressing you from Bushire on the 3rd of February, informing you of my arrival in Persia, and of my having despatched a letter to the King at Tehran.

I am in daily expectation of an answer to that letter, and by its contents I shall regulate my advance, which must have a certain dependance on the motions of his Majesty, who by every report means to march to Khorassan.

Accounts of my arrival in Persia had reached Court, and the orders issued in consequence shew in the strongest light the high gratification which this mission has afforded to the Prince and his Ministers.

Intelligence from Khorassan state that several of the Chiefs have united to oppose the Persians and that Zemaun Shah has sent them succours and is himself advancing to their aid.

Corroborated accounts from the Court of Zemaun Shah of a late date, mention that he has put to death twelve of his principal nobles on discovering they were carrying on a treasonable correspondence with his fugitive Brothers at the Court of Persia and that this strong measure has excited the most serious dissensions among the Afghan Tribes to which these nobles belonged. From every account it appears that Zemaun Shah is at present too much engaged in preserving tranquility in his own Dominions and in taking measures to prevent the success of the Persian Monarch to think of invading Hindustan.

No. 4. *To the Same.*

CAMP NEAR ABOU SHEHER,
20th May, 1800.

SIR,

I had the honour of addressing you under date the 20th ultimo. I have now the satisfaction to state, that I have received a letter from the King of Persia (in reply to my dispatch from Abou Sheher on my arrival) written in the most gracious manner, and fully expressive of the high gratification he has received from this mission.

As his Majesty is desirous of my advance, I mean to lose no time in complying with his wishes, and I shall leave Abou Sheher on the 25th instant; but from circumstances I shall probably judge it necessary to remain at the City of Shiraz till the middle of July, as I cannot before that period, expect to ascertain when it is his Majesty's intention to return to his Capital.

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The King's advance is now certain ; and I am happy to say that the corroborated accounts I have received of the serious dissensions in the Afghan Government, joined to the movements in this quarter makes it impossible, in my opinion, that Zemaun Shah can think of any attack on India, during the ensuing Season.

Should you conceive that during my stay at the Persian Court I might have it in my power to give any information either respecting the present state of Persia, or its political or commercial relation to neighbouring Countries, that would prove in the smallest degree interesting, I cannot express the pleasure I should receive on being honoured with your commands on the subject.

No. 5. *To the Same.*

SHIRAZ,
June 16th, 1800.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you of my arrival at the City of Shiraz, where I have been received by the Prince Regent with the highest possible marks of distinction.

I am happy in being able to state on authentic grounds, that the most serious dissensions have taken place in Zemaun Shah's Dominions and that Prince is more likely to be engaged for some period to come in a contest for the possession of his own territories than in attacking those of others.

The King of Persia has marched towards Khorassan, and certain accounts are received, that some of the principal Chiefs of that Province have made their submission to his advanced Army, a proof, if such was wanting, of the disorders that reign in the Afghan Government with which these Chiefs were intimately connected and to which they looked for support.

Every present appearance is unfavourable to Zemaun Shah whose power, if the Persian Monarch should only obtain that part of Khorassan at present possessed by independant Chiefs will be shook to the foundations. At all events his disturbing the Northern parts of India within a period of one or two years appears out of the question, and a conviction of this truth will make me (unless extraordinary changes take place) observe silence on such parts of my mission as relate to that object.

I expect to remain here a month or six weeks, as the rapidity of the King's advance, affords me no hope of seeing him before his return to Tehran, which will probably be in September or October.

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No. 6. *To the Same.*

CAMP NEAR SHIRAZ,
20th June, 1800.

SIR,

I had the honour to write you under date the 16th instant. I have now to state that a letter has been received by the Prince Regent at Shiraz from his Father dated the 4th instant at Subzawar, a town near the centre of Khorassan, which the Prince this morning sent for my perusal.

It briefly details his Majesty's successes in Khorassan, all the independant Chiefs of which District have made their submission, and joined his Army, except Nadir Meerza the Governor of Meshed, and Mamush Khan of Chinneror; to whose repeated entreaties for mercy, his Majesty writes he has refused to listen on account of their treacherous conduct last year, and that, it is his intention to march instantly to Meshed. This letter adds that the Minister of Zemaun Shah, has twice written to his Vizier Hajy Ibrahiem, the Chief Vizier proposing Peace, and that Ambassadors from the Afghan Prince are on their way to the Royal Camp.

This is all of consequence contained in his Majesty's letter, which has diffused general joy in this quarter.

The conduct of Zemaun Shah is naturally conjectured to proceed from weakness, and more likely to encourage than disuade the Persian King from an attack of his Dominions.

No. 7. *To the Same.*

SHIRAZ,
10th August, 1800.

SIR,

I had last the honor of addressing you under date the 16th June, my silence since that period has arisen from my having no intelligence worthy of your information.

I have protracted my stay at Shiraz in the hopes of having some definite accounts of the King's success in Khorassan none such is yet arrived. I have however intelligence on which I can place dependence, that Zemaun Shah arrived at Herat on the 10th ulto., and that in consequence the King of Persia had collected his Army, which was before divided besieging small forts, the most prevalent conjecture is that the want of provisions will oblige the Persian Monarch to retreat to his Capital.

The employment of Zemaun Shah in this quarter is of itself the material object, and it appears most improbable that any chain of events

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can place him at liberty to renew his designs, either this or the ensuing season.

I have pleasure in informing you that this Government continues to pay me the most marked and honorable attentions. I am preparing to leave Shiraz, and shall proceed towards Tehran in eight or ten days, unless some unexpected event occurs.

No. 8. *To the Same.*

SHIRAZ,
18*th August*, 1800.

SIR,

I had the honor to address you last under date the 10th instant, and to inform you of the probability of the King's retreat from Khorassan. I have now certain accounts that he has marched towards his Capital which he will probably reach the latter end of September.

I shall, in a few days, leave Shiraz for Isfahan where my stay will be short, as I am anxious to arrive at Teheran soon after His Majesty.

No. 9. *To the Same.*

CAMP NEAR ISFAHAN,
26*th Sept.*, 1800.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you of my arrival at Isfahaun, where I have been received and treated in the most distinguished manner; and all Ranks have testified their joy at the prospect which this mission affords of a revival of that friendship which formerly subsisted between the Persian and British Nations.

In my last address under date the 18th ulto., I had the honour to acquaint you of the King of Persia's march towards his Capital, which recent accounts inform me he has reached; and I trust I shall have the honour of paying my respects at Court by the 20th of October.

I have the honour to enclose for your information, an Abstract of Intelligence which I lately received from Hajy Khulleel Khaun, whose character warrants much dependance being placed on his communications. On the enclosed, I shall only observe, that if the Agreement which he mentions, has taken place between the Persian and Afghan Monarchs, it is probably equally insincere on both parts—particularly on that of Zemaun Shah, who by openly withdrawing his aid and support from the independant Chiefs of Khorassan would greatly facilitate their complete reduction by the Persian King—an event, that would expose the Afghan Government to such evident danger, that it is not easy to believe that ever a Prince of that Nation (unless reduced

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by necessity) would adopt any political measure that could tend for a moment to further its accomplishment.

Abstract of Secret Intelligence, communicated by Hajy Khulleel Khaun at Akleed the 14th September, 1800.

Before the King marched to Khorassan he made Hajy Ibrahim his Vizier write as from himself to Wuffadar Khan the Vizier of Zemaun Shah; and stated that it would be better to suppress the flames of War by an accommodation founded on justice. That the Persian King had undertaken the cause of the Prince Mahmood who was Zemaun Shah's elder brother on a principle of honour; but he was far from having any intention of placing that Prince on the Throne of Cabul. That he would be contented if Herat, and its Province was ceded to Mahmood.

An answer was received to this letter, wherein Wuffadar Khan stated his conviction that the cession of Herat which was required was only a pretext for a War, which the Persian King made at the instigation of the English who were infidels; and that if his Sovereign had not been prevented for two seasons invading their territories in India, he would already have conquered half of them. This letter contained many arguments calculated to shew the enormity of true believers destroying each other to gratify infidels.

A reply was sent by Hajy Ibrahiem stating that supposing a friendship for the English was one motive among others for the Persian Monarch's conduct, all sensible men knew that religion was little considered in political actions; and that his Sovereign would not be satisfied until Herat was ceded.

When the King had taken the Fort of Musennan and was besieging Subzawar, an answer was brought from Wuffadar Khan by a respectable Afghan, who was also charged with some fine shawls as a present to Hajy Ibrahiem. In this letter Wuffadar Khan stated, that on condition the Persian Monarch would abandon the cause of Prince Mahmood, and enter into engagements not to attack the Afghan Territories, but leave Zemaun Shah at liberty to pursue his designs on India, that the Afghan Prince would desert the Khorassan Chiefs, and give up the whole of that Province to within a few miles of Herat to be taken possession of by the Persian Kings; and that the weakness and divided state of the Chiefs of Khorassan precluded all idea of their making a fruitless opposition once that Zemaun Shah had openly declared they would no longer depend upon him for support.

By advice of Hajy Ibrahiem the King of Persia is said to have acquiesced with this proposal, as affording the only hopes of getting a speedy possession of the Province of Khorassan, the numerous Forts in which offer almost insuperable obstacles to a speedy reduction of it by force. The King however proposes this negotiation to be solely conducted by Hajy Ibrahiem; and circumstances give reason to suppose he will deny that Ministers authority to conclude any such agreement, the moment he has reaped those advantages he expects from it, which are principally the distress of submission of some, if not all, of the Khorassan Chiefs.

There are two certain facts that corroborate the truth of this account. 1st. That a few days after the Afghan's arrival with the last

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letter, the King sent for Prince Mahmood, told him he was forced by the advanced state of the season to go to Tehran and could do nothing till next year; that it was better the Prince would go to reside the Winter at Tubbus or Turshiz, and that he would send orders to the Arab Chiefs* in that quarter to aid him in attacking Herat. Mahmood departed secretly much disgusted, and is now at Tubbus. 2nd. The King left Subzawar, and Zemaun Shah Herat, within a day of each other—a circumstance that hardly could have occurred without a previous understanding.

The King of Persia has left a strong garrison of Infantry at Musennan, and also a large party of horses, who have orders to make constant incursions in the districts of Subzawar and Nishapur to distress the inhabitants and secure the reductions of those Forts next season. When Zemaun Shah left Herat, he took along with him Zemaun Khan the Governor, a Chief of great Rank and influence among the Afghans, and indeed almost the only powerful Chief remaining, the Vizier Wuffadar Khan having obtained the death of the others. Zemaun Shah marched towards Candahar by an unfrequented route after leaving his son as Governor of Herat.

Thus far Hajy Khulleel Khaun says he has learned from respectable correspondants. A Report which wants confirmation arrived yesterday that relates that Zemaun Khan finding the Minister Wuffadar Khan had designs on his life had made his escape and had reached a Fort, where many of his adherents were assembled, and from whence he had written the Prince Mahmood to advance; and that the latter in consequence with the Chief of Tubbus was marching towards that quarter.

JOHN MALCOLM,
Envoy.

NO. 10. *To the Same.*

CAMP NEAR ISFAHAN,
28*th Oct.*, 1800.

SIR,

I have the honor to enclose for your information two papers of intelligence; one of which I received from an intelligent Roman Catholic Priest resident at Isfahan and the other from a Georgian traveller who is only four months from Teflis.

Though I have not a doubt of your long ago having had the fullest intelligence of the French Agents that were sent into Persia, I have nevertheless thought it my duty to trouble you with the enclosed respecting them. It may perhaps corroborate other accounts. That they did not succeed in their design of engaging the late King of Persia to attack the Turkish Empire must chiefly be ascribed to the mean disguised manner in which these Agents went, which prevented confidence being placed in their professions. Otherwise no line of policy could have better suited the King of Persia's views than one which afforded him so fair an opportunity of reducing the Cities of Bagdad

* These Chiefs pay the King a nominal obedience.

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and Bussora. The reason no doubt of their going so disguised was a fear lest a more open proceeding might have awakened the Court of Constantinople from that slumber in which it was at that period so much the interest of France it should remain.

Of all the intelligence obtained from the Georgian, I am far from placing implicit confidence. Many parts of it are, no doubt, exaggerated, but that the Emperor of Russia has assumed the Government of the principality of Georgia and sent troops to garrison the Capital Teflis. Corroborating accounts leave me almost without a doubt, and whatever may be his future designs in this part of Asia, that step cannot but excite considerable alarm both in the Persian and Turkish Governments.

I am not wholly free from anxiety lest the operations and intrigues of the Russians in Georgia and Armenia should interfere with one of the Chief objects of my mission and perhaps defeat its accomplishment by obliging the King of Persia to employ his forces on the North-west Frontier of his Kingdom making him abandon at least for the moment the project in which he is at present engaged, of adding the province of Khorassan to his Dominions such a change would leave Zemaun Shah much at liberty to revive his long threatened invasion of India and would therefore in a political point of view be very unfavourable to the interests of the Hon'ble East India Company, though in a commercial one, those might be essentially promoted by taking that opportunity of improving the trade of the Persian Gulph as that by the Caspian would inevitably be stopped on any dispute between the two Nations.

I beg you will pardon the liberty I have taken in offering these conjectures; on my arrival at Teheran, which will be on the 12th or 13th of November, I trust I shall be able to write you more correctly on this and other subjects.

Translation of a Paper of Intelligence given in Latin by a Roman Catholic Missionary at Isfahan, 23rd October, 1800.

In the year of our Lord 1795, towards the end of October, two Frenchmen calling themselves Botanists, with their Interpreter, arrived at Isfahaun. They travelled from Europe by the route of Aleppo, Bagdad, and Hodmadjun (?), from which place they went to the mountain Alvand, where they collected a quantity of plants. From hence they proceeded to Teheran and at length reached Isfahan. It was here that I met with them. I asked them the reason of their journey to Teheran, but they being of the new French religion and enemies to the Catholics were unwilling to inform me. They did not however refuse to tell me their names. One was called Buonaparte, and the other Druis. Their interpreter whose name was Olivier and happened to be a Catholic told me that they had requested Aga Mohammud Khan to send an army on one side by land, whilst they with a fleet would

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go by sea on the other and attack the "Emperor of Constantinople." They secondly required that Aga Mohammud Khan should send twelve thousand horse to the assistance of Tippu Sultan.

Aga Mohammud Khan however granted no one of their requests and they returned without having accomplished what they wished.

I was further informed that they requested permission to build at Bundar Abaussee or other places where they might be able to establish themselves, but that Aga Mohammud Khan to this also refused his consent.

They remained fifteen days at Isfahan and then returned to Bagdad.

A true translation,
R. STRACHEY,
Asst.

Heads of Intelligence given by a Georgian, Native Teflis.
Isfahaun, 26th October, 1800.

The informant has been four months from his native City Teflis. Before he left it, he says Ten thousand Russian Troops had arrived with Forty pieces of Cannon chiefly Infantry; that their General had agreeably to the Orders of the Emperor Paul pensioned Goorjen Khaun, the eldest son of Herakly who had retired to a village near Tefflis, that was appointed for his residence. The six younger sons of Herakly had retired from Teflis and were adverse to the Russians. The eldest of them, Alexander, had fled to the King of Persia to solicit aid, and is now at Court. The Russian Troops had mostly brought their Families with them and their declared intention was to settle and defend Georgia which they now considered as a Province of Russia. They gave out that 10,000 more men were expected next season who were to advance to Erivan, the Capital of Armenia with the Khaun of whom they had entered into terms, and that the designs of the Emperor Paul went to nothing less than the complete protection of the Asiatic Christians from the persecution and tyranny of their intolerant neighbours.

The General Commandant at Teflis has sent a Russian Officer to the King of Persia who was instructed to demand restoration of the Christian Prisoners taken by his predecessor Aga Mohammud Khan from Georgia in the war and reimbursement of the expences which that act of violence had obliged the Russian Government to incur. This Officer, the informant states, arrived at Teheraun when the King was in Khorassan, and had remained there with Meerza Mohammud Khan the Beglerbeg till his Majesty's return and that the King when informed of the message was so enraged that he wished to put the Officer to death, but had been diverted from that by his Minister who persuaded him to send an answer imparting that he would not acknowledge the authority of the Russian General to send him any message; that the Emperor of Russia was a Sovereign as well as himself and if he had any wishes or demands he should make them known through an Embassador properly accredited; that the Officer when he received this reply immediately left Teheran went to Resht* from whence he proposed proceeding direct to Astracan and not returning to Teflis.

JOHN MALCOM,
Envoy.

*On the South-Western extremity of the Caspian Sea.

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No. 11. *To the Same.*

TEHERAN,
Dated 17th Nov., 1800.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you of my arrival at Teheran, where I have been received in a manner that fully corresponds with the previous attentions I had received in Persia.

I had yesterday the honour of being presented to his Majesty, whose gracious behaviour and extraordinary condescension, fully proves his respect for the English Government, and the sense he has of the benefits to be expected from its alliance.

No. 12. *To the Same.*

TEHERAN,
21*st Jan.*, 1801

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 19th August, 1800, to which I have delayed answering till I could give you satisfactory information on the result of my mission.

I have now the pleasure to inform you that I have, after a very tedious negotiation concluded two engagements, one of a political, and the other of a commercial nature, which will, I trust, meet with the approbation of the most Noble the Governor General, as they appear to me to include every object his Lordship had in view when he deputed me to the Court of Persia.

In the political engagement it is stipulated, that neither of the contracting States shall on any occasion ever aid the enemies of the other. That the King of Persia shall, in the event of the Afghaun Monarch ever passing the attack, to invade India, fall upon the western frontier of his Dominions, and that, if ever he makes peace with that Prince, one of the articles of the Treaty shall be, that no Army of Afghauns are ever to invade Hindostaun, and if any such attempt is made, the Peace shall be considered as broken, and a Persian Army be immediately ordered into the Territories of that Nation.

With respect to the French, the King of Persia has engaged to consider them as enemies, and to act against them with his whole Force, should they ever attempt to make a settlement on any of the Islands or Shores of the Persian Gulph, or in any place within the limits, or vicinity of his Territories; and he has further agreed never to permit that Nation to build a Fort, or to establish themselves in any Force on any Island, or Continent, subject to his jurisdiction and authority.

The Hon'ble Company have on their part engaged to supply the

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King of Persia with Cannon and Military Stores, in the event of the Afghaun Monarch ever shewing a disposition to invade Persia; and they have further agreed that should the French make any attempt to settle in the Gulph, or in the vicinity of the Persian Empire, that they will send as many ships of force and troops as they can to expel them, and that they will supply as far as they have the means, with provisions and Military Stores any Troops of the Persian Monarchs that co-operate with them on such service.

The commercial engagement which I have concluded, will, I trust, be considered as very beneficial to the Hon'ble Company's interest. All ancient privileges are fully restored, leave is granted to establish Factories in any Port, or Town in Persia; and the Duties on Company's staples, which was never in former times less than two and a half, and has for many years past been four, is reduced to one percent.

Some discussion took place respecting the cession of an Island in the Gulf, to the Hon'ble Company, but as I found that this Court was inclined to connect such cession with matters that I was not authorised to treat upon, I contented myself with keeping the negotiation on this point open, to be finally settled between the King's Ambassador (who accompanies me to India) and the Most Noble the Governor General.

I before informed you, in my letter under date the 10th of August, that I considered any attempt of Zemaun Shah's against India in the Season 1801, as improbable, I have to repeat my conviction on that point and to add, that it appears from present circumstances that there can be no alarm on that subject, for the year 1802. The Prince Mahmood has marched from Khorassan, and has certainly got possession of Candahar, and several Forts in its vicinity; he has been joined by a number of disaffected Chiefs, with their followers, and is engaged in strengthening himself against the ensuing Spring, before which period, the Season will not admit of Zemaun Shah marching to attack him, all communication between Cabul, and Candahar being entirely stopped during the Winter. When to this serious rebellion we add the march of the Persian Army into Khorassan; which the King has assured me will take place in April, it appears impossible that Zemaun Shah can, under the most favourable events, return from a campaign in this quarter to his Capital Cabul before the month of September or October, a period too late to commence preparations for an invasion of India in the year 1802.

It is difficult to conjecture the result of the operations of the Season. If Zemaun Shah's Army do not desert him, he will probably discomfit his Brother: many however think defection is to be expected, and the success which has hitherto attended Mahmood appears to accredit this opinion, that Prince being alone supported by the discontented. Happen what will, between the Afghaun Princes, if the King

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of Persia succeeds this Season in reducing the Province of Khorassan, which their dissensions afford him an admirable opportunity of doing, he will, by that acquisition be so thoroughly enabled to perform his engagements with the Hon'ble Company, that little apprehension need be entertained of an invasion of Hindoostaun, which under other circumstances may be looked upon as certain, as it is a favourite object of Zemaun Shah's, and one that nought but a fear of annihilation would ever deter him from.

I shall be most happy to fulfill your commands by sending you every intelligence I can, respecting the commercial and political state of this Empire, not having a higher ambition than that of contributing in however trifling a manner to the information of those, under whose Ministry the British Government has attained such a pitch of eminence.

I propose leaving this Capital in five days for Baghdad, from whence I shall again have the honour of addressing you.

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PERSIA AND THE PERSIAN GULF

By SIR LIONEL HAWORTH, K.B.E.

THE paper which follows is founded on a lecture given at the Central Asian Society on April 10, 1929, and upon a subsequent address given at a dinner of the same Society.

I will endeavour to give you some idea of the countries and peoples of the districts surrounding, but will concentrate on the history of our position in the Persian Gulf and its present-day urgency.

Persia is a country striving towards civilization; thus the degree of civilization varies, and this variation of condition exists even in the capital itself. There is a small crust of an upper class, many of whom have spent their youth in Europe, and whose ideas and whose method of life are European. There is also the very charming Persian gentleman of the old school comparable in courtesy and in knowledge to our own gentlemen of an earlier century.

Below these comes a growing intelligentsia, suffering from growing pains, half-educated, with a belief that it has reached the summit of all knowledge. The bulk of the people are uneducated and ignorant, judged by modern standards. They read the newspapers and accept as fact statements of the wildest nature, which makes an anti-British propaganda an easy game. The Press is corrupt, and in many cases lives on blackmail or threats of blackmail.

The Parliament which came into existence some twenty years ago against the wishes of the then Shah is a packed house. The Army, at the behest of the Government, dictates all names of candidates. Nevertheless certain men must be nominated, and the Assembly is not so manageable as would be suggested by the method of its election. If it were a free election I have no hesitation in saying that a semi-Socialistic Government would, as in England, sweep the board in most towns. It is to be remembered that Mohammedanism is democratic in form, and many aristocrats are of the people on their mother's side.

Unfortunately, the Persian is an orator, and, carried away by the flood of his own eloquence, his tendency is to sink the struggling but very fragile craft of useful legislation in the stormy waters of debate.

The tribes, whose numbers are probably half the entire population—I speak in general terms—are nomadic, as were the tribes of Abraham, and can with difficulty assimilate modern ideas.

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When I came to Persia twenty-five years ago the system of government was *opera comique*. The Kajar Dynasty was ruling, and the main thought of the Shah was more money for his personal expenditure. The country was divided into districts, ruled by Governors-General or Governors, and these districts were sold annually to the highest bidder. Men varied, but the main thought of a Governor was to recover first the money he had paid the Shah for his appointment and then to make the most he could for himself. This was no difficult task as the revenue, justice, road guards, and police were all in his own hands. Regiments were privately owned, and the system of their payment was worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan. The pay came from Teheran, where the Paymaster-General took his commission. The owner, after whom the regiment was frequently named, then took his share. By the time the senior officers were paid nothing was left for anyone else. But the captain, lieutenants, and the rank and file had to be paid. Darwin has taught us that evolution is a process of adaptation to circumstances. Nowhere was this more definitely shown than in the paying of a Persian regiment. There were some 600 or 800 men enrolled, but only 200 were actually required at one time; the balance paid not to come, which sufficed for the pay of the officers. But the 200 had to live, and 200 had to be found; and the villages were responsible for their being found, so they paid them to come. Soldiering was not a full-time job, and the men could be seen in the towns hiring themselves out as bricklayers and hod-carriers. The fortunate men were those who were appointed as guards to a foreign Consulate, where they received an allowance from the Consulate they guarded, a task which ensured many hours of sleep in the pleasant sunshine.

I remember by the riverside at Kermanshah the ruins of a house with a tower standing, which probably remains there still.

The then Shah of Persia was making the pilgrimage to Baghdad, and a loyal subject built the house for the sojourn of his sovereign, and when the latter occupied it explained that it was a gift to His Majesty. The Shah, much pleased with this display of loyalty, graciously asked his host how much it had cost him to build it. The latter, determined that his effort should be properly recognized, named twice what he had paid. The gratified Shah expressed his appreciation, but, stroking his chin, said that much as he appreciated the gift, he so rarely came into those parts that he would leave the house with his generous donor and would instead accept as a welcome gift the sum which had been spent on its erection—a sum which his host was obliged to pay.

But the unoccupied house still stood, and every important noble who passed asked for the loan of it, a circumstance which entailed, according to Persian etiquette, not only the entertainment of the guest but of his numerous retinue and his horses and the many mules of his caravan.

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It became so expensive a luxury that finally its owner knocked it down.

These stories will perhaps give some idea of the conditions of life in Persia twenty-five years ago.

In 1907 a constitutional movement, engineered by the intelligentsia and backed by many for personal reasons, came to a head, but the Kajar Dynasty was incorrigible and useless. Thus the ground was prepared for a change, and in 1923 Reza Khan, who had been Minister of War for some years, and thus controlled the army, made the then Shah leave Persia and at the same time became Prime Minister. After a suitable interval, during which he played with the Republican idea, an idea then repugnant to the Persian mind, he finally declared himself Shah of Persia.

As elsewhere in the world, in Persia also a nationalist spirit has been rising, and of this the new Shah has made use.

Improvements have been made, the power of the Governors curtailed, while the Shah has retained control of the army in his own hands. American advisers, who have now been replaced by Germans, were brought over for the financial administration, a new revenue department formed, a separate judicial and a separate police department instituted. Roads have been improved, a form of government approximating to European ideas has come into existence. The Customs Department, which was always in Belgian hands, was also extended and took over many additional duties. A new bank has been instituted under the control of a German to compete with the British Imperial Bank of Persia.

In these improvements Great Britain has given sympathy and assistance. She was the first to recognize Reza Khan as Shah, and, indeed, the Persian Government owes much to her.

With this introduction I will take you back to the times when European interest first became active in Persia. In 1800 Napoleon, whose dreams of Eastern dominion were no doubt affected by the knowledge of the invasion of India from Persia by Alexander in ancient times and by Nadir Shah some forty years before, contemplated a new invasion directed against Great Britain in conjunction with Paul, Czar of Russia.

Our first British Mission to Persia was that of Captain Malcolm, who had been despatched to Teheran in 1799-1800 in connection with the troubles at Afghanistan, in which mission he was completely successful. His instructions also were to counteract the French advances and to restore British trade. In these matters he was equally successful, but in 1802-1804 French overtures were made to Persia for an alliance against Russia, with which country Persia had already started her troubles, having already lost Georgia.

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In 1805 war broke out between France and Russia, and a French envoy arrived at Teheran to proceed with negotiations.

The envoy was not received with great friendliness, but in 1807, disappointed with the delay of assistance from Great Britain (who then had no Minister at Teheran), which was under consideration, and anxious at the increasing danger from Russia, the Shah replied to the overtures from France. The French agreed to attack Russia, and the Shah agreed that, if the French desired to invade Khorasan, he would appoint an army to go down by the road of Kabul and Kandahar, a statement tantamount to an expression of readiness to attack India in conjunction with the French.

In 1807-1808 a French Mission, consisting of a French General and seventy officers and non-commissioned officers, arrived in Persia and began to train the Persian army.

Both the British and Indian Governments became alarmed. Sir Harford Jones was sent from England to Teheran, and the Viceroy, ignorant of this fact, at the same time sent Malcolm on a second mission. Malcolm arrived when the power of the French Mission was in the ascendant, and, not being well received, returned to India.

By the time Sir Harford Jones arrived in 1808 the influence of the French was, owing to their setback in Europe, waning, and in 1810 Malcolm went on a third Mission with a staff of officers to replace the French, who had left. Sir Harford Jones remained as Minister, an appointment which has been maintained ever since with short interruptions. An offensive and defensive treaty was made with the Persians against Russia.

In 1812 England made peace with Russia, and the Minister, Sir Gore Ousely, ordered the British officers to leave the Persian service, though in actual fact two officers remained, Christie and Lindsay, the former of whom was killed in action. From this time onwards dates the Russian advance in Asia. Russia alternated attacks on, and absorption of, Persian territory with offers of alliance.

In 1827 came the final defeat of Persia, and in 1828 the famous Treaty of Turcomanchai, by which Persia ceded two more provinces, paid an indemnity of £3,000,000, and agreed to Russian Consuls in Persia with extra-territorial rights.

To continue with the history of the subsequent rivalry of Russia and Great Britain would take more space than is at my disposal. While the policy of Russia has always been one of expansion, the object of Great Britain has been to maintain an independent Persia as a buffer between her and Russia.

In 1855, when hostilities broke out between Great Britain and Persia, we retained no single part of Persian territory.

The more recent history of our rivalry with Russia up to the end of

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the Czarist régime is common knowledge, but it may be stated as an axiom that Persia owes her existence to the support of Great Britain in the maintenance of this policy of a buffer State. Indeed, our treaty of 1907 with Russia, which caused so much disappointment in Persia, had no other aim than to prevent Russia advancing further. Our treaty of 1919, which was still more unpopular, was directed to the same end.

Great Britain and Persia have a common interest, an interest which is as important to both of them today as it was in the Czarist days. Bolshevist propaganda is no less dangerous to Persia than Czarist imperialism, and it is if anything more insidious as a method of advance on India.

Why, then, is anti-British propaganda so sure a platform success in Persia? The only answer that can be given is that Persian weakness was so great that we were at times obliged to take steps in our common interest which have been misconstrued by interested persons. Our formation of the Southern Persian Rifles during the late war, and our despatch of Indian troops to Persia, though it saved Persia both financially and politically, on behalf of the Persian Government, is a trite example which may be given.

Had Persia come under German influence during the war—and there were many pro-Germans—what would have been her subsequent position?

Since the beginning of the present century the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has come into being on the shores of the Persian Gulf, a company in which His Majesty's Government has an intimate concern, and our Imperial Air Route gives a further interest to the Home Government. Thus, though the interest of the Indian Government has in no way decreased, other liabilities have arisen.

To discuss these liabilities it will be necessary to make a tour of the Persian Gulf in order to understand questions which affect the main issue other than those which are connected with Persia alone.

Before entering the bottle mouth of the Gulf, where lies Hormuz, Henjam, and the Massandum peninsula, we find to the south and the west of us the Arabian province of Oman, of which the sea capital is Muscat. A hundred years ago it was one of the centres of the slave trade. In 1822 we made a treaty with the then Sultan by which his subjects were precluded from selling slaves to Christian nations; in 1845 this treaty was strengthened, and the Sultan undertook to prevent the trade altogether, and also to use his great influence with the chiefs of Arabia, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf to prevent the introduction of slaves from Africa.

In 1820 we made a treaty with the pirate Shaikh of Ras el Khaimeh, the head of the Jowasimi tribe, on somewhat similar lines; and in 1838 and 1847 we made further treaties with the five Shaikhs

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of the pirate coast with the same object. The Shaikh of Bahrain then followed suit with an agreement to abstain from slavery.

In 1848 the Shah of Persia agreed to prohibit the importation and exportation of negroes into Persia by sea, and a convention made in 1851 gave British warships the power to search Persian ships on the high seas.

In 1847, again at the instance of the British Government, Turkey prohibited vessels under the Turkish flag from engaging in the trade, and in 1880 this was confirmed by a treaty between the Porte and the British Government by which the Turkish Government undertook to prohibit the importation of African slaves into any part of the Ottoman dominions.

These treaties were all to the good; but slavery continued, and would continue to this day were it not for the activities of H.M. Navy.

Thus it is due to Great Britain (though the assistance of the Portuguese Government in Africa was, especially in one instance, most useful) that in the Persian Gulf slavery as a trade has practically been ended. Slaves still exist, and some are brought by land across Arabia, but in the Persian Gulf itself the only local sales which take place today are those made by Baluchis from Persian Baluchistan, who kidnap and sell members of their own race. These cases are comparatively few, and are carefully watched by the Resident in the Persian Gulf and the officers serving under him. One of the last duties I performed was the tracing of twenty-one Baluchis who were sold a few years ago, of whom nine were smuggled from Persia to the Oman coast and thence by the interior to the Trucial coast. We succeeded in restoring to one man after seven years his wife and family, who had been sold by a local Baluch Governor, though in the meantime his wife had had a son by the slave husband to whom she had been given. With the more efficient control by Persia over Persian Baluchistan it is to be hoped that this traffic will now cease.

Having stamped out piracy and the slave trade, the next task which lay before Great Britain was the suppression of the arms traffic. The coast of Fars, Mekran, and the borders of Afghanistan, inhabited by tribes to whom civilization is a word unknown, were found to be stocked with the best and latest arms and ammunition. These arms, which encouraged the tribes in a life of lawlessness and rapine, all came from the Persian Gulf. Here once again the centre of the traffic was Muscat, and once again it was the action of the British Government, directed from India, which induced the Sultan to put a stop to the trade in his dominions; it was enforced by the British Navy, who made gun-running a risk to be considered by the Arab.

His Majesty's Government also induced the Persian Government to take steps which were in fact very much in their own interest; thus

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although individual cases of smuggling of arms still occur, the traffic as a trade no longer exists.

His Highness the Sultan of Muscat last year was able to visit England, and has been able to make long stays in India. Twenty years, or even ten years, ago his absence from his Sultanate would not have been possible. It is due to British support that his sovereignty can maintain itself against the hostile tribes of the interior.

On the Trucial coast I have stated that peace is maintained by the treaties which we have made with the various Shaikhs, by which no one of them can put to sea to take action against a rival except with the sanction of the British Government given through the Resident in the Persian Gulf, a sanction which in practice constitutes a veto.

But the Arabs have in themselves changed little, and piracy and slave trade would begin again tomorrow were it not for the political work of the officers of the Indian Government, who are supported in this work by the Persian Gulf squadron of H.M. Navy.

That this statement is no exaggeration the following stories will, I think, be sufficient to show.

Some few years ago the Shaikh of Abu Dhabi, at that time the chief Shaikhdom of the Trucial coast, died and left several sons. The eldest son inherited. After some years of his Shaikhdom a brother asked him to dinner; as the Shaikh left after dinner his brother followed him down the stairs, and, having incontinently shot him in the back, reigned in his stead. After a short interval a second brother asked the new Shaikh to dinner, and, as the Shaikh left after dinner and proceeded down the stairs, his host also seized the happy occasion and, having shot him in the back, reigned in his stead. This brother was the Shaikh when I took over the appointment of Resident, and I have never seen a man with fear so written in his face. I gave him a year at most to live; he proved me wrong, he lived eighteen months. He also was asked to dinner by a brother, who, however, did not shoot him in the back; the Shaikh came upon an ambush on his way home and was shot in the front. The last brother was a wise man and put his nephew on the throne, and now the sons of the last murdered man are already maturing their plans to murder the new Shaikh. I feel assured that some of those who read this will ask why do we not put a stop to this state of affairs. In the answer lies hidden the whole of a principle which I will enunciate later. To do so would entail a control on the mainland which we have no desire to assume, it would mean an extension of the British Empire; in such work you cannot stop halfway, however much you may desire to do so.

A further example:

Some years ago the present Shaikh of Shargah usurped the position of his uncle. There was a year ago a movement to replace the uncle.

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The young Shaikh suspected some of his servants of being concerned in the affair. He accordingly arrested six of them and had them blinded with red-hot needles.

Can it be doubted that such men would revert to the piracy and slave-dealing of their grandfathers if it were not for their wholesome respect for the British Government?

Near the peninsula of Katar, which also holds a Shaikhdom with which we have treaties, lies the island, more accurately the islands, of Bahrain, a Shaikhdom which, as we have in bygone years frequently told both Turkey and Persia, is under British protection. It is not a protectorate, but under British advice has achieved very considerable progress. Life and property are now safe, and the Shaikh employs three Englishmen who are respectively employed in managing his revenue, his customs, and his police. Indeed, conditions are fully comparable with a well-run Indian state, and the local Arab council and municipality take a very active interest in public affairs. The islands are the centre of the pearl trade.

Persia was ejected from Bahrain by the present ruling family in 1783, but she has recently laid claim to the islands, though she has had no footing there for 150 years.

Between Katar and Koweit on the mainland the country is ruled by Ibn Saud and his Wahhabis, and strangers rarely penetrate. The Wahhabi is fanatical, but, under the sway of that great man, Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, King of Hejaz and of Nejd, the country is being reduced to some kind of order. Whether this order is due to his personal control alone, and whether it will die with him, time only can tell. He is, however, controlling the Bedouin and changing him from a nomad into a dweller in fixed abodes, and he is also our good ally.

At Koweit again we find a ruler in close touch and in treaty with the British Government. A Political Agent of the Government of India resides there and works under the Resident in the Persian Gulf at Bushire. The town is steadily progressing in organization and is a centre of one of the biggest fleets in the pearl trade, but its future in general trade is dependent upon the interior—that is to say, upon the Bedouin tribes of Ibn Saud.

Beyond Koweit and between it and Persia lies Iraq which today is under our Mandate, but which was before the war Turkish territory.

To discuss this question I will resume my survey of the more modern history of the Persian Gulf.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century till towards the end, though France maintained certain consular ports, Great Britain was the only European Power deeply concerned. She was, as I have shown, bringing order and peace where disorder, slavery, and piracy had reigned supreme, but had kept free from territorial aggression.

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Russia in the meantime had been pressing forward on her career of absorption along the northern boundary of Persia and of Afghanistan until her southern frontier became coterminous with Northern Persia. Her Consuls had also been posted along the southern and eastern borders, and towards the end of the nineteenth century she began to show signs of activity in the Persian Gulf. Her officers visited various towns and places including the island of Hormuz. France, who was at that time her ally, and not on the best of terms with England, also began to show activity which had no friendly object to us. But these portents were even less in importance than the intention of the German Government to build the Baghdad railway and to open a port on the Persian Gulf.

Lord Curzon was at the time Viceroy of India, and no one realized more than he did the importance to India and to Great Britain of the Persian Gulf, and the danger of foreign aggression in it. In 1903 he made a personal tour of the area.

A glance at the map will show that he was not wrong in his conceptions. The Persian Gulf is a frontier of India. Had there been an enemy post within its boundaries during the Great War, it is evident that our Mesopotamian campaign would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible.

But any fortified port in that area could only be directed against India and Great Britain.

It was in accordance with this fact that Lord Lansdowne in 1903 made his announcement in the House of Lords: "I say it without hesitation; we should regard the establishment of a naval base or of a fortified port in the Persian Gulf by any other Power as a very grave menace to British interests, and we should certainly resist it with all the means at our disposal."

In his foreword to Sir A. T. Wilson's "Persian Gulf," published in 1928, Mr. Amery, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, writes in reference to this announcement: "This policy was reaffirmed by Lord Lansdowne's successor, Sir Edward Grey, in 1909. It stands unchallenged to this hour."

Today the importance to us of the Persian Gulf is even greater than it was. It is our air highway to the East and to Australia; it is the district in which the British-produced oil supply of the Admiralty is located; it still preserves its former importance to India, increased by these new developments.

Persia under Russian influence would be a grave menace, and Bolshevism is, we know, concentrating its efforts on the East.

Iraq, situated between the Wahhabi country, which had consolidated itself under Ibn Saud on the one side and the kingdom of Persia on the other, no longer has the protection of Turkey. Its population of

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some 3,000,000, many of whom consist of Arab tribes closely allied to those of Ibn Saud or allied by religion with Persia, could not protect it from its neighbours, both of whom desire to absorb the parts of it which lie upon their borders. Ibn Saud and his tribe have expressed the belief that their future lies in the country up to the Euphrates and the Shatt-el-Arab, the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Persia has always looked with longing eyes at Baghdad, from which she was once ruled, and near which lie the holy places of her religion.

The integrity of Iraq depends upon the British mandate and the British mandate alone.

The convulsion of the war has thrown up a new world. Ideas of nationalism and the doctrine of self-determination have permeated the souls of many, whether they are fitted for its responsibilities or not. In studying the demands which they are making there is a tendency in certain quarters to regard these demands as affecting only the countries which make them.

There are, however, many other points of view to be considered—the interests of countries who have worked and have expended money and have sunk capital in those countries, and also the interests of the civilized world at large.

Those who are still in a condition of savagery or semi-savagery require the guiding hand of a civilized power, even if some members of the community have progressed.

If we hold, as most of us do, that the British Empire has been an instrument of value in the civilization of the world, the query arises how far the British Empire is to abdicate the power which has produced this beneficial result. The fact that she has also acted in self-interest does not lessen, but strengthens, the force of this query. It is an historical fact that world civilization has advanced by the control of uncivilized or semi-civilized races by civilized powers.

Indeed, it is a law of political science, as certain in its action as any law of physics, that when a civilized power comes into contact with an uncivilized power, the civilized power is forced to assume some control, and the degree of that control is determined by two factors: firstly, the degree of security which is required; secondly, the degree of civilization which the controlled power can or will attain, and especially can maintain.

This is the history of the development of the world in general, and this law has operated in all cases where the British Empire has advanced, frequently against its will or desire; it has had its force in the advance of the Russian Empire—even in the case of the Bolshevik Government, which, however backward and savage may be its methods of government judged by our standards, is still much in advance of the countries which it absorbs. For the studying of the theory of self-

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determination let us remember that America in reality belongs to the Red Indian, Australia to the Bushmen, New Zealand to the Maori, South Africa to the Zulu and his kindred tribes; would anyone seriously contend that these countries should, even morally, be handed back to the heirs of the original owners?

This law is acknowledged to a certain degree by the mandates given to the League of Nations.

Civilization has at the various periods of history had its centre in different parts of the world. When Persia was a centre of world civilization its confines spread and enveloped the surrounding countries which were more uncivilized or more effete; when Greece or Rome became the centre the action of the law of progress made them spread their borders. Today civilization has its home in European countries, and as a result they have spread over the world to the benefit of the countries concerned as well as to the world at large. It has been inevitable that they should do so, but do not let us forget that history also teaches us that an effete civilization can be swept away by a stronger, if less civilized, community.

Were the British control removed from such places civilization would glide back to the state we found it in, a statement which, however much it may be contested by theoretical writers, is constantly supported by practical instance. It is then for us to decide whether we wish to continue the British Empire in the East, with all its wonderful power for good, or to give it up. But, at the same time, do not let us be hypocritical; let us remember that in its origin our ancestors considered their own benefit. We must also consider the benefits of trade and policy which we have gained and the vested interests we have acquired.

These arguments apply with considerable force to the Persian Gulf with the uncivilized races bordering most of its shores.

I have described the work the British Empire has, in the main through the offices of its Indian Government, done in the Persian Gulf in the abolition of piracy, of slavery, in the policing of its waters and the civilizing of its tribes and peoples, a work which it is still doing. I have hinted at the importance of the Persian Gulf to our policy, and I have outlined the great position we have acquired in those regions.

But Persia with her new nationalism and her new Government is challenging that position, and, indeed, is challenging the very rights we have acquired with the expenditure of so many lives and so much money.

Until 1928 European Powers had extra-territorial powers in Persia under which their Consuls had jurisdiction over their own nationals, a power due in the main to the fact that Persia was backward and that Persian law was administered under the Mahommedan religion, which was unsuited both in its methods and its results to Europeans.

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In 1927 Persia denounced the treaties under which these powers existed, and, though we acted under no definite treaty, we equally agreed to the termination of our extra-territorial rights.

Since this abolition Persia's national spirit has been very much in the ascendant, a not unnatural result, and has sometimes acted, as national spirit is apt to do, without considering the position of others.

But while admitting her legitimate demands we have equally to consider our vested rights, and these we cannot allow Persia to encroach upon where they are vital to our interests.

The Persians as a race are a charming and polite people; they are the most generous of hosts, and I who have lived so long among them must, naturally, be predisposed in their favour. But their later conduct towards us has not been in keeping with these characteristics; their policy has consisted of many broken promises, and their hospitality cannot blind us to a want of friendliness recently displayed by their Government to our established position in the Persian Gulf.

Even if we attempt to realize that this is partly the human result of the growing nationalism which feels the impact of two great Powers on its frontiers, however much we may philosophize in this respect, we cannot allow ourselves to be hurt by it. It is necessary for Persia to realize that our position is 300 years old, and that it is due to our self-restraint that we have not formed colonies on the Arab coast, that we have not absorbed the south as Russia has absorbed the north.

One who has, like myself, so recently been in charge of our political interests in the Persian Gulf, should obviously say nothing which would embarrass those in responsibility, but many acts of peremptory rudeness are known to official and civilian alike and show the trend of her mind. I will instance such a case. In regions such as the Persian Gulf the flag of a country has an importance such as it held in Europe in mediæval times, such as till recently were possessed by the colours of a regiment when carried into battle. For many years, probably some fifty or sixty, though I have not the date, our flagstaff has been situated outside the British Residency at Bushire.

The Persians have now demanded its removal within the Residency. In Europe this would be a small matter; to the Arab the British flag is the symbol of Britain's greatness.

It may well be asked why this sudden request. It is a demand following upon other similar demands. The Persian Government knows better than most Englishmen the psychological result of such an act and the effect that such a removal will have upon Persian and Arab alike.

The conjunction of many immediate demands, made one after the other regarding matters which have the sanction of years, cannot but convey to the Arab a weakening of the British power.

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The Persian claim to Muscat, a country so closely allied to Great Britain and so dependent upon it, is founded upon a seven years' conquest made close on 200 years ago. From 1737 to 1744 the Persians held Muscat, at the time that Nadir Shah was at the zenith of his imperialistic career; in 1744 they were expelled by the founder of the present ruling family. With this short interruption Oman has been in the possession of the Arabs, who in 1651 expelled the Portuguese, who again had held it from 1500.

Yet Persia, in pursuance of her claim, refuses to allow Muscat subjects to travel in Persia except under a Persian passport.

No one knows better than she does the effect that such a claim will have on the British name in the Persian Gulf. Why should a friendly Power act in so high-handed a manner? It is not for nothing that local Persian officials state openly that they will have us out of the Persian Gulf; it is perhaps not without ground that they say that, with the League of Nations, they are stronger than we are, since their politicians are cleverer.

But Persia herself, though aiming at civilization, and though a member of the League of Nations, is as yet far from being on the level of civilization of European nations.

Her general condition, apart from the overlay of cinemas, motor-cars, and other European imports, approximates to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in England. She is still in the condition when Cabinet ministers, great nobles, and generals are arrested and may be hanged; when tribes rebel, when finances are critical. Her women are still segregated; her sanitation hardly existent.

We should, and we do, give her every encouragement in her laudable attempt to raise herself; we should make allowance for a chauvinistic spirit due to the newly-born national idea; but we cannot, and should not, allow her to destroy the position which we have built up through the centuries, a position which is in fact so valuable to Persia herself.

Without our support in those regions she would inevitably come under the Bolshevik régime; but for us she would have been conquered and absorbed by Czarist Russia. Alone she could not resist.

In the Persian Gulf also Persia could do little. Her people have never been seamen; if we were not there, if she attempted to take Bahrein, or the Trucial coast, she would immediately come into opposition with the Wahhabis, who would join with the Arabs of those places and drive her out. It must be remembered that the Shiah religion is to the Wahhabi the worst form of sectarianism.

In 1924 the Under Secretary for State said in the House of Lords (for convenience I quote the words from Wilson's "Persian Gulf"):

"I do not think it has been suggested that there has been any

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weakening of the position by the present Government or any other Government. . . . Our position in the Persian Gulf . . . is at the present time absolutely untouched and unassailable."

This statement is no longer true. Our position has been assailed by the Persian Government, and has been very strongly touched.

Yet our position there is a very vital one to India, to imperial interests, and to the peace of the coasts—a peace which has been a Pax Britannica for more than a hundred years, which is a Pax Britannica today.

A wider and more general knowledge of events happening in a district so important to us is demanded, and I would accordingly ask members of the Central Asian Society to take an active interest in it and to keep in touch with the situation, which may have results so vitally important to our position in the East.

It is no blame to our political authorities individually to say that they must be generally dependent upon one of their permanent staff. Indeed, I am criticizing not the individuals, who are charming and clever, but the system. As a general rule (there have been brilliant exceptions) they naturally treat Oriental politics and accept Oriental statements as though they were dealing with a European Chancery. Yet nothing could be more different.

We have two services, the Levant Consular Service and the Indian Foreign and Political Department, who serve all their lives in the Orient, speak the languages of the East, and know and live among the people. They are recruited from the same class as the Diplomatic Service, have been educated at the same Universities or in the army, yet they remain perpetually under the orders of the Diplomatic Service, and are superseded in rank by the officers of that service. As soon as a Minister has served two years or so at Teheran and has learnt something of the country and the work he flies to more congenial places, which are less exile, being replaced by a new man, who can know little of the work to which he comes.

I have often wondered whether this is not responsible for the general failure of our policy in the East, for it is to be remembered that the Eastern mentality and outlook are entirely different to that of the West, and need a lifetime of study.

The obvious remedy is a Central Eastern or Middle Eastern Department which will deal with Eastern matters, the members of which will serve not only in London but in their sections throughout the East as Consuls as well as secretaries to the Legation, and will rise to be Ministers, and who will know the Eastern languages and be members of one service.

When we have a central authority dealing with the whole of the Middle East, on which authority the Government of India will be

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represented and to which her officers will be seconded, then and then only will points of policy receive their due comparative weight, and then only can we hope for a satisfactorily co-ordinated policy.

Until then we are bound to muddle along, losing ground through prejudice and a misunderstanding of real facts.

The Central Asian Society was founded for the consideration of such questions and for the hearing of the different points of view held by its members.

I have personally always doubted whether, with the political system upon which we work in the Middle East, it is possible to obtain the best results.

I have shown that our main interest in Persia and the Persian Gulf is due to the position of India. Our oil interests alone, important as they are, could not give us this concern politically. Our air route could not exist in its present form were it not for India.

As far back as 1870-1871 a committee of the House of Commons examining the question stated that in its opinion the Minister at Teheran should be selected from India, as today is—it would be more correct to say yesterday was—the Minister to Afghanistan.

Imperial necessities are necessarily supreme. Foreign Office officials are trained in France and Germany, Italy and Spain, Brazil and the Argentine. Their knowledge of the East usually comes late in life; if they serve in the East for a year or two in their youth, their duties are not such as to teach them much about the Oriental. But under the present system the Foreign Office in London administers the Legation at Teheran; the Colonial Office controls our policy in Iraq, Arabia, and to a certain extent in the Persian Gulf. This last she does in conjunction with the Indian Government.

Fortunately the whole is administered through the Political Resident in the Persian Gulf, an officer of the Foreign Department of the Government of India, who acts as the pin-point through which we focus our policy in general; but in purely Persian matters he works under the Legation at Teheran.

It is natural for a diplomat at Persian headquarters to look at matters from a point of view in which Persian policy bulks large; equally it is natural for the Colonial Office to regard them from the point of view of Iraq and Arabia, though not to the same degree, since they are not living in those countries, and are not subject to their atmosphere.

Yet the final political interest of these regions is the Persian Gulf and the Persian frontier towards India, with which India is so vitally concerned.

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KHOR MUSA AND BANDAR SHAPUR

THE note entitled "Persia's New Seaport," in the April number of the Central Asian Society's JOURNAL by Convoy Leader, does not deal with the ancient or modern history of this most interesting and potentially important harbour, and the following very brief recapitulation of salient facts on the subject may be of interest.

EARLY HISTORY.

The very full levels taken by Major W. R. Morton, R.E., of the P.W.D., India, in 1902-6, indicate the probability that in very early times the Khor Musa was the mouth of the Karun, which must have reached it through the gap in the hills five miles east of Ahwaz and thence down the great depression now drained by the Malih stream. When, at a much later date, the Karun took to its present bed, it continued to enter the Khor Musa, turning south-east at Marid, and passing Qubban, now a salt swamp, until in 1766 it abandoned this bed and followed a boat channel which had been dug from near Mohammerah to Marid (hence the term "Haffar," or "excavated," for the reach from Khumbeh above Mohammerah to Marid).

Until 1766 the Shatt-al-Arab had two mouths, one reaching the sea as at present at Fao, the other being the Bahmashir channel, which was of about equal size and importance. The word Bahmashir is a corruption of Bahman Ardashir, a town anciently situated on the banks of one of the two mouths of the Shatt-al-Arab, and referred to by Hamza of Isfahan in A.D. 961; Bushire and Reshire are similar corruptions respectively of the names Bokht Ardashir and Ram Ardashir, all three being founded by the King Ardashir Papakan.* For the current form Abu Shahr, a mixture of Persian and Arabic, there is no etymological justification at all.

The little port of Buzi near Fallahiyah on a branch of Khor Musa is so named not from an eponymous goat, but from the old Persian word *buzi*—a ship.†

Khor Musa was already a well-known anchorage when Nearchus arrived in 326 B.C. It is referred to by Pliny (vi. 26) in A.D. 23-79 as the port of Muza, and elsewhere as Mesene.‡ It is referred to in the travels of Nasir Khusrawi in the thirteenth century as the creek of Doraqistan, in which ships coming from India cast anchor.

It was the scene of sanguinary fighting between British and Indian

* For authorities see Hadi Hasan, "A History of Persian Navigation, 1928."

† *Ibid.*, p. 79.

‡ For references see Wilson, "The Persian Gulf, 1928," pp. 49-50.

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sailors and Arab pirates of the Chaab (K'ab) tribes in 1766 (see "Saldanha," p. 201).

Recent History.

When Anglo-Russian relations were a subject of considerable anxiety at the beginning of the present century, the Russian Government having made no secret of their desire for an outlet in Persian territory at the head of the Gulf, the Khor Musa was reconnoitred in 1903, under the orders of the Home Government,* by Commander Somerville, R.N., who was accompanied by Commander Kemp, R.N., of H.M.S. *Sphinx*, the Senior Naval Officer, Persian Gulf Division. The information contained in his report was supplemented by a series of further reports by officers of the Royal Indian Marine and by consular officers at Bushire and Mohammerah. The Khannaq branch of the Dauraqistan creek to within a few miles of Qubban, and the Zangi tract which adjoins the northern bank of Khor Ma'shúr above the mouth of the Dauraq creek leading to Buzi, were all carefully mapped. For obvious reasons, the charts then made were not published at the time, but the seventh edition of the "Persian Gulf Pilot" (1924) gives at pp. 231-2, under the incorrect spelling Hor Musa,† a fairly full and accurate description of the channel and its surroundings, and states that the minimum depth on the bar is 2½ fathoms.

A full and most interesting account of his exploration of Khor Musa was given by Rear-Admiral Somerville in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June and July, 1920, under the title "A Secret Survey." "I felt," he wrote, "that the importance of the discovery of this wonderful deep-water anchorage, far inland, entirely protected from attack from seaward, and having an abundant fresh-water supply, easily available, by pipe-line or otherwise, fully warranted the expenditure of time I had given it."

It was not, however, in reality a "discovery," for Captain George Barnes Brucks of the Indian Navy, in his "Memoir Descriptive of the Navigation of the Gulf of Bushire," dated August 21, 1829 (Bombay Selections, No. XXIV., 1856), refers to the harbour in the following terms:

"The entrance to Khore Moosa, or Moses, is in lat. 29° 57′ 10″ N., 49° 4′ E., and runs up to the northward until it reaches Banda Monsure, on the western and the Dorak river on the eastern side. The soundings are from four to eighteen fathoms. In lat. 30° 22′ 20″ N., long. 48° 58′ 45″ E. is a rocky islet with fifteen and eighteen fathoms close to it."

He further describes Khor Wastah and the islands of Deera (lat. 30° 4′ 22″ N., long. 49° 5′ 50″ E.) and of Bunah (lat. 30° 7′ 48″ N.,

* See para. 2, p. 365, "British Documents on the Origin of the War," vol. iv., 1929, *et seq.*

† Hor = a shallow fresh or brackish marsh. Khor = an arm of the sea.

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long. 49° 10′ 18″ E.) with accuracy and in detail. His account is well worth studying, as it will enable the engineer of 1929 to ascertain precisely what changes, if any, have taken place. Reference should also be made to the chart (dated 1830) annexed to the Memoir.

Naval enquiries definitely established that the Khor Musa bar carried 3 fathoms of low water springs, but it was added that a complete survey might reveal a deeper channel than any then known; it was also remarked that successive surveys carried out over a period of nearly twenty years had indicated that the soundings in this region are little liable to variation, due, no doubt, to the fact that practically no silt is at any time deposited. Such silt as there is was doubtless originally brought down by the Bahmashir, which is shown, however, by successive surveys, to have been steadily shrinking for the past century. Within the bar the depth steadily increases, and after passing Dairah there is no bottom at 9 fathoms, a condition which is maintained the whole way from this place to the head of the main creek, where the channel is still 10 fathoms deep and not less than half a mile broad, and even greater depth is found in the Khor Abu Khadhayar.

The islands lying between the various creeks are a favourite resort of seagulls and other birds during the breeding season, their nests being quite unapproachable for the most part owing to the soft mud, and in the summer large quantities of salt are produced by evaporation.

One little ruined mud fort, on one of the smaller Khors, is known as the Kut, or fort, of Mister Zubaid el Farangi. Who he was, and what he did, history does not relate, but he deserves to be immortalized like the dead pilot, whose tomb (Qabr-an-Nakhuda) was till recently the only landmark in the Khor.

Commander Somerville's reports bore fruit in due course, and when, in 1909, the Persian railway syndicate obtained from the Persian Government an option to build a line northwards from the Persian Gulf, the terminus was specified as Mohammerah, or alternatively, Khor Musa, the potentialities of which had been fully explained to the authorities in Tehran, if, indeed, they were not already aware of them. But, in point of fact, at a much earlier date (in 1906) the possibilities of Khor Musa as a terminus of the Baghdad Railway had been raised by Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords, the idea being that the disadvantages of Basrah and the political objections to Koweit as a terminus might be avoided, with benefit to Persia, by placing the terminus in Persian territory on the Khor Musa. This solution would have had, in certain eventualities, the further advantage to Persia, in the event of the construction by Russia of a north-south railway, of avoiding the possibility of control of the port and terminus of Khor Musa by any one nation other than Persia. In June, 1910, a further survey was made and the courses of the Khors Silaik Bahri, Silaik

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Barri, and Kuwairin mapped on the 1 inch to 1 mile scale by a young officer of the Indian Army, who experienced all the miseries described by "Convoy Leader" in the article referred to, and nearly met his death in the process. The position of the island of Daira wa Bunnah (Kataderbis of Nearchus) was fixed by the navigator of H.M.S. *Redbreast* (Lieutenant Spreckley, R.N.) in September, 1910, his party narrowly escaping a watery grave by the rising tide. In 1924 an aerial survey of the mud flats between the Karun and the Khor Musa was made and the land connections ascertained.

Whilst every credit is due to the survey party of U.S. and other engineers in 1927, and still more to the Persian Government for boldly proceeding with the construction of the future Bandar Shapur, the debt that is owed to earlier workers in the same field, and in particular to Commanders Somerville and Kemp, should not be forgotten. To quote Horace:

> "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> multi: sed omnes illacrimabiles
> urgentur ignotique longa
> nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

A. T. W.

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NOTES BY COLONEL A. E. DAVIDSON ON A RECENT JOURNEY OVER THE ROUTE QUETTA-BAGHDAD VIA DUZDAB, MESHED, TEHERAN

(1ST TO 16TH JUNE, 1929)

SINCE Colonel Nisbet made the journey which he describes in "The Motor Route from India" (*vide* Vol. XV. of the Society's Transactions), it seems to me that conditions have become far easier for the motorist who wishes to make a similar journey. It is proposed therefore to give some impressions of the features that struck me as having changed in the intermediate period between Colonel Nisbet's and my journeys.

Mine was undertaken in June, 1929, after a trip of five months' duration in India. I was faced with a journey to Iraq which everyone told me was most unpleasant at that time of year. First Quetta to Karachi by rail, which I had done a fortnight before and had found most unpleasant, then a hot and sticky trip up the Persian Gulf during the monsoon, and finally a hot and dusty rail journey from Basrah to Baghdad.

Various friends met earlier murmured something about a mythical road across Persia, but had added in unspoken language that, of course, a greenhorn like myself could not stand the climate in the summer-time as they, hardened old *quai-hais*, could, so there was no use thinking about it that time! However, on arrival at A.H.Q., I was reassured by the stout fellows in the Military Operations Branch, who gave me much more precise information and handed me a copy of Colonel Nisbet's paper to digest. It struck me that although I was a novice to the East, not counting my residence there from the tender ages of 0 to 6½ years as man's service, the climate would present no great difficulties as the greater part of the route lay over comparative high ground, while doubtless the lower lying and therefore presumably hotter ground could be covered at night. This forecast proved to be absolutely correct.

Accordingly, armed with the excellent information provided in the Society's Transactions and full of good advice willingly given by various officers, military and political, who knew Persia intimately *in toto* or in part, I decided to face the journey, as the experience likely to be gained on this road trip was certain to be of great value.

I knew no Eastern tongues, but took a bearer, a native of Poonch, who spoke both Urdu and Persian. After Duzdab the only places where the former was of value was in a few stores and garages kept by Indians. These even ceased after Shabwazar. At and after Teheran my French was of occasional use, but an ability to point eloquently is really the greatest asset.

The first difference between this journey and most others that have been described is that I had no car of my own, and was not anxious to buy one. For one thing I had an assignation in Baghdad which left me only 16 days for the journey, so I felt that if I was in a hireling and it broke down *en route*, I should have no compunction in deserting it and going on by the next available one heading in the right direction. If it were one's own property one would feel obliged to wait and have it mended, with possible considerable loss of time and certainty of expense. Enquiries made in India from importing firms led

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me to suppose that cars could be hired by stages of about 600 miles at a time for very reasonable terms.

Colonel Nisbet advised railing the car on its first stage from India—namely, Quetta to Duzdab. This is now no longer necessary, as the road has been made up and will be kept up in good repair. I had to compromise, as only part of the good work was done when I went through, but had my journey been a fortnight later I could have gone all the way by car. As it was I was kindly taken to Nushki, some 100 miles, by a brother officer in a new six-cylinder Chevrolet. This section is pretty fast, and can be covered in 3½ hours on any American car as big or bigger than that used.

We took longer as we were looking at the road work in progress. The first few miles follow the road to Kalat till a sign-board is met directing the traveller to London via Duzdab, Baghdad, and Jerusalem.

Then it dawns upon one that one's way is not all strewn with tar and other luxuries of modern travel. Up to Nushki the hills to one side or other greatly enhance the view, and nearing the latter place there are some most fantastic hills where the strata have bent round in such a manner that they resemble a Chinese pagoda. Unfortunately the light was such that this particular formation would not have come out on my camera, and it is doubtful even if it would be photographable, except possibly in winter-time, when the light is far more kindly to the camera.

Just before this we had passed through Sheik Wassil gorge, which had only recently been the last impassable obstacle to a touring motor-car. It is a wild gorge, and although no racing track, it is now no impediment to the passage of all who wish to motor there.

Duzdab is the town of entry of cars made in India which are being imported into East Persia, consequently there is a stream of cars going up to Meshed for sale there or thereabouts. I found rival firms seeking my patronage, and had I been well versed in the ways of the bargainer of the East I should doubtless have obtained my fare for less than I did, but still I did not do so badly after all at 3½ miles to a rupee, a rate far lower than it would cost one to do the journey in one's own private car, especially allowing fully for depreciation over the dreadful roads or lack of roads.

On the day I started there were three Chevrolets and two Newfords (one word in these parts), all going through to Meshed for sale. We also met or passed on the journey other cars and lorries, so there is no lack of transport on the way. If you do not mind travelling like a sardine the fares on the local lorries are ridiculously small. Front seat is about 40 Rs. for a 600-mile stage, while accommodation inside is even less at 18 Rs. Free luggage is restricted, but the extra fares for excess are not too high. The sardine, however, is better off, as he has to be entirely inside the tin, whereas many of the passengers are carried with more of their person than is pleasant to themselves outside the bus: not that any such deck cargo has ever been known to fall off.

Duzdab now boasts of a hotel where one can be quite comfortable. The bi-weekly train from Quetta arrives in the afternoon. I did not set off till the evening of June 2, the day after arrival, but if one had fixed up one's hireling car it would be possible to start the evening of arrival by train or car. In the hot weather the normal practice, which I strongly recommend, is to leave in the late afternoon when the sun is fairly low so as to cover the worst bit of the desert during the night. It had become very hot the day after I had arrived, and my driver was not at all anxious to leave at

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the appointed time; the police, too, who have to see all cars away, were snoring till quite late, so it was 7.30 p.m. before all formalities were done and we said good-bye to the mud huts. Our companion car was not so fortunate, as the passengers had not had their police visa put in order, so they had to return and, later, we had to wait for them over an hour before commencing our night journey.

Duzdab to Hormuk must be much faster now. It took us 1¾ hours to do the 36 miles against 3 hours. (In all cases times are compared with Colonel Nisbet's.) In the setting sun this short stage looked very pretty, especially in the river-bed, where the colours and the curious strata were particularly noticeable. I am glad it was dark when we reached Hormuk, as then it was hidden from view. It felt as though it was not a joy for ever. After partaking of an excellent cold supper, we had to wait till nearly 11.0 for the other car, and then set out for the desert, the first part of which was still very bad, as we only averaged 15 m.p.h. for 24 miles. It was extremely hot all through the night, and it was not till the first rays of the dawn at 5.30 that there was any coolness in the air. It must have been over 100° all night long. At 7 a.m. Shusp was reached, and three hours were spent there in the Political bungalow having breakfast and a little sleep. We reached Birjand at 4 p.m., and the Consul most kindly put me up. It was the King's birthday, and in the evening there was a large dinner in his honour, to which all personages of note in the locality were invited. When my afternoon tea came in to me after a shave and a short sleep, I thought they had made a mistake about whose birthday it was, so loudly did the tray groan with good things—wonderful cakes, creams, and mulberries galore. I have to mention this, as the sequel was that next day the 6 a.m. start developed into a 10.50 start, what with master's lateness and the bearer's forgetfulness.

Shusp, which used to be a hospital station during the war, seemed cool with a fresh breeze. For another 25 miles, however, it was very warm, as the road traverses a sandy plain. Thence on to Birjand it was much cooler all the way through Persia till descending the pass that leads down to Iraq.

Had there been a place to stop at some four hours further on it would have been possible to run on that night till dark. A bungalow similar to the one at Shusp kept up at, say, Gunabad, where there used to be a bathing-pool, would be a great asset to travellers.

If one could go further on the first day there is no reason why Meshed should not be reached the second day out from Duzdab, as my third day was a very short one.

What with the late start and the bad roads after the first hour, we did not reach Turbat i Hidairi till nearly 10 at night. There I was put up by a ocal Indian merchant, who went out of his way to provide a most magnificent dinner for my behalf. The wire announcing my arrival did not precede me, a feature of the East that must always be allowed for. Had it done so I shudder to think what size my gorgeous repast would have reached.

The third day out I got to Meshed by lunch-time, and was kindly entertained during my stay by the Consul-General in the consulate with its wonderful garden, a bit of Old England transported to the East just to show that even the celebrated Persian garden cannot compare with the best that England grows. When I tell friends about his cherries the size of plums they refer me to books of travellers' tales. Two days were spent in fixing up my next bus, a six-cylinder Hudson tourer. It was sprung for the usual local load of about nine persons cum luggage, and so was not too comfortable for my mall party.

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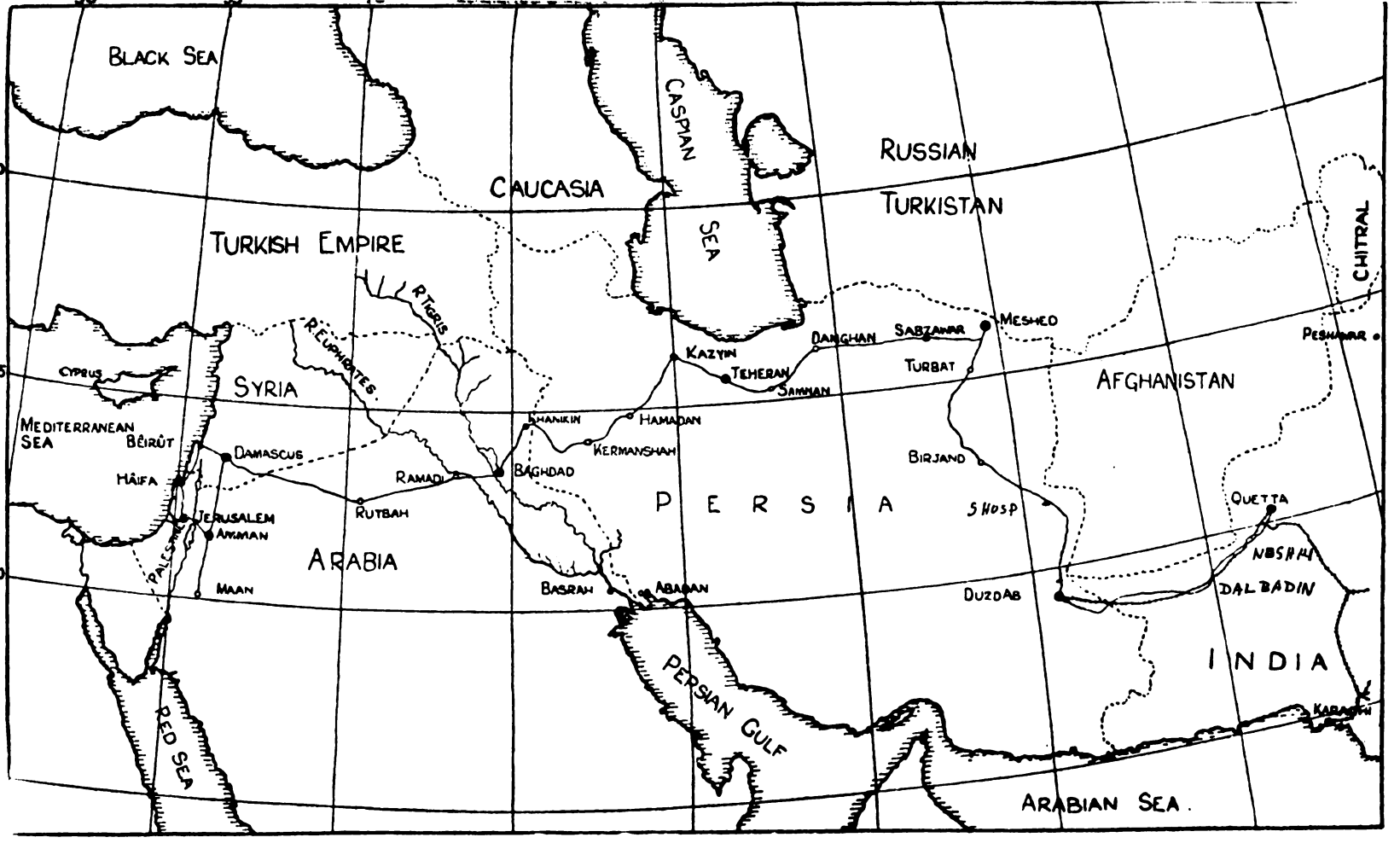

THE QUETTA-BAGHDAD MOTOR ROUTE.

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Stages from Duzdab to Meshed.

First day and night: Duzdab to Birjand, resting Shusp; 286 miles.
Second day: Turbat i Hidairi, 209 miles.
Third day: Meshed, 88 miles.

We started on June 8 and reached Shabwazar that night, putting up at a garage kept by a Sikh. This was the furthest west that the Indian element is found. I much preferred Indians to Persians, as the former knew the standards required by Europeans better than the latter.

This was a rough day's run, and took 8 hours net for 148 miles. From there on, however, conditions improved stage by stage. The second day out was slow in the morning, but nearing Shahrud in the evening good roads were struck, and thence on serious attempts had been made by the Persians to provide real roads. Shahrud was passed about 6 p.m., but as the going was excellent we only stopped for a drink and went on to Damghman, 50 miles further, for the night, making 209 for the day. We put up at a Persian garage on the far side of the town, a very noisy place, what with late comers and early goers. This enabled us to reach Teheran on the third day.

The third day's run took 12 hours gross and 10 hours net for 225 miles. The roads were good, and the scenery fine. It was cool, too; in fact where we stopped for lunch it was too cold, owing to a strong breeze.

Stages Meshed to Teheran.

Day one: Shabwazar, 148 miles.
Day two: Damghman, 209 miles.
Day three: Teheran, 225 miles.

Two days were spent in Teheran negotiating for a car to go on to Baghdad. This section was in good order, and presented no difficulties. The stages were:

Day one: Hamadan, 243 miles; net time, 8 hours 5 minutes.
Day two: Kirmanshah, 123 miles; net time, 4 hours 25 minutes.
Day three: Baghdad, 235 miles; net time, ten hours.

As a matter of fact I stopped one day at Hamadan to select a magic carpet, without which the traveller to the East dare not show his face at home. Also I was one day ahead of my assignation at Baghdad.

The last day's run only calls for comment. The police were very troublesome in wanting to inspect police passes at every little town, both on entering and leaving. Further, these passes were only granted from town to town, and not through from Teheran to Baghdad or the frontier post.

The journey on to the coast now presents no difficulties in dry weather. There is a large volume of traffic passing over the desert route: touring cars, light lorries, and elephantine multi-wheelers. It is all real desert going till quite close to Damascus, but much faster on the whole than where *bad* roads exist. The chief thing to watch is that your water supply is sufficient. Hotels at Ramadi, 100 miles, and at Rutba, 320 miles.

Once at Damascus there is plenty of choice of routes over which the motorist may fill in a few days of sight-seeing. Wonderful country, magnificent ruins. Roads good enough.

As regards money, while rupees are good at Duzdab, they are not of use further on till Iraq is reached. Even rupee paper money is not liked by the bank at Duzdab. The cumbersome Persian silver coinage is the most useful thing to take. Just harden your heart, buy a little canvas bag, and fill it up. The bankers were very obliging in dealing with letters of

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credit and authenticated London cheques, but all transactions in an Eastern bank take a long time, and holidays seem to be numerous, so the fewer visits to the bank the more spare time you will enjoy. Cook's or other forms of traveller's cheques are useful, as they are often cashable when banks are closed.

If you are a tennis player, not necessarily of Wimbledon standard, take your racquet, and if possible some new strokes in your kit-bag. The European community in the towns passed through is most hospitable, and will swallow with relish anything new in the tennis line. Their chances of seeing Borotra or Cochet are few, and it is up to you to make the best substitute you can.

Finally, I was very lucky in the weather. It was bone dry. Signs are manifest that when wet the difficulties are still very great.

OBITUARY

BRIG.-GENERAL SIR GILBERT CLAYTON, K.C.M.G., K.B.E.

THE news of Sir Gilbert Clayton's death on September 11 came as a great blow to all who were working with him and all who had hoped for his wise guidance in the troubled lands of Arabia. An account of his work will appear in the next number of the JOURNAL, but all who knew him will echo the appreciation which appeared in *The Times* of September 12:

"He was a delightful chief; quiet, never fussy, never despondent in the blackest days, afraid of no responsibility, and ready to accept any suggestion from subordinates which his instinctive good sense approved. He was an admirable judge of men, for he had never allowed military formalism to blunt his appreciation of values. His political instinct was sound; he knew the immense importance of Arabia in a war with the Turk, and the desert war that ate up five Turkish divisions was planned and foreseen by him in 1915 when he began the negotiations with the Grand Sherif.

"Later on in the war his work became increasingly administrative and political. As Chief Political Officer with the Expeditionary Force in Palestine he had to combine the duties of a Military Governor with the supervision of our relations with the Hejaz and the tribes across the Jordan. He 'managed' Jew and Arab, Christian and Moslem, with equal skill and courtesy, winning their trust as he had won that of the Hejazis. Others are better qualified to speak of his later work as adviser in Egypt and Chief Secretary in Palestine. The picture that is clearest in the writer's mind is from the early days of the war: the Director of Intelligence at his desk listening, always listening impassively, and watching with those quiet, vigilant eyes that seemed to be looking into your mind. To those who served with him or under him his loss is a cruel personal blow; to the Empire it is a calamity, for if there was one man who could have unravelled the tangle in Palestine it was Clayton."

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CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY

A SPECIAL General Meeting of the Central Asian Society was held on Wednesday, July 10, 1929. Lord Peel presided.

The CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen,—We are met together here for the purpose of discussing and I hope assenting to a proposal already passed, I think, by the Councils of the two Societies—a proposal for the incorporation in the Central Asian Society of the Persia Society. It is suggested, I understand, that the following name should be the name of the Society now: "The Central Asian Society, in which is incorporated the Persia Society." I think you are familiar with the terms which have been arranged by the two Councils. The President of the Persia Society, Lord Lamington, becomes a Vice-President of the Central Asian Society. The Hon. Secretary of the Persia Society, Mr. Keeling, to be co-opted to the Council of the Central Asian Society. H.E. Hannes Khan Mossaed, the present Persian Minister, to be made an Honorary Vice-President of the Central Asian Society. There are two propositions apparently that have to be put before the Central Asian Society members; one is a substantive proposition, the other follows. It is a consequential alteration of the rules. The substantive proposition I want to put before the Society for discussion is that the name of the Central Asian Society be altered to "THE CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY, IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE PERSIA SOCIETY." Does anyone wish to speak on that?

Dr. RUSHTON PARKER: I should like to say a word on that. Would it not be possible to amalgamate the two Societies without altering the name? The name which is proposed is a very lengthy one, and I suppose it is only suggested to meet the wishes of the Persia Society. Recently there have been a great many amalgamations of banks and railways, and all have come to the conclusion that it is very desirable to have a very short name. I suggest it would be possible to retain the old name and yet clearly understand you are amalgamating.

The CHAIRMAN: I think we ought to hear the members of the Persia Society upon that. I am entirely in favour of that proposal myself, and I have my own direct experience as a director of Barclay's Bank, where various banks were absorbed. At first the title was altered, but finally we got back to "Barclay's Bank." I prefer a short title, but I understand this title was agreed to at a joint meeting. It has really been arrived at by what you may practically call a joint committee of the two Societies, but if you make that suggestion perhaps we should hear the views of the Persia Society.

Lord LAMINGTON: I admit the new name is a very cumbersome title to use, and I should like to see the title, "The Central Asian Society and Persia Society." I understand the Central Asian Society disagreed, so it was dropped. Or I suggest "The Central Asian Society with the Persia Society," or something like that. But to drop the title "Persia" is absolutely opposed to the wishes of the members of the Persia Society, if for no other reason then for one reason alone, that the Persian Minister would never assent to it. In 1911 the then Persian Minister approached me to form the Society, and it was at his instance it was done. Since then we have carried on, I admit, under great difficulties. Our funds are very substantial. We have never

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been in financial difficulties, which is something to say for a Society, and the lectures we have had given have usually been of a high order. I may be wrong in my assumption, but personally I believe the day is coming when Persia will regain something like her old position, and then such will be her condition and her prestige it will be again desirable to start a separate Persia Society, so as to mark the importance of our relations with Persia. Anybody who knows the East realizes the important part Persia has played in connection with the Indian Empire. It would be disastrous if the name Persia were lost in the process of amalgamation, and I should not agree to it for a moment. The Persian Minister, who is rather reluctant to agree to any change, would be absolutely opposed to this suggestion, and would never agree to it. I should strongly dissent from the idea of dropping the name Persia.

A MEMBER: Would the name Per-Asian meet the case?

The CHAIRMAN: I think we had better ask Sir Denison Ross to speak on that; does anybody else wish to say anything?

Sir RALEIGH EGERTON: With all due respect to Lord Lamington, I think the position is this: the Persia Society was established on the instigation of the then Minister with a view I have always been led to understand to establishing friendly intercourse between Persian gentlemen and English gentlemen. The Central Asian Society was established with quite a different object; the very name of the Society, I think, shows what its object was. We met to collect together a body of men who had interest in and understood the position which was roughly described as the Central Asian question—the position of England in India and Russia in the East, with Central Asia as the focus of those interests. It included Persia and Mesopotamia. Some of the first papers read before the Central Asian Society were on the question of railways through Mesopotamia and Persia, which threatened our communication with India. The Persia Society, as far as I understand, has now found itself unable to fulfil its responsibilities, and has asked to amalgamate with us. Our interests already cover Persia, and I cannot see any reason why the Persia Society should not be absorbed in us. There is no reason why we should put in the name Persia. We might be asked to put in China, Japan, Afghanistan, or any other name you might mention. They would each require some space in the JOURNAL; the expense of producing a journal like that would not be covered by one pound a year subscription. If the Persia Society finds itself unable to exist as a separate entity I do not see why it should not gracefully expire and we accept its members. There is no reason to alter the name of the Central Asian Society.

A MEMBER: I would like to support the proposal of Council that the name be altered as suggested. The name Central Asian Society itself hardly describes the activities of our Society, and I suggest time be allowed to deal with the matter.

ANOTHER MEMBER: I would like to support the speech of the last speaker but one. It seems to me the ideal thing is to keep our name, Central Asian Society, and I think in these days of cumbrous titles we want to avoid having a more cumbrous title ourselves. My first suggestion would be that we simply call ourselves still the Central Asian Society if that is possible. As far as I understand, our discussions have been in the main political, and political matters are really our *raison d'être*. That is one point, that we have long ago left Central Asia behind. We discuss questions of South-west Arabia, China, and Japan, so that really the name Central Asian Society is out of date. It might be difficult to get another one. I do not know whether the name

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"Asian Society" is already taken up. Logically we should call ourselves the "Asian Political Society" or something like that. But that would probably be held open to objection in a good many quarters. I think the best thing is to call ourselves the Central Asian Society, and not add any other country, however much feeling may be aroused on the point.

The CHAIRMAN: It was proposed we should be called the "Asia Society," and the Royal Asiatic Society objected to that on the ground that we should be trenching closely on their name. Partly on account of that the more elaborate form of words was adopted.

The MEMBER: Could we call ourselves the "Asian Political Society" or some term embodying that idea, because we have gone right over the whole of Asia?

The CHAIRMAN: I do not like the word "political"; it always suggests party politics of some kind. So long as we avoid that word all sorts of officials and other people bound not to deal with party matters can join.

ANOTHER MEMBER: We might have some more sweet-sounding name.

ANOTHER MEMBER: I wish to support the suggestion of Council. The name, although somewhat cumbrous, is adopted to meet the susceptibilities, the very reasonable susceptibilities, of the Persia Society. I agree with the member on my right that we should do nothing at the present stage. Just as the time may come in the future when Barclay's Bank may resume the name "Barclay's Bank"——

The CHAIRMAN: It has done so.

The MEMBER: The same with the Central Asian Society, it may resume its name or invent some term suitable to our activities. But in view of the fact that the two Councils have carefully considered the question, including no doubt all the words mentioned today, I support the proposition.

Sir DENISON ROSS: I would strongly support the name "Persia" on the entry of the Persia Society into the Central Asian Society. I think Persia is one of the most interesting countries in the world at the moment. It is something to keep the name before us while she is struggling to get her head above water for the first time for centuries.

The CHAIRMAN: Minorities in these days generally have their way, and possibly it would be better, as there is a good deal of division of opinion on the subject, we should adopt the name as arranged by the two committees. I will therefore put the proposal before the Society that the Central Asian Society be called "The Central Asian Society, in which is incorporated the Persia Society." Those in favour. (*A show of hands.*) Those against.

The resolution was carried *nem. con.*

The CHAIRMAN: We want to alter Rule 15 in order to allow H.E. the present Persian Minister to be created an Honorary Vice-President. In order to admit of this the following change should be made in Rule 15—the words "from among ex-members of the Council" be omitted. Then the rule will read: "The Council may elect at their discretion three Honorary Vice-Presidents of the Society whose services to the Society are considered worthy of such recognition." Those who are in favour of such amendment please show in the usual way. (*A show of hands.*) Against.

The resolution was carried.

The CHAIRMAN: That, ladies and gentlemen, concludes our business.

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CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER

THE Annual Dinner of the Society took place on July 3, at the Hotel Cecil, Lord Peel, President of the Society, in the Chair.

Sir Aurel Stein proposed the health of the Society and its President.

Sir AUREL: It was some months ago, in the course of a study tour in Syria, that I received from your Secretary's hand the Council's kindly worded invitation to be a guest and to speak at the Society's Annual Dinner. After years of absence in less hospitable regions I gave way rather rashly to this kind invitation. But I must confess, with the pleasure at finding myself remembered far away there mingled embarrassment, when, on my arrival in London a few weeks ago, I was told that I was to propose the health (or whatever else I should call it) of the Central Asian Society. This implied that regard for the Society's healthy egotism would require me to be the first speaker on this festive occasion.

I appreciate this distinction, but find it hard to account for it. It is true that I enjoyed the advantage of spending a considerable series of years on successive expeditions in that innermost Asia which, poor desiccated desert as it is, may yet claim in a geographical sense to be the true centre of Asia. But, then, the Central Asian Society has established, most rightly I think, its "sphere of interests" over the whole of Asia, including regions vastly more important politically and economically, to say nothing of great portions of that annexe of Asia which we call Europe, and of large slices of Africa. Then, again, those happy years of Central Asian travel, and those equally happy summers passed in the solitude of my beloved high mountain-top in Kashmir, have not given me much of opportunity to acquire rhetorical gifts with which to entertain my fellow-men.

I have specially referred to the wide extent of the Central Asian Society's "sphere of interests," because it is just this which has assured it a firm footing in this heart of a world-wide empire, and allowed it so rapidly to secure adequate elbow room by the side of two elder sisters, both of respectable age and importance. I mean the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Asiatic Society. I shall not inflict upon you commonplace remarks upon the interrelation of those ancient sister sciences, geography and history. But it must be clear to all of us that the problems in the East with which this Society is primarily called upon to concern itself are raised by political conditions of the present and by the history of the past. And for both of these, the facts of geography and that rather complex and erratic factor humanity are jointly responsible.

More than one of us already, before the Central Asian Society was born, had been attracted towards one portion or another of that vast region between the Yellow Sea and the Mediterranean. It must have often occurred to us then how useful it would be if there existed a *forum* in which it might be possible to place before a wider public, observations and opinions on the great problems of the East gained by service at the outposts of the Empire, or else

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by travel and study. I mean, without having either to attempt to rouse the interest of millions already preoccupied with problems far nearer home through letters to the Press, etc., or else to try and smuggle their expert advice into the proceedings of societies which are supposed to ban politics. The importance of such observations and advice must be obvious to all those who find themselves here in the centre of an Empire greater than any that history has known, and who realize how much the cares for its future could be lightened by a knowledge of that past which is responsible for the complexities of the present.

The study of that past and present in regions so wide apart as China in the Far East and the Mediterranean lands in the West calls for the work of many among your members, whether they serve the State in distant parts, or are in a happy position of freedom for travel and independent survey of records. Lucid accounts of their labours, together with reviews of those of others, in widely separate parts of the East, are now constantly being presented in your JOURNAL. But since for over forty-one years my work, official and other, has linked me closely with India, it is natural that my thoughts on this occasion should turn particularly towards those departed great "Politicals" (to use the convenient Indian term), who in times gone by had to watch over the foreign relations of the Indian Empire, and yet, under the burden of all their cares, found time to be scholars also.

Men like Mountstuart Elphinstone, Burnes, Brian Hodgson, can be known to us only by their fame and published works. But I for one am fortunate enough to recall, and always with gratitude, the impressions left upon me when, as a young student, before my departure for India, I was brought into contact with that great statesman, scholar, and man, Sir Henry Rawlinson. In his early manhood, while watching over British interests in what is now Iraq, he had opened a great mine for the earliest history of the East by his decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions. After having served the Empire as British Minister at Teheran, he returned to this country to watch over Indian affairs; he then never tired of calling the nation's attention to that old and ever-renewed menace from Central Asia, the slow but steady approach towards the Indian North-West Frontier of that great northern Power beyond the Oxus and the Caspian.

There may be but few present here who remember having seen that grand old "Political." But to the mind of many among you there will present itself the noble figure of Sir Alfred Lyall, to whom as much as to anyone the early fame of the Central Asian Society is due. As a former Foreign Secretary of the Indian Government, as a critical student deeply interested in the working of traditional Indian mentality, and endowed, too, with a poet's intuitive gifts, he realized how great was the need of a suitable channel for acquainting the British public with the observations and views of experts on the varied aspects of Eastern affairs, deeply rooted as they are in the past and yet ever changing.

It was the same perception which led Sir Mortimer Durand, another outstanding Indian "Political," and Lord Curzon, surely one of the greatest Proconsuls whom this country ever sent to the East, to take a deep interest in the work of our Society. The loss which the cause of the British Empire in the East and with it the interests served by the Central Asian Society have suffered through the departure of Lord Curzon is too great, and the memory of all that he with his Napoleonic powers of work, his wonderful knowledge of Eastern men and things stood for is too fresh, for my humble speech to

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venture here upon more than a brief note of deep reverence. The Marquess of Zetland, our respected Vice-President, in a masterly biography has recorded what that great statesman and ruler of men did to stimulate and guide public interest in the East past and present.

None of us who were privileged to be present five years ago at the Society's Annual Dinner are ever likely to forget the memorable oration then made by Lord Curzon. With penetrating vision derived from a lifetime's work in high office as well as in the study he reviewed in it the far reaching political changes which in our times have overtaken almost all great countries of Asia outside India. These changes are still proceeding before our eyes, and in parts like Afghanistan with truly kaleidoscopic rapidity.

As a mere antiquarian and geographical student, I prefer to view events in historical perspective, that is from a safe distance in time, though, of course, I rather like to keep near them in space and visit their scenes, so I do not care to touch here upon those changes which are brought about by evolution of national or racial sentiments, nor upon the conflicts which arise from the reaction of ancient civilizations like those of India, China, Persia against Western influences. It will be safer perhaps, and anyhow, I hope, less of a tax on your patience if I confine myself to a mention of only one or two of those changes which are directly due to the rapid technical developments of our time.

Those who like myself have recently travelled through Near Eastern countries must have been greatly impressed by the rapid adoption of mechanical transport. The motor-car is revolutionizing notions of time and space in countries which have no roads worth speaking about even more than it does in Europe or America.

When I was passing a few months ago through a portion of the East Syrian desert where our maps show no proper surveys, but only rare routes followed by European travellers, in some instances quite a century or more ago, I was greatly struck by evidence of that change. As I was travelling from the ancient Macedonian and Roman site of Europos on the Euphrates towards Palmyra, that wonderful scene of a short-lived glory, I came more than once upon wheel tracks left by motor-cars. The Bedouins of the Méhariste or Camel Corps escort with which the French military authorities had kindly insisted on providing me knew nothing of French officers having ever moved across this part of the desert. The tracks I saw were distinctly erratic and seemed to lead nowhere. The explanation revealed itself when we were met by a Ford car carrying two Syrian traders, the Shaikh of a Bedouin encampment, and two Iraqi herdsmen. They stopped us to enquire whether we had seen anything of their large flock of sheep which had suddenly dispersed during the preceding night, in consequence of a panic. They were now scouring the desert to trace their lost flock. It had been slowly moving on its way from Iraq towards Damascus, in the usual course of trade. The traders, knowing the wells where their shepherds were to halt, are accustomed to bring them fresh food supplies in a car, and now found the car useful in searching for their lost sheep.

Experiences such as I had elsewhere on regular trade routes within fertile parts of Northern Syria seemed in fact to suggest that there anyhow the brave patient camel may in time come as near to extinction as the cart horse seems to be in this country. I am glad that I have not to undergo the rather disturbing mental evolution which must be involved for Bedouins and the like by the change from old caravan methods and estimates of time to more modern means of locomotion.

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Even more disturbing in a way must be for them the use made of the aeroplane. Personally I do not think just now of the disconcerting manner in which Wahabi raids and the like are apt to be stopped by the Royal Air Force detachments guarding the borders of Iraq or Transjordan. My thoughts are rather drawn towards the wonderful help which air surveys have already furnished towards archæological exploration in more than one borderland of the ancient Roman Empire. You are probably all aware of the important discoveries which have attended Mr. Crawford's air surveys in different parts of Britain. But fields of exploration more distant, yet perhaps even more interesting, are in the East awaiting the archæologist working from the air. Père Poidebard during the last few years has been able to accomplish remarkable work with the aid of the French Air Force and the Service Géographique de l'Armée, carrying on surveys in the French mandated area along that part of the Roman *limes* lines which divided the Roman province of Syria from Mesopotamia when the latter was under Parthian and later on under Sasanian domination. In the "tame" desert which stretches between the Tigris and Euphrates he has thus succeeded in clearly tracing ancient Roman roads and lines of border posts.

When I was travelling last January over part of that "tame" desert from Mosul, on occasions by air but longer by car, I too looked out, of course, for remains of that border line. I have taken a special interest in such remains ever since I discovered the earliest of all such *limes* lines; I mean the one by which the Chinese in the true desert west of Tun-huang protected their first route of advance into Central Asia, opened at the close of the second century B.C. When thus travelling past the foot of the Sinjar range, that forbiddingly barren abode of the so-called devil worshippers (poor tame souls, I may add), I was greatly pleased to recognize the outlines of a small Roman *castellum* in the steppe just within the Syrian border. Its walls had almost completely decayed, and were practically flush with the gravel ground. I thought it was a lucky discovery, but, of course, when later on I visited Père Poidebard at the great Jesuit College of Beyrout, I found that he had already secured an excellent air photograph of that very site. I have no doubt that a plan made from his photograph is bound to be far more accurate than the one which I prepared from rapid measurement on the ground.

I must not allow my antiquarian interests to run away with me on the present occasion and inflict upon you further hints as to what air surveys can accomplish in that desert area so fascinating to the student of history and geography. I cannot, however, forgo pointing out how desirable it is that work such as is being accomplished by the French in the north should be undertaken also in the south from the side of Transjordan. There, too, in the desert to the east of the Hejaz railway there must have run once an outer border guarded by Roman troops. Their task of warding off raids of nomads is now being carried on efficiently and, I hope, in a less arduous fashion by the Royal Air Force. Could not its aid be utilized also for tracing the remains of their predecessors' lonely stations and routes of communication?

But it is time for me to return from those delectable wastes to the festive occasion which unites us here. A look at the list of the guests whom the Society has gathered today and at the tables occupied by fellow-members is enough to remind me that time on such an occasion is not quite so elastic a quantity as it might be at a friendly meeting in the desert. So I hasten to bring this very inadequate survey of the Central Asian Society's "sphere of influence" to a close by proposing continued prosperity and expansion

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for its work, and by coupling this toast with the distinguished name of our President, Lord Peel, with congratulations on his new and richly merited honour.

The PRESIDENT, who responded to the toast, spoke first of the loss the Society had recently sustained in the death of Colonel Yate, who, with Lord Carnock, had done so much to promote the Society's interests.

Many changes had taken place in Asia during the past year, one of which came vividly to his mind: he had made the acquaintance last year of King Amanullah, and remembered well how impressed he had been by the stability of our institutions. "I remember," went on Lord Peel, "how much he enjoyed visiting ancient country houses which had been inhabited by the same family for several hundred years; how interested he was by Windsor Castle, the home for many centuries of mighty kings. Unfortunately he has had a more mutable career. If he had taken a few hints from persons nearer home, and for a few months at least had inscribed 'safety first' upon his banner (laughter), he might possibly have survived for some years. If he had only adopted another precedent, and had commenced by making surveys, by instituting Royal Commissions, again I think he would have delayed the evil day; but these are some of the tragedies due no doubt to his imperfect absorption of the political lessons of this ancient civilization of the West. We all know the best things are not defined and cannot be defined; we do not define ourselves as a society, because once you define yourself you unfortunately set your own limitations. We have, I believe, no limitations (laughter)—at least, none which are known to us. But, as our guest has told us, our functions are many and varied, and among them is the wish to make people in this country more aware than they are of the affairs of Asia. In these days, when Asiatic problems thrust themselves in at our very doors, we cannot neglect Asiatic matters as of no importance. Vast as our fortunes are in the East, by finance, commerce, rule, and indeed by the interests of this Empire, it is very unfortunate that so few people have really very much information or knowledge of these problems, and we, the Central Asian Society, have to be a sort of focus and covering ground for some of it. . . . Tonight we have, perhaps for the first time, a real Central Asian as our guest, Sir Aurel Stein, who by birth belongs to that virile country of Hungary which has produced so many men distinguished in Asiatic studies and Asiatic travel. Sir Aurel has added another great name to the list.

"Sir Aurel speaks with the modesty of greatness of his travels, so well known to you that I need not dwell on them. His earlier explorations throughout the length and breadth of Chinese Turkistan into the western-most borders of Tibet and China, his unveiling there of the ruins of a past civilization, long hidden beneath the sands of the desert, and the beautiful Buddhist paintings and other treasures which he has brought back to the national museum of this country and of Delhi, have long been known to you. I have recently read with much enjoyment and interest his own account of the last journey through the transborder country of the Upper Swat Valley, where, as you know, he has identified beyond further question the site of Alexander's famous siege of the fortress of Aornos, which has been for so long discussed and disputed by scholars. We thank him very much for coming here tonight."

Lord Peel then went on to speak of the other guests, Lord Melchett and Sir Denison Ross, "the master of many languages, who could curse the assembled company in more languages than they could name."

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The toast of the guests was afterwards proposed by Lord Allenby.

Lord MELCHETT, who replied for the guests, said that Sir Aurel Stein was the embodiment of those mystic regions in Asia which have great traditions which he had woven into life. "Those who have been privileged, either as I was at Delhi, or here, to see some of the remarkable early Buddhist paintings which he has reconstructed, would recognize what a great art, what a great civilization there had been. To reflect, as Lord Peel has said, on the mutability of human affairs, Asia presents to us an interesting field of speculation, and one which I think it very puzzling to endeavour to solve. Great kings and great emperors have come and gone; the temples and palaces of the Moguls are empty, but they have been restored owing to the great foresight and artistic feeling and care of the late Lord Curzon. Those who like myself have had the privilege of seeing them must feel an eternal debt of gratitude for the work he did in that direction alone. Most of Central Asia has gone, Persia today is a ruin, the great thought, great civilization, and great art of China, and one wonders really what it is all going to be a hundred years from now. The East and the West are so fundamentally different that the mere modern superficialities of transportation, quicker movement, quicker perceptions, mechanization—all that is going to over-bridge and alter what seems so fundamental; but nothing that is external can ever change the internal. How long is it going to wear? How far and how quickly are those modern ideas going to transform long ago prejudices, habits, and customs? On the solution of those problems much will depend. Are we going too fast? Is it possible to proceed more surely and more slowly? Very, very difficult problems to answer, and I am sure everyone who has not the responsibility of answering them is glad to be relieved of that responsibility. I am interested in science and its practical application to everyday life, and that is why I am interested in India, in Palestine, in Japan, in China, in Persia, and indeed in all those parts of the world. When you see the methods of agriculture, the sort of miserable population whose methods of producing food today can be little better than they were two centuries ago, this condition of livelihood seems to me a standing reproach to the whole of our order and ruling in India; and when one realizes that better methods of cultivation, the introduction of modern systems of fertilization, irrigation, and things of that kind will double and treble their food supply, one realizes what a great field is still there for work—a field which was largely covered by the Agricultural Commission which sat not long ago and made such an able report. We feel that in the future we shall transform those countries, and that those who know them now and in the past will not know them again. I am not a believer in the old story that 'East is East and West is West.' This leaves me entirely cold. I do not believe that there are these fundamental cleavages in human beings. I believe that the East and the West must come nearer together simply because circumstances, time, everything is working to compel nations to come closer together. And no one has a greater or more important mission to perform than the British Empire, which has been so closely connected and for so long with the guidance and governance of those countries. This Society, standing as it does for thought and knowledge and a means for expression of views, expounding to the people of this country, not ideas, but facts, is really doing a very great and valuable service, and I am very glad indeed to have had the privilege of being at your table, and being allowed to listen to the interesting speeches I have heard." (Applause.)

Sir DENISON ROSS explained that there were in reality no guests—those

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so-called were "gate-crashers"! (Laughter.) In narrating some of his recent adventures in the Middle East, Sir Denison likened his attitude of mind to that of the poet Saadi, who, after travelling most extensively, said, on being asked which was the most wonderful experience he had had, that it was his safe return. Similarly an Irishman who had been all round the world, from America to China, reflected that the most wonderful thing he had seen was a heifer in Kilkenny. For his part, after seeing Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Persia, and Russia, he could tell them of an excellent hotel in Berlin! Concerning Egypt, he spoke of King Fuad's scheme for introducing capitals into the Arabic alphabet, and humorously mentioned the possibility of his earning the £100 prize which His Majesty had offered for the best system. At Sir Aurel Stein he had a sly dig when he explained how much he enjoyed seeing the sights of Jerusalem as described by a Greek guide, who pointed out everything as resting on the authority of the mother of Constantine. Of his stay in Persia Sir Denison spoke in rapturous tones, first pointing out that the Persian Minister in London, who was with them that night, was a most distinguished scholar, having translated the whole of Shakespeare into Armenian and much of him into Persian. Lord Peel had referred to the magnificence with which ex-King Amanullah had been entertained in Europe. But Persia also had fallen into the trap. In Qazvin, for instance, buildings had been torn down in order that a new *khiaban* should be constructed in the Afghan monarch's honour. Moreover, this work was accomplished within a month! Sir Denison then referred to the Central Asian Society. Its JOURNAL, he said, was in the home of every British exile in the East as an indication of its superlative value. He issued a warning, however, that a high standard could not be indefinitely maintained unless contributors were paid. Its increasing importance and responsibility were illustrated by the spate of excellent books on the East which had been recently published. Of these he mentioned three: Eldon Rutter's "Holy Cities of Arabia," "Travels of Ibn Battuta" (recently translated into English by Mr. H. A. R. Gibb), and the "Autobiography of Ousama." Of this last book he spoke at some length. It proved what had already been pointed out by Lord Melchett, that there was no fundamental difference between Oriental and Occidental. This fact he illustrated by reciting the following passage from "Ousama":

"In the army of King Fulk, the son of Fulk, there was a respectable Frankish knight who had come from their country to make a pilgrimage and then return. He made my acquaintance, and became so intimate with me that he called me 'my brother.' We liked one another and were often together. When he got ready to go back over the sea and return to his own country, he said to me: 'My brother, I am returning home, and I should like, with your permission, to take your son with me to our countries (I had with me my son, aged fourteen). He will see our knights, and he will learn wisdom and knowledge of chivalry there. When he returns he will have taken on the bearing of an intelligent man.' My ear was hurt by his words, which did not come from a wise head. If my son had been taken prisoner, captivity could have brought him no worse fate than to be taken to the Frankish countries. I answered: 'By your life, that was my intention, but I have been prevented by the affection that his grandmother, my mother, has towards my son. She let him leave with me only after making me swear to bring him back to her.' 'Is your mother still living then?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied. He said to me: 'Don't disappoint her.'"

That, said Sir Denison, was a most wonderful story.

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REVIEWS

CO-OPERATION AND THE RURAL PROBLEM IN INDIA. By C. F. Strickland. The *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, Harvard University Press. May, 1929.

In the progress of the world the opinion of the American public is a factor which increases in importance every year, and it is always of interest to read a book or an article of which the express intention is to provide information on India to the American people. The public of the U.S.A. has from time to time been provided with information, both correct and incorrect, regarding the political upheaval in India. It has been startled with inconceivable details regarding Indian social life and the position of Indian women. And it has always been interested in expositions of the philosophic outlook of the Upanishads. But the actual economic problem in India, the position of the rural masses and the measures taken to grapple with it, have seldom been put before the American public, and it is very gratifying to find that the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, published by Harvard University, has provided space in its May number for a really useful article on this important aspect of Indian development. The article is contributed by Mr. C. F. Strickland of the Indian Civil Service, who has for a long time been connected with the co-operative movement in the Punjab. There is probably no officer in a better position to set forth with clearness and impartiality the nature of the rural problem in India, and the extent to which it is influenced by the co-operative movement.

As is right in a statistical journal, Mr. Strickland's paper is fully garnished with statistics, but these are supplied throughout in a succinct and intelligible form. The outstanding data for India are compared with those for the U.S.A. and for the chief States of Europe. In the very first of Mr. Strickland's little statistical abstracts the magnitude of the problem is brought home to the American reader. The U.S.A. with its 124 millions of population is usually regarded for economic purposes as overshadowing little countries like Germany with 63 millions and Great Britain with 44 millions; but here we are confronted with the problem of a country of which the population is estimated at 333 millions, a figure beside which the total of the United States looks small enough. Add to this the fact that three-quarters of the Indian population is agricultural and the immensity of the rural question in India at once makes itself felt.

The picture of rural India which Mr. Strickland draws is one which is well enough known to those who are interested in Indian rural

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economics, and much of it will be familiar to those who have studied the report of the recent Agricultural Commission. He rightly emphasizes the effect which the want of education and hygiene produces on the rural economy of the country, and the figures which he gives of the illiteracy of the people, of the general death-rate, and of the infant mortality, are sufficiently startling when laid alongside the corresponding figures for Great Britain and the U.S.A. He then compares the size of the average holding in India with that of holdings elsewhere, and makes clear the distinction, which is often overlooked, between the evil caused by the smallness of the holding and the evil caused by the scattered position of the lands constituting a holding. He rightly scouts the idea of remedying the former evil by legislation. "To override by law," he says, "the vicious custom of subdivision is more than any Government can venture among an ignorant and suspicious peasantry, unless it is prepared to mow down opposition with machine guns." For scattered holdings the remedy is consolidation through voluntary co-operation, and even as regards this form of remedy, "the time for compulsory legislation, such as has been effective in Western Europe, will come only when education has softened the contentiousness and cleared away the suspicions of rude farmers to whom their little land is all in all."

He then proceeds to discuss the low outturn of crops in India: 12 bushels of wheat per acre against 13½ in the U.S.A. and 34 in England: 100 pouds of cotton against 174 in the U.S.A. He lays stress also on the overstocking of the land with cattle—·63 bovines per cultivated acre as against ·32 in Great Britain and ·06 in the U.S.A.; and the low outturn of milk—something under 30 gallons per annum as against 411 in Great Britain and 438 in the U.S.A.

This in itself would explain the root problem of indebtedness. But there is past history also to consider—the enticement afforded by the increasing value of land as a security—and there is the psychology of the Indian peasant. "Insolvency," says Mr. Strickland, "is an art of immense possibilities. When afflicted by debt, a British farmer files a petition in insolvency, a Dane sells out and emigrates, a Frenchman calls on his thrifty relatives to subscribe, an Indian bides in his village and lives on in desolation." For this state of things there have been many remedies attempted, but like most officers of the present day Mr. Strickland sees the chief way out in the spread of co-operation. On this subject he can speak as an expert, and he reproduces with pardonable pride the astonishing figures for the progress of the co-operative movement in India—figures which, as he justly remarks, are less known than they should be outside the country. On the value of co-operative credit he is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is duly tempered by prudence. "The battle is slow, but is being won, and the forces of light

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are growing every day. There will never be a time when farmers owe no debts, but there will be a time, which some now alive may see, when no Indian peasant will carry an unproductive or excessive burden except through his own fault."

The battle is being fought not merely by co-operation in the form of credit, but also by co-operation in numerous other forms, of which Mr. Strickland proceeds to furnish an outline. He lays special stress on the educational forms of co-operation which have emerged in his own province, the Punjab, and points out how greatly the experiences of the European War have influenced the military peasantry of that province in favour of education. He points out alike the immensity of the results achieved by Government action and the immensity of the work still to be done, but with all his zeal he deprecates anything in the shape of forcing the pace. It is to education that he mainly looks for aid, and to constant and patient persuasion. "Undue pressure will, and does, provoke riots. The peasant will strive for his own improvement when the benefits accrue to him, and not before: he must first, therefore, be freed from debt by methods which call for his own activity, and do not demoralize his character."

In this pronouncement there is nothing of the narrow expert. The work of co-operation in Mr. Strickland's province has for some time past been in the hands of a band of officers who have treated co-operation not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end. There is much individuality in Mr. Strickland's writing, but we recognize in it the same wide outlook which has guided the enthusiasm of such fellow-workers as Mr. Calvert and Mr. Darling, and the concise exposition of the Indian rural problem which he has written for the Harvard journal deserves to be widely read not only in the States, but in Great Britain also and in India.

THE UNEQUAL TREATIES: CHINA AND THE FOREIGNER. By Rodney Gilbert. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. Price 9s.

The author of this book is continuing his task of political criticism on "What's Wrong with China?"—the title of his previous work.

Mr. Rodney Gilbert has been some fifteen years in China, during the earlier part of which he travelled in the interior, and gained a good general knowledge of the life of the country. Later he settled in Peking, where, as correspondent for American newspapers, he kept in touch with all that went on. Possessed of a pleasing, informal personality, he is a good "mixer," in the American style, among Chinese of all classes. He has thus been able to acquire a knowledge of various viewpoints in the much-discussed questions which keep China aroused and unsettled. In the book under review he presents his readers with a reasonably fair study of a subject about which more misunderstanding has arisen than is usually the case, having regard to the important issues at stake.

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In the opening sentence of the introduction the author lays his finger on the point from which the whole outcry about unequal treaties has arisen.

"For at least six years past a certain group of phrases, of Soviet Russian invention, have been so persistently and monotonously associated with China's international affairs by Chinese Radical propagandists and their friends abroad, that their applicability to conditions in China is now taken for granted by the entire mass of educated Chinese, and by a very large proportion of those persons abroad who take more than a casual interest in this country's affairs, but do not understand them too clearly."

The outstanding, one might also add the diabolical, cleverness of Soviet leaders has been their ability to gauge the capabilities of the psychology of publicity, and the parrot cries of "Down with Imperialism," "Down with Militarism," which the cunning Borodin evolved during his Red Russian sway at Canton between 1922 and 1927, succeeded so well that the soil was ripe for the next slogan, "Down with the Unequal Treaties."

As corollaries to this there were subsequently added :

"demands for the abolition of extra-territoriality, the withdrawal of gunboats and foreign armed forces from China, tariff autonomy, the return of concessions, settlements, and leased territories, the withdrawal of foreign commercial shipping from inland waterways, and many other things, all of which were grouped together in the patois of the propagandists as 'legitimate aspirations.'"

This quotation places in a nutshell the subjects which make treaty violation a misguided patriotic duty, and which are attributed by the Chinese as the causative factors of misgovernment, trade stagnation, and financial demoralization.

The author shows how a tireless reiteration of the "unequal treaty" slogan has made a deep and wrong impression on the minds of Chinese as to the way in which their country has been hampered and robbed of its independence and dignity. Not only in China, but among intelligent foreigners who try to read news from the Orient with sympathetic understanding, there is a feeling that China is now engaged in a struggle for freedom from tyrannical restriction upon progress, and it is this kind of idea that is at the back of people's minds when they refer to the evils of Imperialism. It places our attitude to China in the category of malevolence and destruction instead of being, as is actually the case, a policy of helpfulness and friendliness on humanitarian grounds.

"Thanks very largely to Soviet inspiration, but still more to those negative entities which the Western Powers describe as their policies in China, the campaign against the 'unequal treaties' is on the verge of proving a complete success—from the Chinese point of view. It does not seem likely that any amount of argument or counter-publicity can now break down the impression that the 'unequal treaties' are discreditable, are souvenirs of an age of violence and rapine, and are not only immoral, but impose grievous physical restraints upon a new China that is struggling upwards towards the light"—the great white light of democracy or the gorgeous red light of Russia.

Mr. Gilbert's chief object in writing this book is to put on record a clear exposition of what is being done and why it is being done, to tell the true story of the treaties, to explain what they have really meant to China and to the foreigner in China, and what they will continue to mean so long as they are operative.

Following the chapters in which he puts the Chinese case and deals with

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the foreigner's struggle for equality, he proceeds to analyze the treaties, giving the history of how they came to be made, and the part played by Europe, America, and Japan in causing them to be framed. The account is a good and fair one, and is written in an interesting lucid style.

The final chapter is on Nationalism and all the ineptitude and misrule for which this policy stands in China.

At first thought we would consider Nationalism as being a growth of patriotic attachment to one's country, but Chinese Nationalism is a very different thing: it is a political movement associated with military dictatorship at Nanking, under which abuse of power and obstruction to progress now flourish to a greater extent than since the revolution began sixteen years ago. Mr. Gilbert regards it as one of the worst causes that has ever been put before the world, and by his account of the mismanagement now prevailing such an observation appears to be only too true.

He bluntly faces the facts of Kuomintang delinquencies, hoping no doubt by so doing to help China. But he does it in a way that will be distasteful to Chinese readers because of its frankness. It would have been possible to introduce a little more of the *suaviter in modo* in his critical study and yet to have indicated with sufficient clearness the wrong and difficult path down which China under the Nationalist Government sway is now heading.

In dealing with the monotonous violation of treaties, which makes one doubt China's ability to discharge any obligations in good faith, the author feels sure the country would most certainly get new treaties in which artificial safeguards would be abandoned, if she would only endeavour to win esteem through a strict adherence to the treaties and agreements now in force.

The preservation, he says, of the "unequal treaties" "not only means the conservation of foreign commerce in China, but some degree of peace, order, financial stability, and prosperity for the Chinese people; while the scrapping of these treaties will make the Occident responsible for conditions beside which Bolshevist conditions in Russia at their worst will seem white and pure. The choice rests largely with public opinion in Great Britain and China."

This book can be commended as being a sane, unvarnished study of a question which will yet loom large in our dealings with the Far East.

Those of us who are full of good feeling towards the Chinese people could well wish that the author's methods of criticism could be less *de*structive and more *con*structive. The Nanking Nationalist Government is trying to do its best in spite of the fact that it is so ill-served by many of its agents. In time to come, when there is an electoral system (which will not be for several decades), a sense of responsibility on the part of officials will be developed which is now wholly lacking. It is by such books as Mr. Gilbert's "Unequal Treaties" that the shortcomings which now prevail can be analyzed and remedied.

The volume contains a Foreword by Mr. H. E. Morriss, a leading financier in Shanghai, who states that the two predominant impulses in Mr. Gilbert's mind are affection for the Chinese people and hatred for the sophistries of their misrulers.

G. DOUGLAS GRAY.

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THE ASSYRIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS. By the Rev. W. A. Wigram, D.D. Demy. Pp. 347. With fourteen illustrations. G. Bell and Sons. 15s. net.

The remnant of the Assyrian nation have a firm champion in Dr. Wigram, who, although no longer directly associated with them, still strives to enlist sympathy and support for them in their gallant struggle to avoid extinction as a separate nation.

In the volume under review Dr. Wigram gives the history of this people and their church from the earliest times to the present day. He regards them as the descendants of the ancient Assyrians who were a Semitic stock that migrated from Ur and Babylon to Nineveh and what is now known as Northern Iraq.

From his book we are able to follow their fortunes under the long succession of invading races which have ruled over them. Of all these races and their characteristics some account is given. Dr. Wigram, in particular, brings out the position of a "Millet" in the Ottoman Empire and the religious organization of the "Assyrian" Millet through which alone it has survived so distinctly to this day and to which was due Dr. Wigram's own interest in it.

The historical survey given by Dr. Wigram is extremely valuable, because it is the first attempt to give in reasonable compass a chronological account of the Assyrians and other races in Iraq, to explain their relations with each successive power, and to make clear to the lay mind the theological basis of the Nestorian and other Oriental Christian churches.

One chapter is devoted to Assyrian customs, and the last to the Great War and its effect on the Assyrian people.

This last chapter is rather controversial in character. Before dealing with it, however, two other statements call for attention.

On page 196 the description of the "Succession of the Leaven" is most misleading, and the statement that a portion of the *consecrated* element is reserved for inclusion in the next Eucharist is quite wrong. What happens is this: The East Syrians or Assyrians maintain that John the Baptist kept some of the water which fell from Christ at his Baptism. This he passed on to John the Apostle, who at the Last Supper, was given two loaves. He mixed one of these with the baptism water and with blood from the cross. The Apostles then ground this to pieces, mixed it with flour and salt, and divided it among themselves so that the leaven of the body and blood should always remain in the church. The Nestorians believe that they have this still—each Maundy Thursday the "holy leaven" is renewed—what remains from last year is mixed with fresh flour and salt and oil by the priest and deacon, in a special service. It is then kept in the sanctuary all the year, and a small portion is mixed with the bread for the Eucharist before each

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liturgy. This is consecrated during the liturgy as in other rites, and all the consecrated bread is consumed at the service in which it is consecrated. The point I wish to emphasize is that the *Malka* is an ingredient in the Eucharist bread and not a "reservation" in the accepted ecclesiastical sense.

On p. 197 we are told that there is no direct prayer to Saints in any authorized form of service. The standing authority is Bishop Maclean's translation of "East Syrian Daily Offices," the authorized morning and evening prayers appointed to be said in the churches daily and dating from a very early period. In his introduction, Bishop Maclean says, "Their addresses to St. Mary (in devotion to whom they yield to none) and their invocations of Saints are remarkably staid. . . . We find prayers to God that the Saints may pray for us; indirect wishes that they may pray for us; and direct invocations asking them to pray for us."

A few examples:

"O Mary, Mother of the King of Kings, beseech Christ that he may pity us and make us worthy of his kingdom."

"Ask for us from thy Lord, O Martyr George, compassion, mercy, and forgiveness of trespasses."

"O glorious and holy Martyr St. Cyriac the illustrious, beg mercy for us from thy Lord."

"Peace to thee Mar Pithiun the martyr, spiritual treasurer, supply wealth to the needy who take refuge in thy prayers."

The daily offices are full of such.

The last chapter of Dr. Wigram's book, which deals with the history of the Assyrians during the Great War and afterwards, is disappointing. The facts are given in a very jumbled fashion and not in chronological order—*e.g.*, on p. 225 Dr. Wigram states that the ill-starred Agha Petros' expedition to reoccupy the Assyrian mountains took place *after* King Faisal's accession to the throne of Iraq in 1921, whereas it actually took place in 1919, long before King Faisal was crowned.

The present reviewer finds it extremely distasteful to have to contradict Dr. Wigram, but some of Dr. Wigram's criticisms should not be allowed to pass unchallenged and later on masquerade as history.

On p. 228 Dr. Wigram explains why the Assyrian Levy was formed. His account is misleading. The Assyrian Levy was formed long before it was decided to make Iraq an Air Force Command. One of the chief reasons for the large recruitment of Assyrians in the early days was the undertaking of the British Government not to recruit Arabs and Kurds in the Levies in future, in order to give the newly-created Iraq Army a free recruiting field. The existing Arabs and Kurds in the Levies were to remain. The Assyrian Levies for some time were averse to service except in their own area where they felt they were supporting the

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remnant of their own people. It also took some time to train them *not* to be " a blood feud in khaki," a description which Dr. Wigram regards apparently as a compliment to them.

In the account given on p. 230 of the recovery of Rowanduz in the spring of 1923 no mention is made of the British infantry units engaged, who turned the enemy position by a brilliant forced march.

The description on pp. 232 and 233 of the part played by the Assyrians in repelling the Turkish attack in the Bawari Bala area in 1924 makes good reading, but is unfortunately unhistorical. Two Assyrian companies of the Iraq Levies were sent to Ain Danuna (Kani Masi) north of Amadia, in the summer of 1924, at the request of Assyrians settled in Bawari Bala and further north, who were apprehensive of an attempt by the Turks to eject the Tiari and Tkhuma. The Tiari and Tkhuma settlements were outside Iraq and in Turkey. These Tiari had ambushed the Vali of Julamerk in August, 1924, killing his commandant of police and capturing him. When a small force of Turks did come in September, 1924, the whole of the Tiari and Tkhuma fled into Iraq, without fighting, in such a panic-stricken state that the officer commanding the two companies of Assyrians at Ain Danuna felt it necessary to retire on to the Ser Amadia.

The small Turkish force in Bawari Bala did not stay there long, chiefly because of the intensive bombing and machine gunning to which they were subjected by the R.A.F. The Turkish tribes who had joined the Turks were afterwards compelled to retire by the advance of Iraq police, Levies, and locally-recruited Assyrians, but the Assyrians did not cut a heroic figure at all.

With the author's strictures on the League of Nations the reviewer has every sympathy, but the hands of the British delegates were tied by the fact that the Assyrians definitely declared to the League Commissioners that they did not want to form part of the State of Iraq, although their British friends had advised them to ask to be included in Iraq. They stated solemnly that they preferred to be under the Turks rather than under the Arabs. This attitude made it very difficult for the British Government to persuade the League Council to include Assyrian territory in Iraq for strategic purposes when the future inhabitants of the area did not want to be under the Iraq Government.

Dr. Wigram is not quite fair to the British Government when he states on page 237 :

" The settlement of the Assyrians in Iraq, undertaken by British officers, has been what one can only describe as a ' botched job,' the best that the good men on the spot could do, under the conditions imposed upon them by their superiors at home ; very far from being an ideal settlement in itself, or what those who sacrificed all for the cause of a victorious Entente might fairly have expected from nations which called them allies."

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The British Government has provided funds in order to settle Assyrians in deserted mountain areas in Iraq suitable for them. Three hundred and eighty families have settled in villages in the Desht-i-Harir and Rowanduz districts. Others have settled in the hill districts of Mosul. The main difficulty has been to persuade the Tiari mountaineers to settle in the Baradost district. They declare their willingness, but want more money from the British, and, if possible, free ploughing by neighhbouring Kurds before they will agree to go. The British Government has not created the difficulties which are being experienced and has laid down no onerous conditions.

Finally, in fairness to the Powers that composed the "Entente," it should be clearly stated that the Assyrians rose against the Turks of their own accord and not at the request of the "Entente." They have endured every possible suffering as a result of their rebellion, but the "Entente" cannot be held responsible.

Small nations seem doomed to suffer and even to die, but they never lack champions. It may appear rather churlish to pick holes in Dr. Wigram's chivalrous appeal for this unfortunate nation, but Great Britain has no reason to feel anything but proud of her attitude and assistance to the Assyrians. The time, however, seems approaching when an apologist for Great Britain should arise to meet the redoubtable champions whom small nations so quickly find in Great Britain.

CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM UNDER THE SULTANS. By the late F. W. Hasluck, M.A. Pp. lxiv + 877. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1929.

This book, it must be said at once, has very little to do with theology, Christian or Islamic, and almost as little concern with the official aspect of either of these religions. It devotes itself entirely to the social and popular aspects, the local cults and folklore, of the two principal religions professed until lately by the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey. It may be commended to members of the Society, because the Islam with which it is concerned is almost wholly that of the Turkish Empire. As his subject is so largely the interactions between the two religions, the author of necessity treats of the Western fringes of Turkish Islam, but even so he deals largely with Turkish ways of religious thought, and these wherever shown cannot be without interest for students of the problems even of Central Asia.

The book is posthumous, and in the preface the author's widow gives an account of its genesis and of what it would have become had fate been kinder. As it stands it consists of three parts. In the first the author deals with the processes of "transference," by which at so many of its sanctuaries in the Islamic world Christianity has been

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forced to give way to the religion of the conquerors. Here the two chapters, VI. and VII., on sanctuaries of one cult frequented by adherents of the other are of great interest; it appears that simple folk will go to any shrine of any religion if they think they have a chance of getting anything by it, and no religious differences can keep people away from a place where a miraculous cure is supposed to be at least on the cards. In the second part, *Studies in Turkish Popular History and Religion*, the author deals almost wholly with Islam. Of the twenty-four chapters some are on definitely religious subjects, whilst others are partly religious and partly social; among the latter we find studies on such difficult questions as the *Heterodox Tribes of Asia Minor* (Chap. XII.), naturally followed by a chapter on the *Shia Movements and Propaganda in Asia Minor*. The third part of the book, which occupies the whole of Vol. II., is now headed *Miscellanea*. It consists of thirty-seven chapters. If the author had lived some of these would have been published with Part I., as *Transferences from Christianity to Islam and Vice-Versa*, and the rest would have gone with Part II. to form a separate book, *Studies in Turkish History and Religion*. We have therefore in Part I. and Part II. of these volumes some of the material for two separate books; in Part III. we have further fragments, which would have been worked some into one of them, some into the other. Nor is this the full extent of our loss. From his letters it appears plainly that in his last years of illness in Swiss sanatoria, where books on his special region, the Levant, were somewhat hard to come by, he turned his attention largely to more accessible literature on the cults of saints in Europe and on travels in the Holy Land. He thus came to lay more stress on the importance of Syria and Palestine in the history of Christian cults and dedications, and this new reading was leading him to extend the area of his study of cult "transferences" towards Europe in the west and to Palestine and Syria in the east. But to lament what we might have had is useless; even as it stands the book before us has a unity and even a certain completeness deriving partly from its general subject, but still more from the imprint of a very remarkable mind. For Hasluck possessed at once a cautious and somewhat sceptical intelligence and a warm and sympathetic heart. Through the mists of folly, credulity, and sometimes of downright swindling, he could discern in the background that to which all religious feelings, however humble, owe their life, the human craving for help in trouble, the deep certainty that somewhere there must be a remedy for the sorrows of life.

Many of the chapters in Part II. and all of those in Part III. may be read as separate items. This is natural, as not a few of them have already appeared, some in the *Annual of the British School at Athens*, Hasluck's principal place of publication, others in the *Journal of Hellenic*

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Studies, and a few in the *Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*. But they are not mere reprints; it was Hasluck's habit to keep copies of his papers by him, and to add to them as notes on the subject accumulated. He thus produced a series of "editions," of which one from time to time would get into print. As the result of this way of working all these papers are much fuller as they are now printed than they were at their first appearance, to say nothing of the valuable footnotes, for the most part put together by the editor from the author's notebooks.

In a review it is impossible to deal with the very varied material of this book in anything like detail. The reader will get some idea of the width of Hasluck's scope from a glance at some of the chapter headings. As a sample we may take Chapters XVII. to XXII. in Part II. Here we have: Chap. XVII., *Cult of the Dead*; Chap. XVIII., *Saints and their Miracles*; Chap. XIX., *Old Testament Saints*; Chap. XX., *Koranic Saints*; Chap. XXI., *Tribal Saints*; Chap. XXII., *Saints and Demons of the Sea*. From the *Miscellanea* of Part III. we may select Chapters XXIX. to XXXIX. Here we have: Chap. XXIX., "*The Forty*"; Chap. XXX., *Haidar, Khoja Ahmed, Karaja Ahmed*; Chap. XXXI., *The "Tomb of St. Polycarp"*; Chap. XXXII., *Sari Saltik*; Chap. XXXIII., *St. John "the Russian"*: Chap. XXXIV., *Renegade Saints*; Chap. XXXV., *Neo-Martyrs of the Orthodox Church*; Chap. XXXVI., *Stag and Saint*; Chap. XXXVII., *The Saints of Armudlu*; Chap. XXXVIII., *The Crypto-Christians of Trebizond*; Chap. XXXIX., *Lists of Heterodox Tribes*. And these are followed by more than a hundred pages on the Bektashi dervishes. There are papers also on the medicinal earth dug in Lemnos, on the story that a Stylite hermit was supposed to have lived on the columns of the Olympieum at Athens, on the Prophecy of the Red Apple, on the Girding of the Sultan by the Chelebi of Konia; such are a few of the inviting topics presented to us.

Of especial interest are the chapters devoted to the Bektashi order of dervishes and their connection with the Janissaries. In his later travels Hasluck had made a point of visiting every Bektashi house he could find, and he perfectly understood their social importance; notably, the man who will one day write a really good biography of Ali Pasha of Jannina will find much of importance to him in Hasluck's researches on the Bektashis in Albania. It is most interesting to observe how these monks of Islam, who in Persia and in spheres of Persian influence are more or less unorthodox mystics, amongst the more practical Turks are cultivated for their social and, in connection with the Janissaries, for their military value. It is typical of the warlike character of the Turks that they could use religion, as they used the other institutions with which in their career of conquest they came into contact, for the purpose most natural to them. It was the same with

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the trade guilds of Byzantium. The reader of Evliya Chelebi's account of the parade of the guilds under the Sultan is at once aware that they are regarded much more from the military than from the social, still less from the economical, point of view.

Indeed, to the reader interested in the Turkish character these volumes are crammed with material. When the Turks came first from the East and made contact with the Arab and Persian world they gave up what religion they had, and took upon themselves the discipline of Islam. And to the Turks it remained above all things a social and ritual discipline; hardly at all, as it was to the Persians, a religion with a mystic side well to the fore. And the dervishes who fostered this side of Islam have always been to the strictly Sunni Turk somewhat suspect and unorthodox. And at present it seems that the Turks are dropping their religion as easily as they picked it up. This apparent fickleness seems to point to a racial character incapable of anything but the simplest religious ideas, and those of the most practical and earthy and as little intellectual as possible. And this very pragmatical view, according to which any shrine that offers practical advantages in the way of healing or plentiful crops is good enough, and the exact religious allegiance matters less than nothing, seems to show through many of the practices described by Hasluck.

We have to thank the editor for labours which have been by no means light. Of the material now printed Hasluck, she tells us, left only a third in any way ready for the press; one-half was in a provisional form, the rest existed only in notes. And after all was done that could be, it has been impossible to fill certain gaps. There were also the elaborate foot-notes to set in order; this again was no light task. The wide sweep of the writer's learning and of the editor's toils in the verification of references may be judged from the fact that the list of authorities cited covers forty-four pages, and contains more than fourteen hundred entries. The index, too, fills a hundred and seven pages, and here great labour has been well expended, for it adds very much to the value of the book. We hope that we have said enough to show that this book is not only of the deepest interest in itself, but will be for many years a rich and indeed indispensable quarry for those interested in the religion, folklore, and in the widest sense the civilization of all those regions of the Nearer East in which Turk and Christian have for so long lived side by side. With this book Hasluck's legacy is at an end;* it is sad to think that his life was cut off just when the richest harvest was to be expected.

R. M. DAWKINS.

* Two other posthumous works have appeared since Hasluck died in 1920. The first to appear was "Athos and its Monasteries," 1924; the second, "Letters on Religion and Folklore," 1926.

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RĀBI'A THE MYSTIC AND HER FELLOW-SAINTS IN ISLAM. By Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D. Cambridge University Press. 1928.

Miss Margaret Smith has written a most interesting book on a subject which has long been waiting for competent and sympathetic treatment; for, while there are scores of works dealing with the lives, teaching, and influence of the great women saints of Christendom, this is the first European study of the parallel phenomena in Islam. It is true, and the reasons are sufficiently obvious, that the contribution made by women to Islamic mysticism is on the whole of less originality and importance, though not less genuine, than that which the Catholic Church, for instance, owes to its Gertrudes, Catherines, and Teresas. But perhaps the exceptions to this rule are not so rare as they seem. The fame of Rābi'a, who was singularly fortunate in the time and place of her birth, may have obscured and even appropriated to some extent the merits of her contemporaries and successors. Miss Smith has explored every available source of information, including many unpublished MSS., and her ten chapters, attractively written and well arranged, comprise all that we are permitted to know concerning the heroine. Probably the Muslim tradition has preserved the main features of Rābi'a's personality and teaching; on the other hand, much of the material is untrustworthy, and her biographers pay small regard to historical facts, though it is only in connection with these that her real significance and the value of the doctrine attributed to her can be rightly understood. Born at Basra before A.D. 720, Rābi'a is said to have died in the first year of the following century. This was a period marked by great intellectual and religious movements, in which Basra, a populous seaport with a flourishing foreign trade, took the leading part. New ideas were in the air, new sciences were springing up; the conquered races, inheritors of an ancient and superior culture, were engaged in adapting the new religion to their needs. That early Muslim asceticism and mysticism were profoundly influenced by such an environment is beyond doubt, but whereas the ascetic school, of which Hasan of Basra had been the most prominent representative, was dominated by fear, Sūfism, properly so called, lays the stress on love, the disinterested love that seeks nothing but to be at one with God. Now, this is the doctrine peculiarly associated with Rābi'a, and if we admit the authenticity of the sayings ascribed to her, she was teaching it in the second half of the eighth century, when the name "Sūfī" (which appears to have originated in Kufa) was just coming into vogue. Was it her own, or did she learn it from others, and if so, from whom? Miss Smith compares "the Sūfī doctrine of the Beatific Vision and the joy of the mystic to whom it is granted" with the conception of Plotinus, and in all likelihood it ultimately descends from the Christian

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Neoplatonists. Its immediate source we cannot hope to discover. Rābi'a's nationality and parentage are unknown; her father's name is nowhere mentioned, a fact which, as the writer suggests, lends support to the statement of her Persian biographer that she was a slave in her youth. It is therefore quite possible that she was familiar with Hellenistic religious ideas and in personal touch with converts who still cherished their old beliefs in secret, or were resolved, at any rate, to imbue their Islam with something which it lacked and which they felt to be vital. "Rābi'a," Miss Smith says, "was one of the first to teach the doctrine of disinterested love." It would indeed be unsafe to claim more than this; nor, in view of the unscientific methods of Muslim hagiography, can we be sure that she developed it so far as these authorities pretend. The well-known verses on the two types of love may be hers, but again they may not. One thing, however, remains certain. The eminence of Rābi'a as a mystic and the influence of her personality are attested by the Sūfīs themselves, who have unanimously chosen her to be the standard-bearer of their cardinal doctrine.

In Part III., after discussing the position of women in pre-Islamic and early Islamic times, Miss Smith continues her survey of Muslim sainthood as exemplified by the sex which the Prophet is declared—on evidence that is worth very little—to have found wanting in intelligence and religion. These pages give an excellent view of the subject from various points. It is shown that in Islam the religious life has generally been open to women on equal terms with men; that there have been Shaykhas who studied under famous Shaykhs and rivalled them in learning; that women had their own convents, performed miracles, were venerated as saints, and received posthumous adoration in shrines erected to their memory. "The women saints," says Miss Smith in conclusion, "represent the greatest height to which Muslim womanhood has attained, and in the reverence accorded to them by Muslim men and the example which they offer to Muslim women lies a real hope for the attainment of a higher standard, religious and social, for Muslim women of today." That, I think, is clear to anyone who looks below the surface. The girls' schools which are to "awaken those sleeping ones," will be built in vain if they are not founded upon such ideals. Every Muslim feminist ought to be a mystic. Has not the chief Sūfī poet described woman as "a ray of God," and did not Ibnu'l 'Arabī, who conversed with prophets and angels, see in woman the most perfect earthly manifestation of the Divine?

I have noted a few slips in transliteration—*e.g.*, Amīna for Āmina, the name of the Prophet's mother. A passage from Tabarī, referring to Sa'd b. Khaythama, should be rendered (p. 171): "In whose house were the quarters of the celibates among the followers of the Apostle

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who had migrated with him from Mecca." One lays down this scholarly and thoughtful book with thanks for what the writer has given us and great expectations of what we may receive from her in the future.

R. A. NICHOLSON.

SHAHRYĀRĀN-I-GUMNĀM (Forgotten Rulers). By S. A. Kasrawī Tabrīzī. Pp. 149. Ṭihrān. 1928. Three Qirāns.

This excellent monograph in Persian deals with three Daylamite dynasties—Jastānids, Kankarids, and Sālārids. Gilān of today was formerly represented by (i.) Gilān proper on the southern shore of the Caspian Sea, and (ii.) Daylam, south of Gilān, bordering on Ray and Qazwīn.

Drawing upon Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Armenian sources, Mr. Kasrawī shows that between the fall of Mūtā at the battle of Wājrūd (22 A.H.) and the appearance of the Jastānids towards the end of the second century A.H. there is a gap in Daylamite history. Of the Jastānids themselves eight rulers are discussed—namely, Jastān I.; Marzūbān b. Jastān I. (189 A.H.); Jastān II. b. Marzūbān (201 A.H.); Wahsūdān b. Jastān II. (250-252 A.H); the three sons of Wahsūdān: Jastān III. (252-290 A.H.), 'Alī (300-307 A.H.), and Khusraw Fīrūz (307 A.H.); and, finally, Mahdī b. Khusraw Fīrūz (*c.* 315 or 316 A.H.). Especially interesting is the account of Jastān III., who embraced Shi'ism in 290 A.H., and was murdered by his brother 'Alī.

The Jastānids survived till at least 434 A.H., but their glory departed with the rise of the Kankarids, who ruled Tāram, Zangān, Abhar, and Sahrward, and whose seat of government was Shāmirān. The Kankarids—represented by Musāfir, Muḥammad b. Musāfir (307 A.H.), Marzūbān b. Muḥammad (d. 346 A.H.), Wahsūdān b. Muḥammad (330-*c.* 355 A.H.), Jastān b. Nūḥ b. Wahsūdān (379 A.H.), Ibrāhīm b. Marzūbān b. Ismā'īl b. Wahsūdān (420 A.H.), and Musāfir (454 A.H.)—were displaced by the Assassins of Ālamūt towards the end of the fifth century A.H.

The third section of the monograph is devoted to a detailed discussion of the short-lived (330-371 A.H.) Sālārid dynasty of Ādharbayjān, Arrān, and Armenia. The Sālārids were an offshoot of the Kankarids, the founder of the dynasty Sālār Marzūbān (330-346 A.H.) being the Kankarid Marzūbān b. Muḥammad. Other rulers of this dynasty were Jastān, Nāṣir, Ibrāhīm, and Abū'l-Hayjā.

Mr. S. A. Kasrawī has written a critical and scholarly work, and we eagerly await the results of his future researches.

HADI HASAN.

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OM MANI PADME HUM: MEINE CHINA UND TIBETER EXPEDITION, 1925-28. By Dr. Wilhelm Filchner.

This book will be welcomed by all who saw the wonderful film shown to the Society by the author on April 22 of this year; all the more as many must have found, as I did, that it was difficult to follow the narrative by which the film was accompanied, when attention was so absorbed by the pictures. Starting from Moscow in January, 1926, Filchner travelled to Tashkent and crossed the frontier to Kuldja in February. The main purpose of the explorer was survey work, to connect the survey system of Western Asia with the Chinese system inaugurated by the Carnegie Institute, and, during the latter part of the journey, to connect the Chinese system with the Indian system through Tibet. His route lay through Tsungaria to Kansu, crossing the western end of the Gobi desert to Si-ning-fu. Thence by Kuku Nor and Tsaidam into Tibet, and, permission being refused to go by Lhassa to Darjiling, the explorer turned west, and travelled through Western Tibet to Leh and Srinagar.

The book is written in diary form, and the writer enlarges upon such events and circumstances as call for fuller description than the ordinary daily record of the incidents of travel. The result is an extraordinarily interesting story, and the reader cannot fail to admire the courage, patience, and determination with which Dr. Filchner faced and overcame the tremendous difficulties and dangers that met him at various stages, and the resolution with which he carried on his survey work under every conceivable hardship, until the task he had set himself was accomplished.

The civil war that was raging in China added greatly to the difficulties of the journey, and the obstruction by Chinese officials was in some measure due to the suspicion that he was a Russian travelling with political aims. The writer gives much interesting information about the civil war and his relations with the leaders on both sides, of the miserable plight of refugees from Kansu to Sinkiang, of munitions caravans from the Soviet Government to the Southern forces, and of the effects of the capture of Nanking.

After great privations Filchner reached Lussar, near Si-ning-fu, desperately ill; was nursed back to life by a devoted Chinese; then found and befriended by English and American missionaries, notably by Jack Mathewson, an Australian, who thenceforward became his attached comrade and fellow-traveller.

The winter of 1926-27 was spent near Si-ning-fu and the journey continued by Kuku Nor and Tsaidam into Tibet. Here great obstruction was met with from the Tibetan officials, who claimed that the British had been turned out of Lhasa, and would soon be driven out of Tibet. After long delay the obstructive attitude was modified as

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a result of a message from the Dalai Lama, and though leave to travel by Lhasa to Darjiling was denied, the travellers, Filchner and Mathewson, were allowed to go westwards to Gartok, whence they reached Leh and then Srinagar. The hardships of this latter part of the journey in midwinter 1927-28 are graphically described. It would have been impossible if the party had not been given the advantage of the remarkable system of "Wula" relay transport and accommodation provided for travellers by the Tibetan Government. It was only when they strayed from the route along which this provision was made that difficulties became almost insurmountable, and that the hostility of the inhabitants endangered their lives.

It was during the summer of 1927 when the party was travelling through the Tsaidam district that the rumour appeared in the Press that they had been murdered by brigands. This belief held ground until they reappeared in Leh in March, 1928.

A previous book by the same author, "Stürm durch Asien," was summarized in two articles which appeared in the JOURNAL of the Central Asian Society at the end of 1927 and beginning of 1928. That book, based upon the author's Tibetan journey of 1903-04, recorded a most eventful chapter in the history of Tibet. Readers of the JOURNAL may recall that it was just at the time of the appearance of the first of these articles that the above rumour was reproduced in *The Times*.

It is true that Filchner's life was again and again in imminent peril, notably from illness at Lussar, from thirst in the parched regions about Kuku Nor, from cold and exposure when lost at night in the deep snow on the westward march through Tibet, from murder by angry tribesmen at Selipu, and, lastly, from avalanches towards the end. Nevertheless he survived, to the enrichment of our knowledge of the mysterious land.

The book is very well illustrated, chiefly by photographs by Jack Mathewson, also by numerous hand sketches by the author. A small scale map gives an outline of the route.

The writer has a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and he gives entrancing descriptions of the scenery in the expressive phraseology of the German language. It is a startling suggestion that Everest may yet have to yield pride of place to a peak of the Amné Machin range as the highest mountain in the world. J. K. T.

IN THE UNKNOWN MOUNTAINS OF YAKUTIA: THE DISCOVERY OF THE CHERSKI RANGE. By Sergei Obruchev. Pp. 247, with maps and photographs. State Publishing Department, Moscow. 1928.

The author, in his introduction to the book under review, seeks to emphasize the lack of interest of geographers and travellers in Siberia—

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a lack of interest which may be explained, perhaps, by the attitude both of the late Imperial Government and of the present régime towards foreigners wishing to explore in Siberia. Mr. Obruchev headed an expedition, which was organized by the Geological Committee of the Soviet Union, and supported by the Sovnarkom of the A.S.S.R. Yakutia, which sits at Yakutsk. The expedition was composed of several Russian "specialists" (to use a word borrowed from the medical profession by American and Russian geographers) and a number of Russian and Yakut camp followers; and its principal object appears to have been to locate a platinum-bearing district to the east of the river Indigirka—the existence of which had been reported by a White Army officer, who in 1925 had come into Yakutsk to take advantage of "the amnesty" after several years spent as a fugitive in the "taiga." The results of the expedition were, however, of geographical rather than of metallurgical interest, and Mr. Obruchev and his companions—although they failed to find the platinum—are certainly to be congratulated upon the success of a dangerous and interesting journey, and upon having made a new and substantial contribution to geographical knowledge of North-Eastern Siberia.

East of the river Lena is a vast expanse of country, stretching nearly 2,000 miles to the Behring Straits, the Kamchatka Peninsula, and the Okhotsk Sea. This region is traversed by three large rivers, which are as yet little known: the Yana, the Indigirka (which Nicholas Witsen said was "by report, as broad as the Rhine"), and the Kolyma. Each of these rivers is from 1,000 to 1,600 miles in length. The Yana and the lower Kolyma are more or less accurately traced on the map, while the upper Kolyma and the Indigirka remain virtually unexplored.

Mr. Obruchev, in a suggestive introduction, reviews the previous expeditions which had made journeys across this country: those of Fleet-Captain Sarichev (1785-93); of Matushkin and Kiber (1823); of the topographer Athanasiev and the astronomer Neumann (1870); of the ill-fated geologist Cherski (1895); of Yokhelson (1896), Melikov (1898), and Berezkin (1901-11).

All these travellers, with the exception of Cherski, had followed the same routes—from Yakutsk northward to the Verkhoyanski Mountains, and then east, either to the "Kolymski track" or to the Maritime Province.

Their expeditions had resulted in a conception of the orographical structure of North-Eastern Siberia which was in many respects inaccurate. The existence of a great semicircle of connected chains running eastwards from the Lena—the Verkhoyanski, the Kolymski, and the Anadyrski—was established. But a number of chains running northward from and at right angles to the semicircular rim, were

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indicated also. These were the Kekh-tas, between the rivers Yana and Indigirka, the Ulakhan-Khystai and Tomus-khai between the Indigirka and Kolyma, and another chain between the river Kolyma and its tributary the Omolon.

The result of Obruchev's expedition necessitates a fundamental change in our conception of the orographic structure based on the results of these previous explorations, and Obruchev has established the existence of serious errors, which, as he points out, had already been suspected by Cherski.

The Obruchev expedition left Yakutsk on June 15, 1926. They used ponies as a means of transport, a source of serious inconvenience when, at the end of September, they were overtaken by winter; and it was only in December, on the return journey, that they were fortunate to exchange the ponies for reindeer at the trader's post of Oimekon.

Going eastward they crossed the Aldan, a tributary of the Lena, and then travelled north-eastward up the valley of the Tompo and its tributary, the Mekyule. The passage of the Verkhoyanski Mountains brought them to the upper valley of the Indigirka, which they descended, making use of canoes, to a point below the post of Tyubelyakh. Winter weather came upon them while they were prospecting for platinum in the valleys which fall to the Indigirka from the west. At the beginning of October they began to ascend the Indigirka, and finally, after a journey of considerable hardship, they reached the post of Oimekon. From here they returned by the valley of the Kobyuma, a tributary of the Aldan, and in the middle of January reached Yakutsk.

The traversing of the Verkhoyanski chain had already convinced Obruchev that its structure was much more complex than had been supposed. Instead of one chain he found four, which he names as follows: (1) Lower Okrainaya ("bordering"), height 800 metres; (2) Skalistaya ("rocky"), height 1,300 metres; (3) Glavnaya ("main"), average height 2,000 metres, and in June covered with patches of snow; and (4) Bryungadinskaya, height 2,000 metres, and running parallel to the Glavnaya. But more important was the discovery of a great chain of mountains, where the flat "taiga" had been previously imagined. This chain Obruchev has generously named after Cherski, who died on the river Prorva in 1892, when he had already foreseen, but had not achieved, Obruchev's discovery. This new range lies parallel to and north of the Verkhoyanski Mountains.

Obruchev's expedition traversed nine of its latitudinal chains; the more southerly of these attain a height of 2,000 to 2,200 metres, while the northern reach 2,500 to 3,100 metres. The height of an isolated granite summit, Ichion, lying between the rivers Siliap and Inyali, was measured at 3,100 metres. Of the same approximate height, in

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Obruchev's opinion, are the granite chain of Moma, by the rapids of the Indigirka; of Chybagalakh, south of Chybagalakh post; and of Siliap, south-west of the river Siliap. All these chains have an "alpine" character, and they are deeply reft at the passage of the Indigirka.

Another chain, discovered by Obruchev's expedition, is that of Tas-Kystabyt. This chain lies south of the Cherski Mountains, and north of the Kolymski, which latter it very much resembles in its formation. Both the Cherski and Kystabyt chains run parallel to each other and to the Verkhoyanski and Kolymski. From these last, no mountain chains radiate northward, as had hitherto been supposed.

Another of the interesting results of the expedition's work is the discovery of the remains of a vast post-Tertiary glaciation. The glaciers descend to a height of 400 to 600 metres above sea-level, both in the Verkhoyanski and Cherski ranges. On the Aldan slope of the former glaciation is of the "alpine" type, while on the southern and south-eastern slopes it is of the "Scandinavian" type.

Mr. Obruchev's book is well and easily written; the narrative is full of incident and humour; and were the work available to the reading public of the West, it would be regarded, probably, as taking its place among the best travel books of recent years. It is to be regretted that the many excellent photographs have been indifferently reproduced on inferior paper, that the map is quite inadequate to the importance of the results achieved by the expedition, and that there is no index.

W. E. D. A.

CONTEMPORARIES OF MARCO POLO. The Travellers' Library: Jonathan Cape. 3s. 6d.

Few volumes of the excellent Travellers' Library can be of such value for those interested in Central Asia as this book, since it contains the travel records and journals of John of Piau de Carpini, of William of Rubruck, and of Friar Oderic, which have previously only been accessible to the ordinary reader in the publications of the Hakluyt Society. The story of that sturdy old wanderer William of Rubruck is especially worthy of our better acquaintance. All three stories make it clear what a chance was lost by Western Christianity when the Mongols were attracted by that religion, and had not yet adopted the faith of their principal enemy the Turk. The accounts of the three travellers are, as was to be expected, not fully annotated, but an adequate introduction is provided by the editor, Mr. Manuel Komaroff.

P. R. C.

A CENTURY OF EXPLORATION AT NINEVEH. By R. Campbell Thomson, M.A., D.Litt., F.S.A., and R. W. Hutchinson, M.A. Luzac and Co. 1929. Price 7s. 6d.

From the sparsely-filled shelves of my small library I frequently remove, when in contemplative mood, an old volume preciously bound, and entitled "Ruins of Sacred and Historic Lands." The preface date is 1850, the publisher's date two years later, and the author to me is unknown. Three chapters are devoted to Assyria and one of the three to Nineveh.

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The reading is easy and somewhat soothing to one who has neither the time to be a dilettante nor the peculiar temperament or ability to be a student. The tremendous impression which Layard's wonderful discoveries created in early Victorian intelligent society is very clearly conveyed. As a close neighbour on my shelves stands Sidney Smith's "Early History of Assyria," a work which affords me great pleasure when my appetite for mental exercise is at its keenest.

Between these two books I propose to place this new history of the exploration of Nineveh, and on occasions when my mental faculties require neither to be soothed nor excited I will take it down. These comparisons are in some respects ridiculous, but they may give some indication of the category into which I place this new book.

Though its pages are likely to become somewhat thumbed and dog-eared, I must confess to a feeling somewhat akin to dissatisfaction with it. In the preface the authors assert that no site in Iraq can claim to be of more importance than Nineveh, and on pages 50 and 51 they express the view that the spectacular discoveries of Tuk-Ankh-Amen's tomb and at Ur of the Chaldees have obscured the interests of the public towards ancient literature. I consider that these opinions are exaggerated, and that both Kish and Ur are sites of more importance. I also really believe, if the truth could be discovered, that the general public have become somewhat satiated by the prolific golden splendour of Tuk-Ankh-Amen.

I do not wish in any way to infer that the work of exploration at Nineveh is not of major importance, and I would strongly urge that every assistance and encouragement be directed to it; but I feel that a labour of exploration so complete as that carried out by the German archæologists at Babylon tends to become one of supererogation. I do not think that the 14,500,000 tons of earth which covers ancient Nineveh would ever repay the sifting of it.

The authors state that their book is restricted to a history of the exploration of Nineveh, and that the contemporary history of the exploration of other sites in Assyria is outside its scope. This is to be regretted, and a little more information on contemporary exploration would have added to the value of the work and helped to maintain the general perspective. The great German work at Asshur, for instance, is scarcely mentioned. If the limits of the book were so circumscribed that digression was not permissible, Chapter V., which is devoted almost entirely to the flora and fauna of the Mosul district, might have been omitted. This chapter, though doubtless of great interest to a select few, is likely to convey but little to the general reader.

The note by Mr. Horace C. Beck, F.S.A., on the beads is interesting, as is also Mr. Dudley Buxton's note on the skull. The theory of the possible spread of a round-headed or armenoid type of mankind from the northlands down to the deltaic plain is one on which it is sincerely hoped future research will throw more light.

In the early days of archæological exploration public interest was first excited and centred in the sculptured slabs and statues with which the explorers filled the museums. Since the discovery of the famous deluge tablet by Smith, interest has been diverted to the literary finds. In my opinion the accurate plan records to be secured from these excavations are of equal importance to sculptures or tablets, and the plans and diagrams in this volume, though not so complete as might be desired, are in every other respect to be

J. M. W.

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ZAKA ULLAH OF DELHI. By C. F. Andrews. Cambridge: Heffer. 7s. 6d. net.

Munshi Zaka Ullah was born in Delhi in 1832, the child of a family which originally came from Ghazni and had for generations been employed as tutors of the Moghuls. Let us hope that the tutor to whom Aurangzeb gave the famous slice of "tongue-pie" on his accession to the throne was no relation. The Munshi Saheb was a young man at the time of the Mutiny, and Mr. Andrews tells us that the sufferings which he and his family endured at this period made a lasting impression on his mind. Subsequently he joined the Government Educational Service and, apart from his work as an Orientalist at Allahabad, was particularly distinguished for the zeal with which he supported Sir Syed Ahmed and the Aligarh movement, though he differed from Sir Syed and agreed with many later theorists in thinking that the medium of instruction should have been Urdu, not English. He was, no doubt, a kindly, earnest, and courtly old man, entitled to the respect and gratitude of the present generation, and must have been a fine character and have been a great worker.

Mr. Andrews tells us that in his early days in Delhi he was a friend and admirer of the Munshi Saheb, and that he began writing a memoir seventeen years ago. Three reasons have led him to complete the work—one of them that the Munshi Saheb had many Hindu friends, and his life should serve as an object-lesson in Hindu-Muslim amity. The result is a book that tells us far less than we should like to know about Zaka Ullah and contains pages of historico-political digression. To take one example, Mr. Andrews wastes space apologizing for the veneration in which Zaka Ullah held Queen Victoria, and for his belief that the British connexion with India must be permanent. We might also have been spared the patronizing allusion to John Nicholson, the joyous demonstration that (as everyone knows) European women were not violated before they were killed in the Mutiny, and the thoughtful emphasis on the sunny relations which used to prevail between Hindus and Muslims in the days before British rule. Under Oriental rule, as Mr. Andrews must be aware, all understand on which side their bread is buttered.

The book is in the strongest contrast with such a racy and virile production as, for instance, Mr. Gandhi's memoirs. A soapy wash of tolerance is spread over all concerned—even including Barabbas, the publisher, who comes in for praise in the preface—and unhappily this wash extends even to Aligarh. One would have supposed that this battered relic of a noble ideal had suffered enough from the non-co-operation movement, and that the students might now be left in peace, to play hockey and cricket, go on with their work, and get jobs, as Sir Syed expected them to do. If Mr. Andrews had really wished to do the Mahomedans a good turn, he would have done better not to mix up this harassed institution with questions of Hindu-Muslim unity. The day is now far off when the caravan of the Turks will arrive and *Kufr* will become *Palima*. Mr. Andrews might have left things in this happy state, without repeatedly and earnestly insisting on the love of Hindus cherished by one of the Aligarh worthies.

The study of Old Delhi would be of greater interest if it were less diffuse.

H. O. L.

THE GREAT HORN SPOON. By Eugene Wright, with an Introduction by Rosita Forbes. London: Jonathan Cape. 1929.

This book purports to be a true tale of travel by a U.S. citizen, and appears to have been accepted as such by the lady who has assumed the

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responsibility of commending it to the public, though even she has her misgivings!

In Chapters XXIII.-XXIV, the author recounts how he left Karachi by a dhow, which was wrecked on the Oman coast, thirty miles south of Sohar. Internal evidence shows this portion of the book to be fiction, without even the merit of probability. On scrambling ashore he talks of ridges of black rocks, ledges extending into the sea, and abrupt cliffs to be scaled. Such conditions exist nowhere along the coast for a hundred miles south of Sohar; the beach is sandy and rockless, and behind it a flat plain. The striking feature of the coast is a dense date palm grove, in places miles deep; this he nowhere mentions. His description of the approach to Sohar across a ridge of a cliff of glass-black rock, "half an hour from the beach" (again no mention of the date grove round the town) makes it fairly clear that he was never there, and has not even read available literature on the subject. Nor can we believe that oil steamers, even with one funnel, on their way from Muscat to Bandar Abbas, come within hailing distance of Sohar, and the s.s. *Bendoe* is unknown to Lloyd's Register.

The story of the shark (p. 263) which gripped the keel of a heavily laden and massively built dhow in his teeth, and shook it till it rocked from side to side, would have made Baron Munchausen look to his laurels!

A few other points deserve mention. The author escapes on "a splendid muscled bay horse"—but there are no horses on this coast, the Shaikhs ride camels. "The Shaikh's sons' headrope of gold braid" will be sought in vain in the locality, as also the pipes and mandoline; nor will the black tents with which he makes play be found; their place on this coast is taken by huts made of palm-leaves and fronds.

It is safe to say that "the lovely young girl," the "fierce, beautiful creature" with "the eyes of a wild fawn," who danced a pagan measure in the moonlight for the benefit of the author and others, "the whiteness of her stomach in the moonlight like the belly of a gazelle flashing across a cedared slope," has no existence outside the author's prurient desires. Those fortunate ones who have seen the bellies of gazelles flash across cedared slopes and those less fortunate who have seen the white tails of rabbits retreating into the mysterious twilight of an Eastern sunset can best judge of the adequacy of his metaphor.

Nor is Mr. Wright happier in his description of the well-worn caravan route from Bandar Abbas to Lar, which was traversed by hundreds of British officers and thousands of Indian troops during the years 1917-1919, and on the average by half a dozen or more Europeans every year. That the author made the journey is not disputed, but his description is only less extravagantly unreal than the portion referring to Oman.

We learn that the British Vice-Consul at Bandar Abbas said of Lar to the author:

"I don't know of any white man who has ever seen it. It used to be the starting-point of the old caravan route to India";

to which amazing statement Mrs. Rosita Forbes adds that Lar "was puissant in the days of Darius and Xerxes, already decaying when Jamshid drank deep among its roses."

But to quote further will be to give the book an undeserved publicity, and it is perhaps not without intention that the author, in his concluding paragraph, likens himself to Sindbad, and in the opening chapter details with gusto exploits worthy of Ananias! A. T. W.

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EARLY ENGLISH INTERCOURSE WITH BURMA (1587-1743). By D. G. E. Hall, Professor of History, University of Rangoon.

When the history of Burma comes to be written in a century or two's time, whatever has happened in the interval, England will occupy a lot of the canvas. This book will be referred to as a standard of the earlier period, the period of isolation. But it will have a further significance: it is the first, and we believe the forerunner, of researches which the new University at Rangoon will initiate. Professor Hall draws attention to several dates important in Burmese history; 1921 will be important, not for the inception of popular government, but for the founding of the new University, a University which sets out with the ideal of leading and directing the thought of the people.

The book under review brings out the peculiar position of Burma. Between India and China geographically, and also in culture, it missed the attention of Europeans for nearly two centuries. The first serious contact between England and Burma was owing to a war between Burma and Siam, a country we *were* interested in. After that sporadic attempts were made in the period under discussion to open trade relations, but they never came to anything. The most serious attempts at trade were dictated by considerations not strictly commercial; thus a shortage of saltpetre needed for munitions caused eyes to be turned from Madras eastwards, then the demands of Whitehall for sealing-wax had to be met, and later oak was scarce and the British Navy needed teak. This latter need was beginning to be felt at the end of our period; its subsequent history will, we hope, be studied soon. But the salient fact that sticks out of this book is that trade between England and Burma was difficult, and held out profits not commensurate with the risk. The very fact that the records of the contacts of the two countries are so scanty and involved is proof of this, and it speaks well for the author's perseverance and skill that he has been able to garner so much.

Burma occupies an unique position. We are rather inclined to take our opinion of its people from books like Fielding Hall's, but that point of view needs correction, and there is hardly a better corrective than an historical view such as this. We can hope that the new University will train the people of Burma to face facts and search for the Truth. If so, there should be a future for this delightful race, standing between the West and that riddle of a country —China.

We look forward to a continuation of this history by Professor Hall or his pupils.

B. W. P.

ATLANTIS. Heft 5, May, 1929; Heft 7, July, 1929. 14¼ × 10¼. With illustrations and sketch maps. Ernst Wasmuth, A. G., Berlin, Wien, Zürich. 1.50 marks or 1s. 6d.

Atlantis is a German periodical which is in its early infancy as its first number was published in January of this year. It is a paper which is chiefly devoted to travel articles written in a popular style and illustrated with excellent photographs which are remarkably good. The editor is to be congratulated on the high standard of the contents published to date, and also on the fact that he has been successful in obtaining articles from Dr. Emil Trinkler and Mr. Bosshard, both of whom have contributed an article to this periodical.

Dr. Trinkler is already well known to members of the Central Asian

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Society as the author of "Quer Durch Afghanistan"* and his magnificent treatise on Afghanistan.† He has recently returned from a most successful expedition to Chinese Turkestan of which he was the organizer and leader. He was accompanied by Dr. de Terra, who undertook the geological investigations, and Mr. Bosshard, who devoted himself chiefly to photographic and cinematographic work. Dr. Trinkler's special study was the geography and the archæology of the regions traversed—namely, the Western K'un-lun and Western Takla-makan. The expedition took the usual route through Leh in Ladakh or Western Tibet, whose characteristics and inhabitants are described by Mr. Bosshard in the first article.

Mr. Bosshard's first article (Heft 5), entitled "Im Lande des Lamas" (In the Land of the Lamas), is well written, though it contains little beyond the usual interesting features which invariably appear. It is not intended by this remark to cast any reflection on the material in the article, because it is obvious that all popular articles on Ladakh must of necessity contain the same facts. The article is accompanied, though, by a large number of photographs, and it is these alone that make the articles worthy of a review. They number over thirty, including several full-page photographs. One has only to glance at them to see that Mr. Bosshard is a highly experienced photographer, for they are far and away the best on record. The ones of the Lamaruyu and Spituk monasteries are particularly good. There are several showing some of the different types of inhabitants of Ladakh, and these will be of interest to those who are making anthropometric investigations in this part of the world.

Dr. Trinkler's article (Heft 7) entitled "Eindrücke aus Chinesisch-Turkestan" (Impressions of Chinese Turkestan) is also written for the general reader. Oriental scenes in bazaars and on caravan routes are well handled in graphic style. This article is accompanied by a very fine set of photographs, also taken by Mr. Bosshard, a large number of which show the various types of people met with in Chinese Turkestan. *Atlantis* is therefore well worth looking at, if only for the sake of the photographs taken by Mr. Bosshard.

B. K. FEATHERSTONE.

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* An English translation, entitled "Through the Heart of Afghanistan" (Faber and Gwyer, London, 1928), is also available.—EDITOR.

† Afghanistan: eine landeskundliche Studie auf grund des vorhandenen Materials und eigener Beobachtung. Ergänzungsheft Nr. 196 zu "Petermanns Mitteilungen." Gotha: Justus Perthes. 1928. Reviewed in JOURNAL OF THE CENTRAL ASIAN SOCIETY, Vol. XV., 1928, Part III.—EDITOR.

"FEISAL IBN DUWISH"

CEFNTILLA COURT,
USK, MON.
August 4, 1929.

SIR,

In his letter on this subject Mr. Philby omits to make clear a fact which must be well known to him—namely, that the Arabs of Arabia and Syria commonly substitute "al" for "ibn" in patronymics. For "Mahmud the son of Ahmad" it is usual to say and write "Mahmud al Ahmad" instead of "Mahmud ibn Ahmad."

Ignorance of this simple fact led that great Arabic scholar Professor Palmer into some ludicrous mistakes in translating the place-names of Palestine.

Yours faithfully,

RAGLAN.

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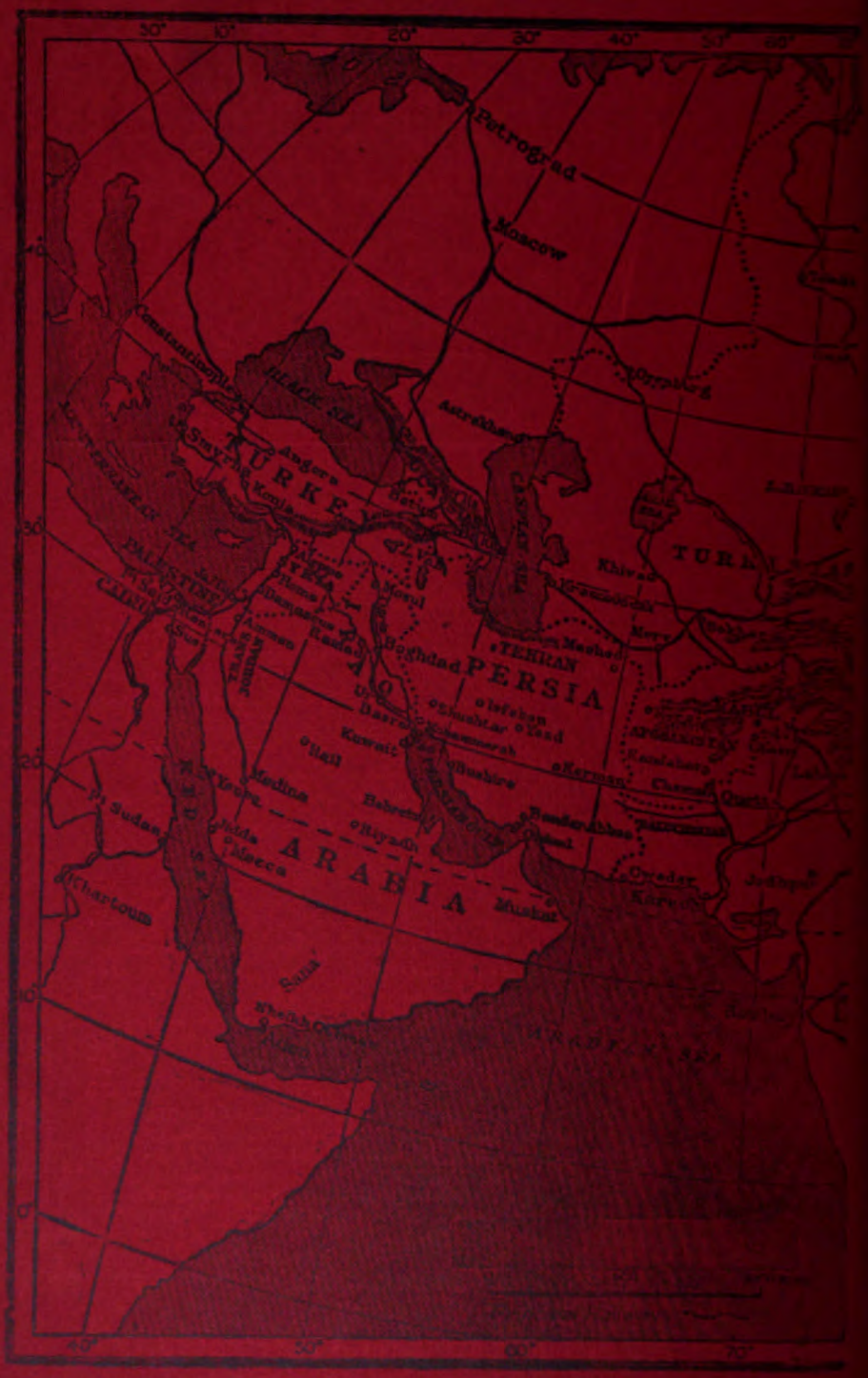

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